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**GANSEVOORT-LANSING
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BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

under the terms of the last will and testament of

CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING

*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior*

*and widow of the
Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York*

Willis

18

The first of these is the fact that the
 government has been unable to
 maintain a stable currency. This
 has led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people. The second
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable economy. This has
 led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people. The third
 is the fact that the government
 has been unable to maintain
 a stable society. This has
 led to a loss of confidence
 in the government and a
 consequent loss of support
 from the people.

THE
LEGENDARY,

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL PIECES,

PRINCIPALLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF

AMERICAN HISTORY, SCENERY, AND MANNERS.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS.

VOLUME II.

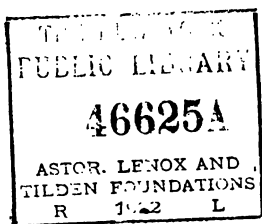


BOSTON:

SAMUEL G. GOODRICH, 141 WASHINGTON STREET.

MDCCCXVIII.

(W. H. A. S.)



☞ The publisher of the **LEGENDARY** regrets that the practice of republishing entire articles from this work, in the newspapers, without even stating the source from which they are derived, makes it necessary for him to say that similar instances in future, will not be overlooked.

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PREFACE.

THE design of the *Legendary*, it would appear by the criticisms upon the first volume, is not yet understood. We have been censured for admitting contributions which were not strictly legends of America. This has surprised us, because we were at particular pains to be explicit; and we have by us the original prospectus, a note to which reads thus;—‘In answer to several inquiries, the publisher would remark that contributions to the *Legendary* need not *necessarily* relate to America. Tales, ballads, and romances, whether partly historical or wholly fictitious, and the scenes of which are laid in any other country, will come within the plan of the publication. Those, however, which are connected with our own country will be preferred.’ We have been put to some trouble by this misapprehension, and we hope hereafter to be understood both by critics and contributors.

The present volume is a pretty fair specimen of what we intended the *Legendary* to be. We have found more diffi-

culty than we anticipated in getting proper contributions, but we trust we have succeeded in making it interesting. The reception of the present number will decide the question of its continuance.

We particularly request our contributors to allow us to publish their names. This is a matter of some importance to us, and we must insist upon it. Our friends may be assured that no production shall appear, which, as far as the Editor's judgment may be trusted, does not honor to the writer.

EDITOR.

Boston, December 1, 1838.

THE LEGENDARY.

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS,

SARATOGA.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

STRANGERS ! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
 When the mind's wings o'erspread
 The spirit-world of dreams.

True, 't is a scene of loveliness—the bright,
Green dwelling of the Summer's first born hours,
 Smiling, through tears of dew,
 A welcome to the morn.

And morn returns their welcome. Sun and cloud
Smile on the green earth from their home in heaven,
 Even as the mother smiles
 Above her cradled boy—

And wreathe their light and shade o'er plain and mountain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are flowers,
 The rivers golden shores,
 The forests of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the wind,
The hum of the wild bee, the music wild
Of waves upon the bank,
Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
In these her Eden days—then journey on!
A thousand scenes like this
Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet. Ye see not, hear not now
The sunny smile, the music of to-day—
Your thoughts are wandering up,
Far up the stream of time;

And long slept recollections of old tales
Are rushing on your memories, as ye breathe
That valley's storied name,
Field of the grounded arms!

Gazers! it is your home—American
Is your lip's haughty smile of triumph here;
American your step—
Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her Glory's day,
The solemn sabbath of the week of Battle,
When Fortune bowed to earth
The banner of Burgoyne.

The forest leaves lay scattered, cold and dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,
When, with as withered hearts,
And hopes as dead and cold,

His gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And, at their conqueror's feet,
Laid their war weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed, but not dishonored,
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there—
The soldier's trial-task
Is not alone to die.

Honor to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
Nor mocks his captive's doom—
The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning-flashes in the cloud
Of the invader's wrath,
Threatening a gallant land!

His army's trumpet-tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes—from a thousand hills
Her answering voices shout,
And her bells ring—'To arms!'

Then Danger hovers o'er the invader's march,
On raven-wings; hushing the song of Fame,
And Glory's hues of beauty
Fade from the cheek of Death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree;
The veteran eye of art
Is dim and powerless then,

And War becomes the peasant's joy ; her drum
His merriest music, and her field of death
 His couch of happy dreams,
 After Life's Harvest-Home.

He battles, heart and arm, his own blue sky
Above him, and his own green land around,
 Land of his father's grave,
 His blessing and his prayers !

Land where he learnt to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved on earth, the last forgot,
 Land of his frolic youth,
 Land of his bridal eve !

Land of his children ! Vain your columned strength,
Invaders ! vain your battle's steed and fire !
 Choose ye the morrow's doom,
 A prison or a grave !

And such were Saratoga's victors—such
The peasants brave, whose deeds and death have given
 A glory to her skies,
 A music to her name.

In honorable life her fields they trod,
In honorable death they sleep below,
 Their sons' proud feelings here
 Their noblest monuments.

Feelings, as proud as were the Greek's of old,
When, in his country's hour of fame, he stood,
 Happy, and young, and free,
 Gazing on Marathon !

THE STEPMOTHER.

'I DO N'T want to see her! I do n't wish to know her!' were the passionate exclamations of Lucius Lloyd, when informed that his father had just arrived, accompanied by a second wife, and that he must prepare to receive her.

'It is very hard, master Lucius,' said Willet, a woman who had attended him during his infancy, and had since been retained in the family, 'cruel hard, I know; but put a good face on it at first, to please your papa, you can do as you like by and by.'

'I will not be a hypocrite,' replied the indignant boy; 'I can never love another mamma, and I will not pretend to do so.'

In the midst of this contest between the generous, though perverted sensibility of the child, and the wily suggestions of Willet, who had herself chiefly infected his mind with the vulgar prejudice against stepmothers, Mr Lloyd entered. Respect for his father, combined with those habits of decorum in which he had been educated, restrained so far the expression of his feelings, that, when taken by the hand to be conducted to the parlour, Lucius did not resist, and even passed civilly, though coldly, through an introduction to his new mother.

Mr Lloyd, an Englishman by birth, had passed, at intervals, considerable time in America. On the death of his wife and mother, he had removed to this country; and having long had a commercial establishment in one of our flourishing seaports, chose in that place his permanent residence.

Mrs Lloyd had passed the sanguine period of youth, which hopes everything, yet is disgusted at the least disappointment. She had long known and esteemed her husband; and when the sentiment of friendship ripened into love, her heart opened to receive his child. It was not with that romantic excess of sensibility, with which a waning belle affects to consider the children of the wealthy widower as so many inducements to the connexion, but with a sincere and affectionate interest; a fixed and religious purpose to fulfil the duties she was about to impose on herself. Every kind feeling was confirmed, when for the first time she beheld him. He had just completed his tenth year. His light curls, fair complexion, and delicate features, might have subjected his face to the reproach of effeminacy, but for the strong expression of his dark blue eye, and a gravity which seldom permitted his little mouth to disclose the dimples that lay *perdu* in his nicely rounded cheek. His figure was slender and graceful, and his dress arranged with that nice attention to propriety which marks his native country. During the absence of his father, his mother and grandmother had been his sole companions; a circumstance, which, while it had tended to mature and refine his character, had rendered him exclusive in his sympathies, and reserved in his manners, so that to the imagination of Mrs Lloyd, who smilingly extended her hand and would have drawn him towards her to receive an embrace, he presented the idea of a miniature English gentleman.

Though Lucius forbore what he deemed a dishonest expression of cordiality, and replied to her advances by a polite, but distant bow, he could not but acknowledge to himself that his father's new wife was more pleasing than he had expected to find her.

Mrs Lloyd, who, had she possessed the vanity of conquest, might have returned a list of killed and wounded, far exceeding that of most of the beauties of her day, attained the mellow age of thirty without seeing cause to surrender her liberty. Independent in her fortune because moderate in her desires, happy in her connexions, a favorite in the first society in her country, and still the object of admiration, it was not until Mr Lloyd, from an old and established friend, became a devoted and humble suitor, that she could be won. Her beauty, which, in its prime, was of that description which would have satisfied the nicest critic, combined that playfulness and sweetness, that expression of intelligence and goodness which is more permanent than the bloom of youth ; and which is felt by all, from the child to the sage, alike by those, who cannot define the charm, as by those, who, better skilled in the analysis of the emotion of beauty, can reduce it to its elements. Lucius was conscious that as he looked on her his revoltings became less. But for the frequently administered insinuations of Willet, therefore, who was discerning enough to perceive that her influence and importance must decline as Mrs Lloyd's increased, the little rebel would soon have laid down his arms. To a constancy beyond his years Lucius added a principle of honor that disdained the idea of preferring any new friend to his long tried, faithful Willet, and he secretly drank in the poison of her jealousy. It must, however, be acknowledged, that she said little more than she herself believed, and really loved the child whose noble nature she was thus perverting.

Mrs Lloyd was too practised an observer not to perceive that Lucius did not love her. It grieved her the more from the reflection, that, in a character which she found to be one of much thought and deep feeling, she

could not expect to avail herself of those capricious impulses, which, in most children, like the springs of a machine in the hands of the mechanician, enable the skilful operator to play them at will. For a time she forebore to mention her apprehensions to her husband ; but at length hoping that he could instruct her to insinuate herself into the only heart she had ever found impregnable, she revealed to him her difficulties.

‘Be not distressed,’ said he, ‘I know Lucius thoroughly, and can trust him ; I can perceive, even now, that nothing but a mistaken feeling of duty sustains his opposition ; and I will own to you, without even fearing to pain you by the declaration, that his conduct affects me ; and that I love him the better for his tenacious regard to his mother’s memory. Continue to treat him as you have done. Do not suffer yourself to be repelled by his coldness ; do not even appear to observe it ; you may find it a work of time and labor to produce the impression you desire, but once made it will be indelible.’

Mrs Lloyd loved her husband too well, not to accede to his wishes ; and besides, to tell the truth, female pride took part with generosity, and, piqued at the resistance she had encountered, she exclaimed, ‘If there is power in woman he shall yet be mine !’

After an interval allotted to the festivities of the wedding, Lucius returned to school. Applying himself with more than usual diligence, sorrow necessarily yielded in some measure to occupation ; and when the vacation occurred, and he was again at home, every one remarked his increased cheerfulness. Painful ideas however, returned ; and Mrs Lloyd soon had proof that the conquest was not yet effected. One morning Lucius did not appear at the breakfast table. ‘Let me go to him,’ said she, preventing the servant, ‘perhaps he is not

well!’ She entered his room softly, and found him still asleep. Unwilling rudely to awake him, she hung over him, observing the slight changes that occasionally crossed his features. At length he smiled, and a tear, seemingly of joy rather than sorrow, made its way through his long eyelash. Involuntarily she stooped to kiss him, but awaking at her touch, he repulsed her, at the same time exclaiming, ‘Is it you? I was dreaming of my mother. Oh! I should be willing to sleep seven years could I always dream of her!’ and turning his face to the pillow he sobbed aloud. Mrs Lloyd, as much touched by his emotion as mortified by her own failure, retreated.

At the close of the vacation Mr and Mrs Lloyd accompanied Lucius on his return to school. There, a new circumstance added to the interest with which, spite of his coldness, he had already inspired her. On entering the schoolroom, their attention was attracted to the names of the pupils, arranged in a conspicuous situation, according to their respective classes and individual merits. There were among them several boys the seniors of Lucius; yet his name stood unaccompanied by any other and above the rest.

‘What does this mean?’ asked his father.

‘It means that your son,’ replied the instructor, ‘is not only at the head of his class, but so much so of the whole school, that there is not one to enter into competition with him.’

‘A distinction so invidious would give me more pain than pleasure,’ observed Mr Lloyd, ‘were it not for the modesty which forbore to mention it even to me.’

Lucius pressed his father’s hand, and his glowing cheek attested that his approbation was the highest reward that he could receive. Mr Lloyd, though a merchant, yet, rising above the consideration of mere wealth, had cultivated and enlarged his mind by travelling and

elegant pursuits. At the same time that he was accomplished in whatever distinguishes the gentleman, he never failed to secure, by the intrinsic excellence of his character, the affections of those who were first attracted by the charm of his manners. Although success had crowned his enterprises, the details of trade disgusted him; and he gladly improved the studious and retired temper of his son, to give to his life another direction. In conformity with this design Lucius was soon after removed to town, the better to prepare him for the liberal course of education to which he was destined. Willet, although her place was nearly a sinecure, had acted in such consistency with her prejudices against Mrs Lloyd, as to resign her post of lady of the bed chamber, for the more arduous, but, as she conceived, more honorable situation, of wife to the proprietor of a little grocery. Mr Lloyd had suspected her mischievous influence on his son, yet was unwilling to discard, in a foreign country, a domestic who had long and faithfully served his family. He was therefore heartily rejoiced, when, by her voluntary abdication, Lucius could safely be at home. The beneficial effects of the change were soon perceived; for though Lucius, with his characteristic fidelity, would often visit 'Willet,' as he continued to call her, her influence gradually, but evidently, declined, while Mrs Lloyd, with untiring patience, availed herself of all his little relents to get into favor. An occurrence soon enabled her to make rapid progress. One afternoon, as she was seated by a window in the rear of her house, she saw Lucius coming with a hasty step and troubled air from the extremity of the premises. There was now no Willet at hand with an assiduity designed to prevent assistance from all but herself, and certain from his manner that he required it, Mrs Lloyd hastened to offer her services.

‘Oh!’ said he, ‘you cannot help me ; my poor, dear Favorite is, I fear, dying.’

This was a dog that had belonged to his grandmother, and, from the circumstance of being born the same week with Lucius, had been regarded with peculiar kindness. He and Favorite had literally passed their infancy together ; had rolled over the same carpet, had played with the same rattle, and had even sometimes eaten from the same porringer. As the instincts of the dog developed themselves more rapidly than the capacities of the child, within the first year Favorite had been advanced from the play-mate to the protector ; and had so learned to control the mischievous propensities of the pup, that, instead of secreting his little master’s toys, he would not permit them to be touched by any unauthorised hand, and would regularly mount guard by his cradle while he slept—a fidelity, which, as the rational animal in his turn got the start in the race, and had passed that almost indefinable barrier which separates instinct from reason, he endeavoured to repay by laboring to make Favorite a participator in those privileges, which to the poor brute, by the law of his nature, were denied. Hour after hour would Lucius try to teach Favorite to speak, to laugh, or to learn his letters. Once even his grandmother detected him, much to the horror of the good lady, with Favorite in a corner, erect on his hind legs, his forepaws hanging reverently down, and his subdued look and pendant ears harmonizing well with the intention, dictating to him, with the gravity of a father confessor, a prayer which he had himself just learned. On the death of his mistress, Favorite had been regarded as a faithful domestic, bequeathed to the care of her family ; and, though rather a troublesome attendant on a voyage, neither Mr Lloyd nor his son would have consented to

leave him behind. It had been remarked for a day or two that he looked dull. It was not, however, until Lucius, on the morning abovementioned, found him shivering in a retired corner of the coach-house, that he was perceived to be sick.

‘My poor dog!’ repeatedly exclaimed he, ‘what shall I do for him? Oh! what shall I do for him?’

‘Let us go and see him,’ said Mrs Lloyd; ‘perhaps he is not so ill as you fear.’

When arrived at the place however, she found the poor animal apparently in great suffering. Desirous to improve every opportunity of rendering herself important to Lucius, and of convincing him of her sympathy in whatever interested him, she forbore to call a servant, assisted in arranging the straw more comfortably, and then returned to the house to obtain advice. Having prepared such a dose as she was assured was proper, she was about to administer it herself, but Favorite, with the revoltings of a petted child, closed his teeth against it, and even uttered some angry complainings.

‘Let me try,’ said Lucius, gently patting him, stroking his head, reclining his face towards him, and soothing him with sounds of endearment. The dog by degrees relaxed his jaws; and though with some difficulty, Lucius at length effected his object. Delighted with his success, he felt confident of a cure. The next morning he was up much before his usual time and beside the bed of Favorite, refusing to leave him even to take breakfast. As her husband was not at home, Mrs Lloyd quickly despatched her solitary meal, and hastened to join him. She soon perceived that all their efforts had been ineffectual. The dim, half open eye of the poor animal, his swollen and protruded tongue, indicated approaching death. Lucius, who sat bending over and silently contemplating him, while big tears dropped

on the head and ears of his poor dumb friend, was evidently aware that there was no longer any hope.

‘He knew me,’ at length sobbed he, ‘when I first came; I know he did, for he tried to lick my hand; he will never do so again; oh! my poor dog! my dear Favorite!’

Mrs Lloyd, distressed at the growing violence of his sorrow, endeavoured to get him away. ‘You can do him no good now, my dear boy; come, then, from a scene that is so painful to you.’

‘I will never leave him,’ replied he, ‘while he breathes.’ Yielding to a determination she feared to oppose, she contented herself by remaining; and putting her arm tenderly around him, she awaited the death of the poor animal, of which she was first aware, by Lucius’ throwing himself passionately on the straw beside him, and exclaiming, ‘He is dead, he is dead! Everything, everything dies that I love!’

Much affected by the artless and deep sorrow of the child, Mrs Lloyd could not restrain her own emotions. Lucius, soothed by her sympathy, at length consented to leave the spot, and found some consolation in arranging with her the decent interment of his poor dog.

The ground attached to the house was of greater extent than is usual in large towns, and Mrs Lloyd’s taste and ingenuity had arranged it so as to produce the best effect. In one corner of the portion appropriated to grass, and under an evergreen shrub, which very opportunely served as an emblem of his master’s undying affection, she proposed that the remains of Favorite should be deposited. This last duty performed, she had her own reasons for inducing Lucius to pass a few days with some friends in the country. He was no sooner gone, than, sending for a mechanic, she engaged him to erect a neat, tasteful little monument of her own

design, over the place of interment, and, under their joint efforts, the tiny fabric was soon reared, and bore on its front these lines ;—

‘T is said that monarchs oft have had
Minions who made a nation sad.
For such, no costly pile should rise
To deck the vile in virtue’s guise.
More just that we a tomb should rear—
An honest Favorite’s buried here!’

On his return, the first place that Lucius visited was the grave of his dog, where he saw with delight the honors rendered to his memory.

He had never, as yet, addressed Mrs Lloyd by the appellation of *mother*. Naturally taciturn, and always respectful, the omission had been unnoticed, except by his father and herself. Upon this occasion, however, as if taught, by that instinct which allies delicate minds, the most appropriate requital of her kindness, he hastened to the parlour, and, taking her hand, with a smiling countenance, but in a tremulous voice, exclaimed, ‘Oh! mamma, how very good you have been to me!’

She comprehended all he felt, all he would have said; and, feeling herself more than rewarded by the few words he had uttered, she affectionately pressed his hand and turned the conversation to his visit.

From this time confidence was established between them. He passed nearly all his leisure hours in her society; and, relaxing from his usual gravity, would occasionally surprise her with sallies of playfulness, of which she had supposed him incapable. One morning, entering her room with a face full of some gay intent, and approaching her, ‘Mamma,’ cried he, ‘hold out your hand.’

‘Are you going to tell my fortune, or to chastise me, Lucius? But there it is, do with it what you please.’

Taking her left hand, selecting the proper finger, and placing on it a beautiful diamond ring, with which his father had furnished him for the purpose, he gravely pronounced—

“With this ring I thee wed”—and now,’ added he with animation, ‘you are as much mine as papa’s!’

Gratified and affected, Mrs Lloyd could only say, ‘Yes, dear Lucius, “till death us do part!”’

Two years glided on, marked only by increase of attachment, when a little stranger made its appearance, who, Mrs Lloyd sometimes feared, might suggest uneasy thoughts to Lucius; but herein she wronged him. He was superior to that mean jealousy which ever seeks the first place. His former repugnance to herself, was from no distrust of his father’s affection; it was not that he apprehended he should be neglected, but that he feared his mother would be forgotten. He received his little sister, therefore, not as a rival, but as a new tie between himself and Mrs Lloyd; and when, at her particular request, he was desired to give her a name, he replied, though not without a quivering lip, ‘Frances!’ It was the name of his mother; and by this expression, so simple, yet so significant, he conveyed everything of tenderness for her memory, confidence in Mrs Lloyd, and fraternal affection for the infant. The little girl, as soon as her spark of intellect appeared, distinguished Lucius as her prime favorite. In administering to her amusement, he would assume a new character. Not even Harlequin could more successfully transform himself to gratify an applauding pit, than Lucius would pass through the diverting imitations of a cock, a cat, a dog, or a horse, to catch a smile from the little Frances. As she became more companionable, every solitary pleasure was abandoned to draw her in her carriage or to contrive for her new toys. When sick, no one

could soothe her like Lucius, and if irritated, the sound of his voice could calm her. In short, he was the good genius of the nursery, at whose approach all trouble and vexation fled away.

Whether it is more interesting to record scenes of happiness than of sorrow, we will not stop to discuss—certain it is, that truth now requires us, in the language of artists, to ‘put out some of the lights of our picture.’ Time, to our happy family, flew with untiring wing. Rational pursuits and domestic endearments occupied every hour; and Lucius had nearly attained his sixteenth year, when one of those fearful revolutions in trade, which sometimes deceive the calculations of the most cautious and experienced, extended its effects to his father. Far from apprehending the ruin which was to follow, and which, but for an unforeseen event, might have been averted, Mr Lloyd did not apprise his wife and son of his difficulties; and devoting himself to his affairs with an intensity which he could not endure, anxiety and fatigue brought on a fever, by which, in a few days, his life was terminated. There are sufferings of our nature of which the description seems but a mockery; of none more so, than the emotions of her, who, after years of friendship, confidence, and love, finds herself, while still in the very freshness and glow of her affections, a widow—that sad and helpless being, to whom, with all of disappointment and anguish that grief can ever know, is added the aggravation of loneliness! But Mrs Lloyd was a religious woman; and from the depths of her affliction looked up to Him, who, among the myriads of his creatures, could distinguish and comfort her.

In the first overwhelming shock of Mr Lloyd’s death, every consideration but of his loss, was unthought of; and it was not till some time after, when an investigation

of his affairs took place, that it appeared there were large claims on the estate. Unused to business, and dismayed at her situation, Mrs Lloyd knew not what to do, or to whom to apply. She was emphatically alone ; not only deprived of him, who in any situation would have been her chief delight on earth, but she was among strangers. Her parents had been dead many years. She had no brother, and her sisters were settled in a distant part of the Union, where she had herself resided previous to her marriage. During her short married life, she had been too happy in her own little family to seek much beyond it ; and, satisfied with courteously returning the civilities with which she had been greeted on her arrival, she had scarcely more than a ceremonious intercourse with the world without. In the midst of her perplexities, a gentleman whom she slightly knew, as a connexion by marriage of her husband, offered his services. Considering it a kind interposition of Providence in her behalf, she committed everything to his guidance. Regarding him as entitled to advise, and supposing that his intentions must be honest, no one presumed to interfere ; and thus, in a city where Mr Lloyd was well known and highly esteemed, his wife and children became the prey of a plausible villain. A forced sale was effected, though the creditors did not require it—when, on the contrary, almost without an exception, they were desirous of testifying their confidence in his integrity, by extending every favor to his widow. Under false representations, the unprincipled Whitby attained his object and erected his fortune on the wreck of Mr Lloyd's. Not until nearly all was gone, were his proceedings arrested ; and, so specious were the prettexts under which he had conducted them, that no legal redress could be obtained. Mrs Lloyd, who was utterly ignorant of the fraud practised on others

as well as herself, and who was made to believe that the relinquishment of everything was necessary to the discharge of the debts, could have submitted without a murmur to her own privations for such a purpose ; but that the humane intentions of the creditors should tend to their own injury, moved her deeply. Her little fortune was not involved in the destruction of her husband's ; and, though a pittance compared with the condition from which she had been thus suddenly hurled, she determined to use it as much for the benefit of Lucius as of Frances. 'While I have a dollar,' thought she, 'that noble boy shall share it.'

Upon a calculation of her resources, though strongly impelled to return to her native city, she deemed it best to remain where she was, with the difference, however, of exchanging her liberal establishment for a small dwelling, the sole remnant of her husband's large possessions. In confirmation of her own convictions came the inclinations of Lucius, who revolted at the idea of appearing as a dependant among strangers. The death of his father had seemed, for a time, to stun him. Retreating into the sanctuary of his grief, he sought no sympathy ; and, though more tender and respectful than ever to his mother, he shrunk from all communion in his sorrow even with her. It was when some person remarked in his presence, that he had seen Mr Lloyd's watch in the possession of Whitby, that he first found utterance. Contempt at the meanness of the villany practised upon them, the least among the feelings which absorbed him, was the only one he could express.

The period appointed for their removal arrived ; and Lucius, anxious to sustain his mother, nerved himself for the trial. The elegant decorations of the house had long disappeared ; but every room was consecrated by associations dearer than all that wealth could give.

After a farewell look at every part of the spacious mansion, the little library in which she had always received her husband in the evening on his return from the countinghouse, where he usually took what he called his 'Englishman's supper,' and the room in which she had first heard the sound of her infant's voice, were the spots from which she found it most difficult to tear herself. Again and again returning with her little girl in her arms for a last glance, at length, with a hurried step, as not daring to trust her resolution, she entered the carriage which was to convey her to her new home.

'Where is Master Lucius?' asked she, as she ascended.

'In the garden, Mistress,' replied the footman, who, though no longer in her service, had begged to be permitted to attend her to her dwelling, and to assist in its arrangement; 'in the garden, Mistress.'

Mrs Lloyd readily comprehended, that, amidst all which he was obliged to surrender, the grave of poor Favorite was not forgotten.

Finding herself at her humble residence, she was too wise and too virtuous to sink into inaction or despondency. Well aware that there is no situation in which the good and the busy cannot find some consolation and even happiness, and having a powerful incitement in her children, she resolutely entered on the duties of her new condition. Though reared with an affection which required of her little more than to enjoy the blessings by which she was surrounded, and most tenderly cherished by her husband, she had, nevertheless, in her rectitude and good sense, principles which could never be inert. Dividing between herself and Dorothy, her only remaining domestic, the cares of her little household, she shrunk not from her own portion of the labor. From her private funds she had purchased such of the simpler

articles of her late elegant furniture as were suited to her present style of living, confining herself to what was necessary, except that she could not forego the luxury of furnishing the little chamber of Lucius with a few of the choicest of those books which his father had so lavishly bestowed on him.

Having not much indeed to adjust, she was soon sufficiently settled to turn her thoughts to the destination of Lucius. Her affection for him, if different in kind from that which she felt for her own offspring, was little short of it in degree. To the interest with which, as her husband's child, she had at first regarded him, was added the attachment, and even respect, which a further developement of his character had induced; and now that by his father's death he was cast for the present on her assistance, and was in future to be the natural protector of her child, he became still dearer. Determined to fulfil, though at great personal sacrifices, her husband's wishes, she was hesitating how to communicate to him her designs, so as to avoid wounding his feelings by the suggestion that there could be any difference of interest between them, when he anticipated her intentions, and announced his relinquishment of a liberal education. The period of his entering college was at hand. She knew how assiduously his father had promoted his preparation for it, the satisfaction with which he had himself contemplated it, and she well understood how to estimate the sacrifice he was now making—but in vain she urged him to revoke his decision; she found him immoveable.

'I have now,' said he, 'no right to this indulgence. My obvious duty is to do that which will soonest enable me to support myself. If I can, therefore, obtain a situation with some respectable merchant, I will endeavour so to imitate my father's integrity and industry

as to deserve success, and I will not fear that I shall fail of it.'

Mrs Lloyd, having exhausted every argument which she could present to induce him to abandon his project, and having no right to control, was compelled to desist from further opposition.

After some unsuccessful efforts to obtain a proper place, they heard of a vacancy in a house of the first respectability; and Mrs Lloyd resolved to prefer her request in person. Mr Campbell, the junior partner, received her with respect, but was evidently indisposed to comply with her wishes. Attempting some awkward excuses, he at last said; 'Why, Madam, I believe it is best to be frank with you; young Mr Lloyd, I imagine, is not exactly fitted for our business. He is an only son; was brought up, I am told, with pretty high expectations; a little spoiled too, I understand—that, to be sure, is very natural—though I am not a father I can make allowances—out of the countinghouse I mean, for, once behind the counter, all must conform—some-what sickly, too, I have heard.'

Mrs Lloyd, though hurt at the manner in which a boy was repulsed, who, a few months before, would have been an object of envy, was wise enough to perceive that the objections, if real, were sufficient; and that she had no right to exact of Mr Campbell the trouble of an experiment. She attempted, however, to convince him that he was under some misapprehension, but finding that she was heard with an incredulous air, she withdrew. When informed of her failure Lucius colored, said little, but would by no means relinquish his determination; and an accident, trifling in itself, shortly effected that which he desired.

Calling, one day, at the shop of the tailor who had been employed by his father and himself, the man, with

professional assiduity displayed his new goods and new fashions. Lucius, having completed the business which brought him there, civilly declined the articles presented, and was about to leave the shop, when the man, producing a piece of broadcloth, exclaimed, 'Well, here is something which you will soon want—if you do not now,' added he, with a glance at his coat.

'It is very likely that I may,' replied Lucius; 'but, concealing under a smile the effort it cost him to allude to his fallen fortunes, 'you forget, Mr Brown, that I must now consult something beside my inclination.'

The man was a respectable tradesman, and, from long knowledge of Mr Lloyd and his son, had acquired towards them a familiar manner, which, on this occasion, was blended with a feeling of real kindness.

'Oh!' answered he, 'if you mean that it is not convenient to you to pay for it now, that need make no difference between you and me. Your name, Mr Lloyd, shall be as welcome to a place on my books now as ever.'

'I am obliged to you,' replied Lucius, 'but I am not rich enough to be in debt. The poor should be cash customers.'

He was again turning to the door when he heard himself addressed with, 'Keep to your paradox, young man.' Looking round he perceived a gentleman, who, occupied in the examination of some cloths at the extremity of the room, he had not observed at his entrance.

'Keep to your paradox,' he repeated, 'and it will keep you.'

Instinctively shrinking from such observations on the part of a stranger, Lucius bowed coldly and left the shop.

The next morning he received a note, requesting him to call on Messrs Steward and Campbell. On entering

the house he was conducted to a private room, adjoining that in which the clerks were occupied, and found, to his surprise, the same gentleman whom he had met the preceding day.

‘Ah!’ said he, as Lucius appeared, ‘I am glad to see you. After our unceremonious introduction yesterday, we will to business at once. My partner, Mr Campbell, declined receiving you when applied to by your mother, and I should not reverse his decision but for our accidental meeting. His opinion was formed on good grounds; so I think is mine; and as I am the elder of the two I shall claim the privilege of having my way; so come here as soon as you please, and it shall be your own fault if you dislike your place.’

Lucius thankfully availed himself of this permission, and, in a few days, all preliminaries being settled, he entered on his vocation.

Although always grave and reflecting beyond his age, months of sorrow seemed to have conferred on him the wisdom of years. Surrounded by the elegance, the respectful attention and assiduous tenderness which had hitherto marked his life, it would have exceeded the resolution of a man, still more that of a youth, to resist the love of ease and the gratification of taste even to caprice, which indulgence nourishes. Lucius, although he had never transgressed the bounds of virtue, had led a life of luxury compared to the one which he was now to pursue. He had reposed within silken curtains until gently, and more than once, reminded that he would not be in time for breakfast. The strictest attention to his person had been required by his father, and rendered easy to himself by a cheerful anticipation of his wants and the most liberal allowance of means. His pleasures, always pure, were never controlled. His love of reading, which had been fostered in his childhood by his

mother, was rewarded and encouraged by the most elegant contributions to his library. His taciturnity and gravity had been subjects of regret to his father, who, to correct what he deemed defects, required him to partake of all his own social pleasures. This, without rendering him presuming or flippant, had so far qualified his natural reserve as to result in a tranquillity of manner, at once manly and graceful. Confiding in his son's rectitude and good sense, and in those smiles of fortune which have deceived so many, Mr Lloyd never appeared to apprehend that he might be subjected to a rougher school. He forgot in the tenderness of a father, that, without such discipline, his nice sensibilities and amiable propensities might degenerate into what is but a more refined description of selfishness.

Adversity, that 'stern and rugged nurse,' was now however to instruct him in her 'rigid lore;' and he evinced a docility, that, to those acquainted with his early habits, was matter of surprise and admiration. Never forgetting, but remembering only to refute them, the insinuations of Mr Campbell, he was the most assiduous of the clerks, the first and the last in the countinghouse. It would have been difficult to recognise in the youth, who, with a cheek purpled by the frosts of a winter's dawn, was seen removing the ponderous bars of the doors and windows, and then, with the alert step of a shop-boy, sweeping the store and kindling the fires, the same, who, a few months before, might have been observed descending to a late breakfast; then, surrounded by all 'soft appliances,' reviewing his lessons, taking a loitering walk, or 'stretched on the rack of a too easy chair.'

In one respect, however, the identity was preserved. His apparel, though less costly, and not of the same freshness as to material or fashion as formerly, exhibited

the same regard to neatness and propriety, being in this respect even scrupulously careful, lest, with the loss of that which is adventitious, he should also lose what he considered as no unimportant part of the lesser morals.

Let not the strenuous advocates of the modern doctrine that education can do all things, conceive that we are opposing their dogmas or have a design to subvert their systems. It is only so far as they are dogmas and systems contended to be of universal application, that we oppose to them a fact within our own observation. We bow as reverently as they to the genius of the age, which, operating on the ductile minds of the young, has done so much to dispel prejudice, to instil virtue, and to increase knowledge, bringing even the high attainments of the philosopher within the grasp of the child. But we must still assert our belief, that there are original qualities, which, like matter, may be made to take new forms, but can never be annihilated. Happy indeed is it that such is the fact ! else might we look in vain to the present and future generations for that delightful freshness of character which is perceived in our progenitors.

Mr Steward, pleased not to have been deceived in the hasty opinion he had formed, distinguished Lucius by his kindness ; and Mr Campbell, after a proper time of trial to establish the reputation of his own caution, relinquished entirely his apprehensions. The knowledge of the French language, then not so common an accomplishment as now, gave Lucius an advantage ; and studiously improving every means by which he could render himself acceptable as well as useful, he daily increased in the good will of the whole establishment.

Grateful for relief from some portion of her anxieties, Mrs Lloyd turned with a feeling of repose to her little

girl, her present solace, her future hope ; nor was she less a source of enjoyment to Lucius. Like him, she was a striking resemblance of their father, a circumstance which seemed more closely to unite them ; and, while he tenderly regarded her as all that now remained to him of their common parent, his smile was her best reward.

Her attachment to him was mingled, even at this early period, with that fear which respect inspires. In all her petty transgressions, her first petition was, ' Oh ! do not tell brother ! ' During the week their intercourse was limited to the time expended on a hasty meal. When Sunday morning came, which was to procure them his company for a whole day, the joyful expectation, or fearful foreboding, expressed in her countenance, was the certain indication of the testimony given by her internal monitor. If no self-reproaches withheld her, she would run to meet him, spring into his lap, and twisting his curls around her slender fingers, would beg him to tell her ' stories of papa,' the frequent theme of their discourse. But if, on the contrary, at his entrance, she remained immovable in her little chair, uneasily pinching the hem of her apron, or impatiently correcting her doll, on whom she generally inflicted the punishment due to her own offences, he knew all was not right within. On such occasions he would win her to him, contrive to render herself the informer, and, having thus obtained her confidence, and assured of her contrition, the post of honor and happiness was again occupied, and the Sunday stories of brother Lucius nourished the germs of virtue which were already expanding in her little heart.

Once, however, she successfully parried the admonition she was conscious of deserving. The portion of scripture which had been a part of their morning service,

was the third chapter of Genesis. Frances, though she did not appear to listen with any great attention, had, during the day, puzzled her mother not a little with her polemics, and had also, by some delinquency, proved herself a lineal descendant of the first unfortunate pair. As she heard her brother's rap she glided behind a cabinet which had been converted into a baby-house, and remained snugly concealed, until Lucius's eye, wandering round the room in quest of her, detected her covert.

'Ah! you rogue!' said he, 'are you playing bo-peep with me?'

Spreading her little hands before her face and looking between her fingers, she replied, with a smile which betrayed her artifice, 'I have been naughty, brother, and I strove to hide myself like Adam and Eve.'

'Lucius,' said his mother one day, 'where is your watch? no accident has befallen it, I hope.'

He hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'None, mamma; that I am afraid to own—I have sold it.'

'How could you do so?' she exclaimed, in a reproachful tone, 'it was the gift of your father.'

'So is everything I have; but I trust he gave me some things more valuable than any ornament, however costly.'

'But this, to you, was more for use than ornament; you must feel the want of it continually. What can have induced you to part with it? You know, Lucius, that my purse is always open to you, and if not as full as my heart, it is just as much yours.'

'You are very kind, my dear mother. I have never doubted your generosity; but I had an occasion for money with which I did not think proper to burden you. I should not mention it, even now, but to explain what might otherwise give you uneasiness. Poor Willet has

been in great distress. Her husband is dead, and all she had was on the point of being seized to discharge his debts. She had been the servant of my family, was poor, and a stranger. I do not know that I did what was prudent, but I could not see her suffer while I had the means of relieving her.'

'I will not diminish the satisfaction which you must feel in an act of as much generosity as duty, by any cold strictures on prudence ; but why not let me divide with you the pleasure and the sacrifice ?'

'Because on you she had no claim whatever ; while the mistaken manner in which she evinced her fondness for me, does not release me from my obligations ; besides which, I am more than compensated by the result. The debts are in part paid, she is still in possession of the shop, and will conduct it far better than her husband, whose mismanagement caused their embarrassments.'

The decided manner of Lucius when satisfied that he was right, precluded all argument or entreaty. His mother therefore suffered the subject to drop, but it sank into her heart, and she determined, in some way, to more than supply to him that of which he had thus deprived himself.

By little devices of economy and self-denial, which, subjected to the glow of woman's affection, seem, by a sort of alchymy, to create gold, she at length amassed a sum, sufficient as she hoped, to accomplish her design. When she added the last mite, 'There,' cried she, 'that drop has just filled my cup of joy! and now I have a sort of secret assurance that this gift of love will be a talisman to my boy!'

A fortunate circumstance enabled her to associate it with a new instance of his virtuous self-denial.

Mrs Lloyd had observed that Lucius was sometimes spiritless, not so much from the condition in which he

found himself, as from the exhaustion consequent on the nature of his employment. Fearing the effect on such a character, of an entire renunciation of amusement, she urged his acceptance from her of the necessary means to obtain occasional recreation; but he always refused to avail himself of her liberality. Theatrical entertainments, at that period, were comparatively rare in our country, and, in most of the cities, a few weeks comprehended the season of their exhibition. At such times, every one sought a gratification, the value of which, while it was heightened by its rarity, was for that reason free from the apprehension of those evils attendant on such amusements where they have obtained a permanent establishment.

Mrs Lloyd again and again pressed Lucius to accept a ticket, but without success. One day, however, he said with a cheerful face, 'Now, mamma, if you have the same generous intentions as heretofore, Mr Steward has granted me a leisure evening, and I will go to the theatre.'

Mrs Lloyd immediately offered her purse, but, withdrawing it a moment, said, 'On one condition, however—why have you hitherto so pertinaciously refused to gratify me in this respect?'

'Rather than relinquish my pleasure, then, I must comply with yours,' replied he, smiling. 'The truth is, I feared to trust myself. I have, therefore, purposely waited for the last night of performance; and now, however pleased, I cannot be tempted, you know, to farther indulgence.'

After an evening of the greater enjoyment because it was relaxation from labor, Lucius returned to discuss it with his mother. A late hour found them still sitting over what she called her 'widow's fire.'

‘Lucius, Lucius, go to bed,’ she at length exclaimed, ‘I shall have as much trouble as formerly to rouse you betimes to-morrow.’

‘Not so, mother ; I can wake with the lark now.’

But, spite of his boasted improvement, he would have required a jog, had there not fallen on his drowsy sense a sound, which, mingling with his visions, caused him to start from his pillow, almost expecting to behold the execution of the Venetian conspirators—his dream taking its color from the evening’s occupation—whose last hour he seemed just to have heard proclaimed.

‘I could have sworn,’ cried he, ‘that I heard the bell of St Mark’s. It sounded at my very ear,’ he continued, mechanically raising his pillow, and by so doing disclosing a beautiful gold repeater, from which had issued the alarm.

‘My father’s watch ! by what wonder is it here !’

Taking it up to press it to his lips, while his eyes filled at the associations connected with it, his attention was caught by a paper attached to the chain, upon opening which, he found the solution of the mystery in the following lines ;

Go, beautiful product of taste and of skill !
The wish of a mother, go, now fulfil ;
The faithful recorder of days and years,
Unbribed by wishes, unmoved by tears !
All time is comprised in your magic round,
For the past is recalled at your simple sound.
Oh ! ne’er may your index be basely misused,
And indicate time, but to mark it abused !
Still, still, be the circle you ceaselessly trace,
The measure of actions which worth shall grace ;
And while the winged hours you tell as they part,
The thought of a father keep fresh in the heart.
May it tenderly mingle in moments that bless,
Young joys not to shade, but to check their excess.

Still more when in exile, in sorrow, or pain,
May it come as a charm on your time-telling strain ;
But oh ! should temptation its spell cast round,
As the voice of a Mentor be then your sound ;
And heard by that sense which no passion can cheat,
The hopes and the fears of a mother repeat !

A gush of tender, holy feeling attested how deeply the kindness and generosity of his mother affected him. Devoutly acknowledging that Supreme Goodness by which he was still made to experience a parent's love, he implored that he might be her comfort and her reward.

On his return to breakfast he met Mrs Lloyd. After expressing to her his gratitude, 'You have,' said he, 'contrived for me a most eloquent monitor ; and as it has saved me a reprimand this morning, I augur well of its counsel for the future.'

'Dear Lucius !' replied she, 'you have been so good, so self-denied, that I am almost ashamed to lift up a warning voice to you ; but—you are human, you are eighteen, and I am—a mother !'

Lucius had never desired many friends ; not that he was unsocial, but exclusive. His affections had expanded with warmth and vivacity within a small circle, which the change in his condition had induced him still more to contract. Among his former companions was Frederick Whitby, the son of his father's heartless relative. Frederick was older than Lucius, but the maturity of the latter had placed them on an equality. His good nature, a sort of careless pleasantry, and an easy manner which imposed neither effort nor restraint on his entertainer, made his visits agreeable ; and, although they were as unlike as possible, the diversity seemed rather to amuse than to repel Lucius. After the overthrow of his fortune, in which Mr Whitby had played so base a part, they had never met, until, one day, Frederick

entered the countinghouse, and, directing his steps to a remote desk where Lucius was employed, he said, with some embarrassment, but endeavouring to conceal it under an affected ease, 'Mr Lloyd—no, I will rather say Lucius, if you will allow me—I cannot any longer endure the interruption of our intercourse. I know that your mother and my father have had some difficulties, but what have we to do with that? We ought not to forget on that account that we are old friends and cousins. Come, let's shake hands, and agree to think no more of what's disagreeable.'

Lucius did not reject the proffered hand. The remembrance of former days was both sweet and painful; and he uttered, in a gentle tone, words, which, he felt, would sound harshly in return to Frederick's greeting.

'I entertain no resentment towards you personally, Mr Whitby; but I cannot talk lightly of the circumstances which have separated us, and I will not trust myself to speak seriously of them. It is however impossible that we should be other than strangers.'

'Now that's what I call confoundedly unreasonable,' replied Whitby, 'and if I did not like you even more than I supposed, hang me! if I'd ever say another word to you; but some how or another, Lucius, your stately ways and lofty looks, always made me love you the better, and I cannot give you up yet. Be good-natured then, and come to see me. You need not meet my father unless you choose. You can slip unobserved into my room, and, when once I have you there, I know we shall be as good friends as ever in half an hour.'

At the bare suggestion of seeking an 'unobserved' entrance into a house, the threshold of which no consideration would have induced him to cross, the feeling which flowed at the sight of an old companion was chill-

ed at once. Coldly withdrawing himself, with the air of one who desired no further conversation, and saying, 'You must excuse me, Sir, I am engaged,' Lucius pursued again his occupation. Whitby bit his lips, played with his cane, and casting a glance around to see if his repulse had been observed, he left the house.

It had not been perceived except by Mr Steward. He had been Mrs Lloyd's agent in negotiating with the avaricious Whitby the redemption of the watch, and had on that occasion seen Frederick, whom, however, he remarked that his father dismissed from the room before he opened his business. His air of fashion caught Mr Steward's eye as he entered the store, and he watched with some interest the reception which Lucius should give him. When the interview terminated, 'Ay,' thought he, 'he is true metal ; he rings well to the counter ;' and, approaching him, he said,

'You have done right. I am not one of those who would fan old feuds, but you've done right. You ought, to be sure,' added he cautiously, 'to forgive them ; but could you accept their friendship, you would deserve no other. Besides, no blessing can rest in that house. The old man may keep his illgotten wealth, but it will blister his hands ; and his children will fall heirs to the curse which cleaves to it. The wise man saith, "The treasures of wickedness profit nothing ;" and, as Whitby has been trading on that capital only, he must have a poor head indeed, who cannot see that bankruptcy and perdition must, sooner or later, close that concern.'

Lucius was not one of those whom 'Time stands still withal ;' but, though it did not always proceed so smoothly that by no jolt or jar its motion could be perceived, still, the diligent hand and the willing mind gave both ease and spirit to its movement.

The period of his clerkship had recently expired, when the gentlemen testified their confidence in his integrity and ability, by a proposal that he should go as supercargo in a vessel which they were fitting out for St Domingo. The cessation of the troubles in that island, and the cordial invitation which the Americans, particularly, had received from its inhabitants, induced many to adventure in its reviving trade. Lucius, although he saw many advantages resulting to himself from the acceptance of such an offer, yet, aware of his importance to his mother, referred the decision to her with more than usual deference. Her heart fainted within her at the thought of the dangers which appeared to attend the enterprise in a country just emerging from the horrors of a sanguinary revolution, and in a climate which too faithfully avenged on European constitutions, the wrongs of the poor Aborigines and Africans. Overcome, however, at length, by the representations of Mr Steward, she yielded, and Lucius prepared for his departure, with the alacrity and fearlessness of youth.

After a prosperous voyage the beautiful island appeared, which Columbus, in the delight and pride of discovery, believed had revealed to him the blissful seat of Paradise. As Lucius entered the harbor of Cape Français, he wondered not at the illusion of the navigator. To the east extended the magnificent plain, formerly appropriated to the cultivation of cane; the plantations divided only by hedges of citron and lime trees, and equal in fertility to any spot on the earth. It was again putting on its garments of beauty, presenting a prospect of wealth, not, as then, to be all poured into the lap of a master, but to be shared by him in the proportion established by law, with the free and voluntary laborer. Behind the city rose the eminence of Le Morne du Cap, affording a fine relief to the city gather-

ed at its base, and, to the eye of the voyager, sated with the illimitable ocean, presenting an object on which it loved to rest. The most luxuriant vegetation burst forth on every side, seeming to invite to the abode of abundance, peace, and happiness. Lucius could scarcely realize that human passions had so recently transformed this Eden into the scene of 'woe unutterable.' As he entered the city, however, he but too plainly perceived their traces in the mementos of the conflagration of '93, set by the hand of the ruthless Macaya, when the French commissioners themselves were forced to flee from the fires their own invitations had served to kindle. This once superb city was now but a splendid ruin; 'as if,' says a writer, 'the blacks were reluctant to rebuild the mansions of their fallen masters lest they should create for themselves new oppressors.'

But amidst the wrecks of the late storm and the interruption of the arts of peace, under the auspices of the new order of things, prosperity was returning. The government of Toussaint L'Ouverture was daily attaining a more effective operation. Anxious to repair, as soon as possible, the devastation and loss occasioned by the revolutionary state in which the island had been since 1790, he invited the return of the planters, to whom he even restored their estates, but no property in human flesh. The city was beginning to lift itself from the dust. Alas! again to be enveloped in flames, again to be the scene of guilt and suffering, again to attest the righteous judgment of heaven, which condemned the French, in the extremity of famine, to eat the blood hounds they had trained to devour the negroes—again to be deluged with blood till the streams ran red, and the blessed air was corrupted by human putrefaction!

Lucius repaired to the Hôtel de la République, where he found a respectable and commodious establishment;

and, although he felt strangely at beholding himself placed at once on a level with the *sang meles* by whom he was surrounded, his revoltings were soon overcome by the cordial politeness with which he was greeted.

The next day he entered on his business, and was more and more surprised by the intelligence already apparent in the emancipated islands. Coming from a country, which, by a strange anomaly, was at once the boast of freemen, and the prison-house of slaves, which, though it had loudly asserted the rights of man, yet had not relaxed its gripe on the unfortunate African, Lucius had beheld him only in a state of subjection and debasement, and had not rightly estimated those capacities, which a better state of things was elsewhere developing. Numbers of *gens de couleur* had received an education in France, and this, operating, in conjunction with the ennobling feeling of independence, on the naturally kind temper of the negroes, spread a humanizing influence through all classes. In addition to this, came their instinctive love of dress and gentility, a passion, which, however justly it may be inveighed against in its excess, is, nevertheless, a powerful agent in the refining process of civilization. There were, it must be admitted, some incongruities. The exquisite finish of society is not so soon effected as a revolution. The pillar which is to commemorate a nation's glory is soon separated from the quarry ; but it is a work of time to give its proportions and its polish.

Lucius, occupied with the responsibilities of his new situation, and pleased with the novelties around him, forgot that death could lurk amidst flowers, and fruits, and beauty. It was after a day of great heat and considerable fatigue, that he was constrained to admit to himself that he was far from well. Believing that a night's rest would restore him, he parted without appre-

hension from the gentleman with whom he had been engaged in business, and directed his course homewards. His head ached violently, and an admonitory chill induced him to quicken his pace. His steps soon became unsteady, faintness came over him, and, catching hold of a railing for support, he sunk in a few moments, overpowered, to the ground. His last consciousness was that of heat and weariness, pain, sickness, and darkness, without friend or mother. Mingled with these came dreams of strange faces, unknown voices, consuming fever ; a perpetual and fearful phantasmagoria seemed to glide before him. When he revived he found himself in an apartment where taste and humanity appeared to have been emulous to contribute to his comfort. Every refinement of decoration was combined with the nicest attention to the feelings of an invalid, a refreshing shade was spread over the room, a delicious fragrance perfumed the air, and a voice in the sweetest accents exclaimed '*Dieu merci.*' It was a scene of enchantment. He put his hand to his head and tried to think. He could remember nothing but that he had been miserable, and he now knew only that he was happy. Making an effort to rise that he might obtain a more extended view of the room, he first became sensible of his weakness, and fell powerless on the bed ; at the same moment, a female, who, till then, seemed to have concealed herself purposely, darted forward to aid him. He gazed at her in amazement, and it was some minutes before he could sufficiently command himself to beg of her an explanation.

She replied to him in good English, though with a French accent, entreating him in the gentlest manner not to fatigue himself by any inquiries. Finding him importunate, she playfully placed her fingers on her lip, and retreated again to where his eye could not follow

her. Left, perforce, to silence, Lucius had no resource but obedience ; and resigned himself to the sweet sensations which seemed to be breathed like a new existence into his frame.

In a short time a slight movement was heard, and a conversation in a suppressed voice, of which he caught enough to know that it was French and that he was himself the subject of it. A gentleman of a pleasing appearance now advanced to his bed. Lucius looked at him with that feeling of uncertainty with which we contemplate objects when suddenly awaked from profound repose.

‘Do I dream?’ exclaimed he—‘I surely know that face.’

‘It is no illusion, my young friend,’ replied the stranger, ‘and, as I think the perplexity in which you are, may be more injurious to you than a brief conversation, I will tell you, in a few words, why you are here. You may have forgotten, but Charles de Breuil never will, the kindness and generosity received from your father, when the horrible events in this country compelled him to seek an asylum in the United States.’

Lucius, delighted to find himself under the roof of a man, whom he well remembered as one of the most unfortunate and interesting of the unhappy refugees to whom his father’s house and purse had been open, pressed his hand in token of cordial recognition.

‘You may imagine,’ continued M. de Breuil, ‘with what emotions I found myself in a situation to make any return ; but let me go back to that moment. I was returning to my house in the evening, when, just as I gained my own door, I nearly fell over a prostrate figure. I called for lights, and beheld a stranger, and, as I believed, an American. Could there be a stronger claim on my benevolence ! Fearing that he was wounded

we raised him, but no injury appeared. That he was seized with the fever of the country was the next apprehension ; but this to a native is not formidable, and only stimulated me to ascertain who he was, that he might be conveyed to his friends. We searched for his papers ; and I soon found that Heaven had directed him to the very man who was most bound to receive and shelter him. What therefore in another, would have been an act of mercy, in me became a duty. The fever, though it did not prove to be a malignant one, was attended with considerable delirium. It has now formed a favorable crisis ; but quiet and good nursing are still necessary.'

'Do not speak,' continued he, seeing Lucius attempting some expression of his feelings, 'do not speak ; now that I have relieved your curiosity, you will find me an arbitrary nurse.'

'You are then my nurse ?' said Lucius, casting at the same time an inquiring glance round the room.

'My daughter has hitherto shared that office with me ; but now, that you have recovered your senses,' replied M. de Breuil, laughing, 'she will probably be afraid of you, and consign you entirely to me. But hush—not another word from either of us.'

His recovery was rapid ; and in a short time Lucius was well enough, as he thought, to be removed to his lodgings. When he signified this intention, it was received with such demonstrations of regret and dissatisfaction, that he was compelled to relinquish it, M. de Breuil at the same time expressing his happiness, that, as, in consequence of some unlooked for obstructions in the disposal of his cargo, he could not soon return, he would therefore remain his guest longer than he had at first dared to expect. The only escape from his custody which he would permit, was to allow him to join the family circle.

‘Here,’ said he, as he conducted him, ‘here is our patient, Elise, so restive I can no longer manage him; will you sign his discharge?’

As he spoke a young lady advanced, and gracefully received the salutation of Lucius.

‘Perhaps,’ said she, ‘his head is not yet quite right. I shall be very cautious how I commit myself by a hasty opinion.’

‘You will at least, Madam,’ replied Lucius, ‘give my case a fair examination before you remand me to my hospital.’

He had now an opportunity of observing more accurately the lady to whom he was introduced, than when, like a vision, she had recently flitted around his bed. From the commencement of his returning consciousness he had not seen her, and he was not sorry to find confirmed the faint recollections of that moment, which represented her as young and handsome.

Her figure was rather above the middle height, finely proportioned, and rounded to that precise degree of *embonpoint*, in which neither want nor excess can be remarked. Her simple white dress was confined by a rich girdle that defined her beautiful waist, and bracelets of the same description terminated the sleeves. A shawl of mingled saffron and crimson enveloped her head in a turban of a tiara form, ornamented in front with a gem which might elsewhere have been admired, but of which the brilliancy, in the present instance, was lost in the rays of the finest black eyes that ever sparkled. A mouth, arrayed in smiles, disclosed the whitest teeth imaginable. An air of softness and kindness overspread her countenance, and a graceful languor was perceived in her movements—but—the truth must be told, though Lucius was as unwilling to admit it, as we presume our young readers will be to learn it—Elise, poor Elise! was

of the *sang-melé* order—her complexion, though rich and clear, was a thought too dark !

Lucius, though by no means such a philosopher as to be indifferent on this subject, was too grateful and too self-possessed to betray the momentary repugnance this discovery excited ; and after a conversation, in which she was all kindness and frankness, and he truly touched by the benevolent politeness with which he was treated, they were perfectly good friends. Under other circumstances it would indeed have required many a weary day to have placed them on the same footing ; but the melting tones of woman's voice, giving utterance to words of sympathy, fall so irresistibly sweet on the susceptible nerves of a convalescent !

Another member of the family was next presented. M. Deverin, a *protégé* of M. de Breuil, apparently five or six years older than Lucius, handsome, gay, and courteous. A short acquaintance, however, served to show, that his politeness was the result of the obsequiousness, which, in small minds, is the usual concomitant of dependence. Lucius, therefore, who had secured the good will of those who might promote his success, not by servility, but by rendering himself useful, returned the advances of Deverin, only so far as appeared indispensable. This, by a sort of necessity, led him still more to the society of Elise, and while he referred their intercourse to causes so likely to produce it, he forgot to take into the account that she was young, attractive, and intelligent.

More fortunate than the women of her country, her fine natural powers had not been neglected. The early death of her mother rendered her the object of more than common tenderness, and subsequent events, distressing in themselves, had nevertheless contributed greatly to her advantage. The beauty and vivacity of

the little Elise had attracted the attention of a benevolent and accomplished English lady, a resident at the Cape ; and when, in consequence of the revolution, she was compelled to remove to Jamaica, she begged to take her young favorite with her. M. de Breuil, uncertain what might be his own destiny, consented. At length, after many wanderings, returned to the enjoyment of his estate, he had reclaimed his child, had placed her at the head of his establishment, and, considering the prejudices of color removed, indulged for her expectations natural to an affectionate parent. These expectations were confirmed by his experience of the cultivation her rich capacities had received from her benefactress, who, having no children, had felt for Elise a sentiment nearly maternal, and had found, in the dispositions and talents of her pupil, a full reward of her generous efforts.

Elise appeared a compound of opposites. From the influence of climate often languid and indolent, she was yet capable of an energy of action, a dignity of sentiment and expression by which she seemed to rise superior to the disadvantages of her birth. Though from original constitution gentle and confiding, yet a momentary impatience would occasionally disturb the wonted propriety of her deportment. Keenly susceptible of sorrow, she could nevertheless be excited to an excess of gaiety ; and would indulge in a simple love of the ludicrous, for which her frolic spirit would find aliment in anything. Even the peculiarities of a race, of her affinity to which she seemed unconscious, or proudly regardless, not unfrequently exercised her mimetic powers. Sometimes thrumming on the table with her flexible and taper fingers, in imitation of the *yoombay*, the rustic drum of the Jamaica slaves, she accompanied it with rude stanzas in their uncouth but expressive phraseology. At

others, in order to represent to Lucius the festivities of a negro Christmas, she presided over the masquerade of *Moco-Jumbo*, in which Ta Imaco, an old African who preferred dependence on M. de Breuil to the honors and uncertain support of freedom, would submit himself to her mirthful direction. Mounted, at the peril of his neck, on stilts which she had mischievously ordered of a gigantic height, he would shake his bells as merrily, if not as gracefully, as a Morris dancer; and a liberal reward from Elise well compensated the danger and the exertion.

Lucius had been some weeks at Cape Française when the expected arrival of General Toussaint, on his return from a tour through the island, created considerable sensation. His route had been attended by the most flattering expressions of public respect, and the inhabitants of that city were desirous of testifying, in their turn, their regard for the negro chief.

A procession of all classes received him at his entrance, conducted him to the temple erected in honor of emancipation, where he entered amidst the acclamations of the multitude. Lucius had mingled, at a distance, in the crowd, but desirous of a nearer view of a man so celebrated, repaired, for that purpose, to the Hôtel de la République, where a splendid collation was prepared. Here he saw him, refusing all distinctions, reject the seat of honor, and take one which placed him on an equality with others at the table; and more than once observed him lean forward with an air of the kindest attention, to persons evidently much his inferiors. His countenance, so fearful to his enemies, was mild and courteous. His eye indicated reflection as well as spirit; and his form, which his close dress of blue and scarlet exhibited to advantage, was vigorous and well proportioned.

Of this man we must not judge from the representations of the English, who regarded him as the savage opposer of their views; nor from those of the French, who found in him a fidelity to the cause of his countrymen, which, instead of obtaining the cooperation of those professed friends of liberty, only made him the mark of their hatred. We must take him, like every human being, with allowances for infirmity and imperious circumstances; and judging him by actions sufficiently well attested, endeavour to form of him an impartial estimate.

Reluctant to rebel, he permitted the revolt of '91 to pass without taking part in it. When no longer allowed to remain neuter, his first care was to provide for the flight and safety of his master, and to furnish him resources upon which to subsist in a foreign country. When solicited to betray the confidence of the English general, who had committed his person to his honor, he indignantly refused. When he had detected a plot against himself, instead of inflicting on the conspirators the death they expected, he caused them to be conducted into a church, and, at that part of the service which enjoins the forgiveness of enemies, he declared to them their pardon. When the negroes revolted for the purpose of fresh massacres of the whites, he spared not his own nephew; and, finally, even the strong yearnings of parental affection were insufficient to induce him to betray the cause of freedom to the artful suggestions of the French agents.

This is not the conduct of a bloodthirsty wretch as he is reputed by some, or the cold hearted hypocrite as he is called by others. However motives of policy may have occasionally mingled with his forbearance or softened his manners, we cannot refuse praise to actions, any one of which would be deemed an extenua-

tion of the crimes of men, who, with moral and intellectual advantages far exceeding his, had no part of his provocation.

While some of these thoughts were passing through the mind of Lucius, the repast ended, and military music called the multitude to the parade ground, occupying a portion of the beautiful plain of the Cape. Lucius followed with the rest, and soon found that the etiquette and distinction, which Toussaint appeared elsewhere to condemn, were here an object worthy all his attention. The most perfect subordination and the strictest regard to rank prevailed, and the quickness, dexterity, and good order of their movements astonished him. The review over, Toussaint departed for his country-seat, and Lucius was bending his course homewards when Deverin overtook him, and, taking his arm, said; 'Well, Mr Lloyd, what think you of our negro general?'

'If you mean his appearance,' replied Lucius, 'it is certainly soldier-like and imposing; but if, as I suppose, you refer to his character, I am a little puzzled with the contradictory opinions expressed of it. While some hail him as a deliverer, others seem disposed to denounce him as a tyrant. While some assert that he has never broken his word, others, with equal warmth, aver that he has never kept it.'

'For my part,' rejoined Deverin, 'I think it safest to observe the peace with the powers that be, and had no intention to touch on what might prove such dangerous ground as the subject of his merits. Between ourselves, however, I will venture to say, that he who governs the multitude, like him who leads the blind, in the words of the Spanish proverb, "*Un punto ha de saber mas que el diablo*." My inquiry though, was directed, in all simplicity, to the impression which his appearance made upon you—in short,' continued he, with a signifi-

cant curl of his lip, 'is he not too much of a *nègre* for your taste ?'

'Really,' replied Lucius, 'such important interests are at stake, on the issue of the present state of things among you, that I have not permitted myself to consider it as a question of taste.'

'You have then, I see, made some progress in the system of fraternizing ; and you would not, perhaps, object to a pretty woman for such a trifle as a few drops of black blood ?'

'I should undoubtedly regret it,' replied Lucius with a smile, 'notwithstanding the philosophy ascribed to me.'

'Oh ! that is but a mild form of objection, such as I imagine our host's *fair* daughter might easily overcome. Now, seriously, do you not suppose that you might be induced to wave so slight an inconvenience in favor of a marriage with such a lady ?'

He spoke with such an uneasy importunity of manner, that Lucius, surprised, turned towards him, and for the pleasure of teasing a rising feeling of rivalry, which, for the first time, he suspected, replied drily, 'Indeed, Monsieur Deverin, I cannot so far commit myself as to make a confidant on that subject.'

Deverin bit his lip, made an apologetic bow, and the conversation turned on other subjects until they reached M. de Breuil's door. As they entered the parlour, Elise was playing on her guitar, but her hand rested on the strings, and she looked smilingly over her shoulder at Lucius as he approached ; when, seeing that Deverin followed, a cloud of disappointment settled on her truth-telling face, and running her fingers impatiently over the instrument, she again appeared absorbed in it. Not a word was spoken ; but Deverin, at no loss to interpret the action, became moody and abstracted, while Lucius listened with a pleased and interested air, simply because he loved music.

A few evenings subsequently, as he was engaged in a game of piquet with M. de Breuil, of which Elise was watching the progress and keeping the account, he was requested to speak in private with a person, who refused to communicate his business to any but himself. Going to the door, he found there a boy, who, presenting a note, awaited in silence his answer. The paper contained these few lines, written in a hand scarcely legible ;

‘If your character is not entirely changed, you will not refuse to follow the bearer, to the relief of a distressed countryman. The strictest secrecy is expected from your delicacy and discretion.’

Lucius could not resist such an appeal. He returned therefore to the parlour to apologize to M. de Breuil for thus abruptly relinquishing his game. The consciousness of the secrecy enjoined, gave an air of constraint to his manner which caused a circumstance unimportant in itself to be remarked ; and Deverin, on Lucius requesting him to supply his place, exclaimed in such a tone as to excite farther attention, ‘I hope nothing has occurred, Mr Lloyd, to give you uneasiness ?’ Making some reply evidently evasive, Lucius left the room.

He followed the boy through many devious ways until they arrived at a spacious house, amid ruin and desolation, which might once have been the abode of wealthier inhabitants than its present appearance indicated it now to be. He was conducted by a private entrance, and with an appearance of much circumspection, to a chamber in which he distinguished by an imperfect light, an old woman, and in an obscure corner which the feeble lamp but partially illuminated, a bed, pointing to which the boy said, ‘There is the gentleman.’

Lucius approached gently, and not without a vague apprehension stealing over him—but every feeling was

lost in surprise and concern when he recognised in the words, 'I have not then been mistaken in you,' the voice of Frederick Whitby ! He had seen or heard but little of this young man since their abrupt parting on the occasion already mentioned.

'Do not be afraid of me,' said he, as Lucius started back in astonishment, 'I have no infectious disease ; if I had, I hope I should not have been so selfish as to expose you to it. Sit down by me, and let me, as well as I am able, tell you my story.'

The attendants at a sign withdrew, and Frederick, whom weakness and hesitation rendered a prolix narrator, gave an account which in substance was as follows—

His extravagance had found small toleration with an avaricious and niggardly father. Reproach had been succeeded by abuse, and, parting in mutual disgust, he had determined to seek his fortune abroad. Accident led him to St Domingo. There, as he had been trained for merchandise, he had obtained the employment of a clerk. A facility in adapting himself to new situations had, for a time, enabled him to satisfy his employer ; but his propensities to pleasure again overcame him, his master was displeased, and he was dismissed. Impelled with an accelerated velocity to his ruin, he had associated himself with a set of vicious young men to whom his convivial qualities had first attracted him. Having contracted debts without any ability to repay them, he found, when too late, that they scrupled not to sustain themselves by every species of fraud. He protested again and again that he had not, himself, practised any direct dishonesty ; but it was too evident that, hopeless of other support, he had, if not by his actual cooperations, at least, by his tacit compliance, abetted their villanies. At length in a quarrel, brought on in

a fit of intoxication, he had by a violent contest ruptured a blood-vessel, and was now fast approaching the termination of his life and his follies.

Nor was this all. There was a fearful account to be adjusted. The miserable man with whom his rencontre took place, had died of an injury received in the struggle. Though Whitby averred, with every appearance of truth, that he had no consciousness of the act and did not believe that his hand inflicted the blow, he well knew, that in a country where justice was administered according to the summary proceedings of military law, a nice discrimination of degrees in guilt was not to be expected. Concealment, therefore, was his only refuge until able to escape from the island ; but exhausted in strength, and utterly destitute, he saw no way of effecting this. At length, overcoming his lingering sense of shame, he cast himself on the compassion of his former friend.

The heart of Lucius sickened at this accumulation of woes—disgrace, sickness, and approaching death ! As he gazed on the once handsome, happy face of his youthful companion, now reduced to almost the last degree of emaciation, his cheek no longer colored but with fever or shame, his feeble limbs nerved only by the agony of his spirit, he doubted for a moment his identity.

‘Do not look at me so, Lucius !’ exclaimed the unfortunate young man, in a tone of mingled impatience and sadness ; ‘Do not look at me so ! I thought you would comfort me.’

‘Comfort you !’ thought Lucius, but exerting himself to speak ; ‘and so I will to the extent of my ability,’ he replied ; ‘tomorrow I will return with a physician, and—’

‘A physician ! would you expose me to certain detection ?’

Lucius, to whom it was evident that his disorder was past the power of medicine, and who had only suggested it as generally acceptable to the sick, replied in a soothing tone, 'Then, by the promise of reward we will secure the best services of your attendants. There may, too, be mitigations of your sufferings, as effectual as any that a physician could prescribe, and whatever you wish shall be obtained.'

'Am I then to die in the hands of these ignorant wretches?' interrupted the poor creature, alternately the prey of his dread of detection, and his horror of death; and it was evident to his compassionate friend, that amidst the stings of an accusing conscience, and the irritability of disease, there was little left of the once imperturbable good nature of Frederick.

But the humanity of Lucius was not of a kind to be easily disgusted. Considering the unfortunate being as dependent solely on his mercy, recollecting how lately he had himself experienced the blessedness of human sympathy, and actuated too by a noble desire to return good to a quarter whence he had received so much evil, he did not dwell on vice as an excuse for 'withholding himself from the good he found it in his hand to do.' Patiently sitting by the bed, on which the miserable Frederick tossed from side to side his attenuated limbs, as if he would thus combat the accusing spirit within, Lucius endeavoured by gentle assiduities, to which his friend had been long a stranger, to sooth his feverish impatience.

'You are very good,' at last said Frederick, 'very good indeed—too good!' added he, emphatically—'to such a wretch! Oh! Lucius who would have thought that I should come to this!' and wringing his hands in the very extremity and hopelessness of his misery, he burst into tears. They were the first he had shed; and

THE STEPMOTHER.

though Lucius could not restrain his own at the sight; he rejoiced in the natural and salutary relief they afforded to the intensity of his agony.

Having in some degree effected his benevolent purpose, promising to see him as often and as secretly as possible, and recommending him to the humanity of his attendants, Lucius at length left him. When he returned home the traces of a scene so painful were yet visible on his countenance, and though his friends politely forebore any inquiries, their looks indicated some curiosity.

At first the situation in which he was placed by the affairs of Whitby gave Lucius no concern; but he soon found that his private communications from him, the mystery attending his visits to him, generally paid in the evening, extending to a late hour, and sometimes at the urgent importunity of the poor wretch, who hung imploringly on the face of his only friend, occupying nearly the whole night, subjected him to an inquisitorial observation which was embarrassing. He fancied, too, sometimes, that M. de Breuil looked grave; and more than once thought that Deverin officiously attracted attention to his movements. Scrupulous, however, in the observance of his word passed to Whitby, proud in the consciousness of acting rightly, though thereby subjected to suspicion, and constitutionally reserved in whatever related to himself, he forebore all explanations.

By degrees even the bright face of Elise seemed to wane, or rather an expression of anxious curiosity would cloud the wonted cordiality of her manner. She was just leaving home on a short visit to a friend in the country, when, as Lucius handed her into the carriage, he thought she looked wistfully at him, as if something more than a careless adieu were on her lips. Leaning on the door, he waited to receive it while her counte-

nance exhibited an uneasy hesitation, as if doubtful of the propriety of what she wished to say. At last, taking refuge in an affected vivacity, she held up her hand in a warning attitude, and, in an admonitory tone, while her smile but ill accorded with the earnest meaning of her eye—

‘Beware!’ said she, ‘there is *Obi* set for you.’

‘And is it then consistent with your benevolence,’ replied he, ‘to withdraw your friendly skill at so critical a moment?’

Intent on her purpose, and gaining courage as she proceeded, she added with more seriousness—

‘There is a sorcery more potent than that which withers and consumes the body. Vice sheds her deadly blight on the spirit; and weaves her spell in darkness and secrecy, while truth and virtue love the light.’

‘Your assertions are as incontrovertible as axioms,’ answered Lucius, laughing; ‘but am I to admire them as aphorisms, or to make a personal application of them?’

She was about to reply, but Deverin, who had observed the short colloquy from the window, lost no time in interrupting it; and Elise, at his approach, with a vexed and disappointed look, ordered the coachman to proceed.

The thoughts of Lucius for a few moments dwelt on her words, which he partly understood as a commentary on his own conduct; and he forgave the suspicion they implied, in consideration of the kindness which inspired them. Her warning, however, was not of such easy interpretation; but referring it to some causeless solicitude, he soon dismissed it from his mind. He began, nevertheless, to be impatient for his departure, of which he saw no immediate prospect. The gentleman on whom especially his business depended, entreated a little more time, and as an earnest of a favorable com-

pletion of the negotiation, made one payment to a considerable amount.

This transaction took place near the close of the day. Lucius having brought home the money, and deposited it in a secretary, had just seated himself to write a letter of business, when the boy who had acted as Whitby's messenger, came with the information that he was dying, and that if his friend would see him living, he must come immediately. Shocked at intelligence, which, however much expected, is always appalling, Lucius hesitated not to go ; and, securing his papers, followed the boy.

He found Whitby evidently in the last conflict, but still in the possession of his senses ; and, though speaking feebly, yet capable of distinct articulation. Hitherto, the poor creature had clung to life with that tenacity which sometimes resists sickness, shame, and poverty ; notwithstanding that Lucius, with a fidelity which appeared almost cruel, even to himself, had solemnly warned him of his danger. As the tide of life receded, the love of it seemed in some degree to subside ; yet still he would talk of expected relief, and, as he had often done, promise future amendment, when it was but too evident that the future which he contemplated was fast dwindling to a point.

'This room is close, Lucius,' said he ; 'I can scarcely breathe ; and yet my flesh is numb and cold. Oh ! how I shall enjoy the blessed air of health and liberty !'

In vain his friend endeavoured to lead his thoughts in the gentlest manner to his real condition and its appropriate duties. With his usual facility, he would seem to admit the truth of whatever was said, yet would still revert to life as if his hold could not be entirely relaxed. Once, indeed, he said, 'If I should not recover, bear my forgiveness to my father. We have both been

in fault. Should I live, I trust we shall treat each other better.' And again, after an interval of silence, looking long and fixedly at his friend, he said with emphasis, 'Lucius Lloyd, the blessing of him ready to perish rests upon you !'

Determined to remain with him until the last moment, Lucius retained his seat by the bedside, wiped the damps of death which gathered on his brow, moistened from time to time his dry and husky mouth, and kindly pressed the emaciated hand, which still faintly returned the pressure. Thus the evening and the night passed on, interrupted by no sounds but those which proceeded from the bed of death, and the voice of a neighbouring clock, which numbered, from hour to hour, the brief space of time yet allowed to the dying man. But though his strength was nearly spent, and the laborious breathing, the fatal hiccough, and the glazed eye, indicated that the mortal strife was almost over, still it seemed to Lucius that his consciousness had not forsaken him. Once, even, he thought he said, as he bent to catch the feeble accents, 'Pray for me !' but the next moment was heard the last gurgling sound with which the struggling breath escapes forever—and the spirit was gone !

If Lucius could not contemplate the miserable wreck of beauty, health and vivacity, but with the truest compassion, still more deeply did he deplore the perversion of naturally kind and amiable dispositions, and the waste of more than ordinary capacities. Life had seemed, in his keeping, like the toy in the hands of a reckless child, ever to be turned from its true purpose, and to exercise his ingenuity only in its destruction. Extending his care to all that now remained of him, Lucius arranged the interment ; and, promising the old woman to see the last duty performed, he left the house.

The night was far spent when he reached his home. Exhausted by the scene he had witnessed, he slept till a late hour the next morning, and when he entered the breakfast room, M. de Breuil received his salutation coldly. He attempted no apology for his absence, for, reluctant to enter, unasked, on a full explanation, he was glad, after a slight refreshment, to escape to his room. He immediately directed his attention to the occupation in which he had been interrupted the previous day, and, having finished his letter, proceeded to take the money from the place of deposit; but, to his surprise and alarm, though he found the secretary locked indeed with all safety, the treasure was gone!

Obeying his first impulse he hastened to relate his misfortune to M. de Breuil, whose reception of the information only increased his perplexity. With a cold and offended air he directed M. Deverin to be summoned; and then, followed by the young men, proceeded to the apartment of Lucius. There was no appearance of violence on the desk, and, from the situation of the room, it was impossible that the robbery should have been committed from without.

'The thief is then within,' said M. de Breuil, and, with great formality, he proceeded to a thorough search of the house and of every individual. Nothing was discovered. Then, as if no longer able to command himself, turning to Lucius, 'Young man,' said he, 'it is as difficult for me to express as to restrain my feelings at this moment. You are the son of a man to whom I owed much—I have endeavoured to repay it, and your own conduct, until lately, has inspired me with respect; but when,' he continued, with increasing warmth, 'you seek to shelter your own imprudence and folly, to use no harsher terms, under the pretext of a robbery committed upon you within the sanctuary of my house, I

can no longer keep silence. Yet even now, your youth, and the claims of your family, induce me to urge you to consider what you are doing ; and to beg you, while you have not as yet irretrievably exposed yourself, to adopt a course more manly and more safe.'

Lucius, utterly confounded, could scarcely avail himself of the pause, which M. de Breuil was compelled by his own vehemence to make, to ask an explanation. At length, by implication, inuendo, and passionate exclamations, he learned that he was believed to have lost the money himself in vicious excesses. He had been seen to frequent a house known to be the resort of the vilest people, and under suspicious appearances. His late hours, his mysterious silence, his embarrassed manner, circumstances the most trivial, were remembered and brought in evidence against him with the impetuosity of a Creole and the indignation of insulted hospitality. Lucius could only oppose to them a narration of those facts, which the death of Whitby now left him at liberty to reveal, requesting M. de Breuil to accompany him instantly to the spot, to take the attestation of the woman and boy. He assented, and with feelings easily imagined Lucius directed him to the house. They entered it. It was silent as the grave. They proceeded to the chamber of the dead, which he naturally supposed would afford a testimony that none could gainsay or resist. No human being was to be seen ; even the lifeless body was no longer there !

Lucius, in amazement and consternation, could only reply to the incredulous looks of M. de Breuil, by asseverations of his truth, which he felt humbled to the dust to be compelled to make.

After a fruitless search, 'Let us,' said M. de Breuil, 'examine further into this mysterious abode, from which even the dead escape !' and, proceeding to a distant

room which Lucius had never entered, they plainly perceived marks of recent occupancy and of vulgar debauch.

The confusion of Lucius at this discovery had all the appearance of detected guilt. While the uncertain and distracted thoughts which pressed on him at one moment impelled him to rush from the presence of M. de Breuil forever, the next he was deterred by the reflection that this course was open alike to the guilty and the innocent, and would in itself have no tendency to remove the suspicious under which he labored. In addition to this, fidelity to the interests of his employers demanded of him the sacrifice of his personal resentment. The place where the robbery was committed was most likely to afford some clue to its detection. When, therefore, M. de Breuil turned to leave the house, Lucius continued to accompany him. They proceeded in silence, each absorbed in his own reflections. The situation of Lucius was indeed one of difficulty and embarrassment. In a land of strangers, the friend on whom he could chiefly rely prejudiced against him, his integrity liable to the most injurious suspicions both there and at home, the sensibilities of a virtuous, ingenuous youth, to whatever could touch his fair fame, his dearest, almost sole possession, were as alive; while his distress was increased by the consciousness, that the tumult of his mind, as exhibited in his flushed cheek and perplexed countenance, might serve to confirm every suspicion against him.

‘Gracious heaven!’ thought he, ‘by what fatality am I, the innocent and the injured, made to appear the guilty! What causes me to blush and to tremble as if I were indeed a scoundrel? It seems as if the mere imputation of such baseness had unmanned me, and that I begin to feel myself the very wretch I am supposed.’

M. de Breuil perceived his emotion, and, naturally compassionate, amidst all his suspicions felt some relents which inclined him to guide the unfortunate youth, if possible, out of the labyrinth in which he believed him to have involved himself. When, therefore, as they entered the house, they encountered Deverin, 'Come hither, Etienne,' said he to him, 'I have occasion for you.'

Deverin looked as if he desired to avoid his eye and his command, but the latter was repeated, and he was compelled to obey. Leading the way, therefore, into a retired room, and closing the door, 'I have,' said he, 'such a reliance on your honor and delicacy, Deverin, that, for myself, I could scarcely enjoin on you secrecy in regard to the events of this morning; but, for the assurance of Mr Lloyd, it is proper, that, in his presence, you should pledge yourself to every observance necessary to his reputation.'

Stung beyond endurance at the suggestion that his reputation could be supposed to depend on such a contingency, Lucius, whose conflicting emotions had served hitherto to control each other, but who was now no longer able to command himself, exclaimed with passionate earnestness, 'You insult me! cruelly insult me, M. de Breuil! Why have you saved my life thus wantonly to destroy what I value beyond ten thousand lives? I am a stranger—you may suppose a helpless one—but difficult as I may find it immediately to dispel the false colors with which your absurd prejudices have invested me, the Spirit of Truth and Justice is everywhere! and by means apparently the most insignificant, can lead to the detection of a villain.'

As Lucius uttered these words, Deverin, whose restless glance at the door indicated a desire to be released from a disagreeable conference, was about to give

M. de Breuil the promise he had required, when the sound of a repeater was distinctly heard, and, darting forward with the rapidity and the grasp of an eagle, the hand of Lucius was on the collar of Deverin.

‘It is the voice of Heaven!’ he exclaimed, while the wretch, detected without the possibility of escape, un-resistingly permitted him to take the watch from the pocket in which he had concealed it, and, falling on his knees, entreated for pardon. M. de Breuil, with his usual impetuosity, struck the imploring Deverin to the ground, and, seizing the hand of Lucius, ‘I have wronged you! I have wronged you!’ he repeated, ‘Oh! how basely! forgive me! and let my vengeance on him who has thus abused my confidence atone for my offence.’

Lucius, escaped from the snare that had been spread for him, was too happy not to be generous. He did not therefore reject the proffered acknowledgments of his repentant friend; but declared that all the satisfaction he required, was a knowledge of the means by which he had been thus practised against.

Deverin, trusting, by a frank avowal, to recommend himself to mercy, made a full disclosure of his guilt. It appeared that his propensity to gambling, though indulged with such care and secrecy as to elude the observation of his too confiding patrons, had long existed, producing its usual consequences, hardness of heart, and an abandonment of all rectitude.

With the keen scent of a beast of prey, he had not failed to perceive, that, as Lucius must occasionally have large sums in his possession, or at his command, he would be a convenient victim. An infidel in the virtue of which he felt himself incapable, he dared to suppose that Lucius would not scruple to violate the trust reposed in him. With this view he strove to

ingratiate himself in his favor ; but, to his mortification, discovered that he was impracticable under the ordinary mode of operation. Afraid of committing himself so far as to risk a discovery to M. de Breuil, he was obliged to lay a deeper plot, which accident favored, and to which a feeling of personal dislike also instigated him. He had aspired to the richly portioned daughter of his friend, nor did he feel doubtful of his consent could he win that of Elise. Her rejection of his suit, which occurred soon after her acquaintance with Lucius, he had attributed, perhaps not without cause, to that circumstance. The manner of Lucius also had led him to believe that the prize which he had himself found so tempting, would overcome the pride and prejudice of the young American. To destroy his reputation, became now, therefore, even more the object of his desire than to obtain his money, believing, that, his influence removed, Elise would permit a renewal of his addresses.

Although not personally known to Whitby, he was no stranger to the practices of his associates, the pursuits of his own companions not unfrequently preparing for them a descent to that more abandoned class. Jealousy quickened a mind naturally addicted to low cunning. By watching and dogging, having traced Lucius in his secret visits, and having secured the cooperation of the woman and boy, he determined to turn his discovery to his own purposes. The timidity of Whitby rendered him the unconscious abetter, by concealing from his friend that the place in which he received him, was still the rendezvous of the gang ; a concealment which the size and interior arrangement of the house favored. At the same time that Deverin insinuated suspicion into the mind of M. de Breuil, he as artfully contrived to divert him from the generous intention he more than once declared, of remonstrating with his

guest. This he was the more easily induced to relinquish from the manner of Lucius himself, repelling rather than inviting such frankness. The gentle and imperfectly understood admonition of Elise, therefore, was the only obstacle which opposed itself to his designs, and this we have seen failed of its purpose.

Perceiving that his suggestions worked as he wished, he would perhaps have been satisfied had he failed of that which was his primary object; but, ever on the alert, he had discovered that the money was in the possession of Lucius. This, together with his opportune absence, could not be resisted. He had no difficulty in securing the booty by means of false keys, without leaving marks of violence. Apprized by his coadjutors of the death of Whitby, he converted a circumstance, at first startling, into greater security. If Lucius was thereby released from his promise, he triumphantly reflected that, at least, all evidence in support of his assertions, was removed; and that 'dead men might indeed tell no tales,' he immediately concerted the removal of the body.

Everything had gone as he wished; and the failure of the offered proof must have ended in the entire condemnation of Lucius. Thus argued Deverin, when, in passing the open door of Lucius's chamber, during his absence with M. de Breuil, he saw his watch lying on the table, where it had been placed in the morning, and forgotten in the confusion of subsequent occurrences. Deverin was alone—no one had seen him enter—no assertion of Lucius would now be believed—suspicion of himself was impossible. Stimulated by success, and urged on by the fatal impulse by which the villain is sometimes forced to a step so absurd as to appear the very mockery of the Evil Spirit himself, he laid his hand on the bait,

and was retreating from the house, when he was met by M. de Breuil. The sequel has been already told.

The robbery being so recent, the recovery of the money was not difficult. As for Deverin, frightened into the nearest approach to virtue of which he was capable, a dread of the punishment of vice, he so well played his part, that M. de Breuil, unwilling to punish him to the extent that he deserved, instead of casting him off forever, banished him to a distant part of the country, there to await a trial of his reformation. Leaving him, therefore, with whom we have nothing more to do, let us return to the main body of our story. M. de Breuil, truly grieved by the injustice of which he had been guilty, and desirous to remove every remembrance of it from the mind of his guest, was so importunate, that Lucius was constrained to abandon his intention of leaving his house. The return of Elise soon restored the complacency and vivacity which these occurrences had disturbed; and, equally desirous to repair the injury he had sustained, she was even more kind and charming than ever.

At length his tedious negotiation was brought to a close, and Lucius announced to M. de Breuil that in two days he should leave the island. He received the intelligence with the most flattering expressions of regret, and directed the conversation to the expectations which his young friend had in his own country. After ascertaining that these amounted to little more than what might result from the confidence and regard of his present employers, M. de Breuil, in the kindest and most unequivocal terms, offered him his daughter's hand, with a portion large enough to place him at once in a situation not only of independence but affluence. This offer was accompanied by the embarrassing intimation that no objection need be apprehended on the part of

the lady. Poor Lucius was thunderstruck ! Such were his simplicity and directness, that it never occurred to him that a motive of which he was himself unconscious could be assigned to his actions ; and he hardly knew how to meet the evident misconstruction of them which was implied in the manner of this offer. Stammering and blushing, he at length expressed, in the least offensive terms he could command, that it was impossible for him to avail himself of the generous dispositions manifested towards him. M. de Breuil colored, but, as if afraid to trust himself with further conversation, left the room ; and Lucius, glad to avoid a meeting again on that day, contrived to occupy it on board his vessel, in preparations for his departure.

Here, as he paced the deck, giving occasional attention to the arrangement of the cargo, many painful feelings assailed him. He felt not, as some might have done, a sensation of gratified vanity in a conquest over the affections of a young and beautiful girl ; on the contrary, he severely rebuked himself, that, by not sufficiently guarding his actions, he had inflicted suffering on an innocent heart. That thoughtlessness, which to others would have furnished their excuse, in the view of his upright spirit was an offence.

‘I am inexcusable,’ he exclaimed, ‘not to have foreseen this danger ;’ and, though he could not think without a pang of being cast out with resentment from the affectionate remembrance of Elise, he fervently desired, that, even by that stern proceeding, her tranquillity might be restored.

The next day, the last he could spend with his hospitable friends, he sought occasions of meeting them. Elise did not appear, but M. de Breuil had recovered his usual courteous manner, and avoided all allusion to the painful subject of their late interview.

The day wore away, and still Elise did not join them.

‘Am I not to see Mademoiselle de Breuil?’ at length inquired Lucius; ‘we sail to-morrow morning.’

‘My daughter has requested to see you this evening,’ replied M. de Breuil; ‘and, if you will walk in the balcony, I will let her know that you await her there.’

Lucius bowed and directed his steps to the place. It was on that side of the house which overlooked the garden. Never was night more beautiful. The heavens were of that clear, deep blue, which, to the eye intently fixed on them, seems to disclose all space; the atmosphere was of that delicious temperature and purity in which the bare sense of existence is in itself happiness, and the moon, arrayed in a refulgence never seen in more northern latitudes, poured forth her beams on the broad ocean, soothed to repose in the light of her lovely countenance. On one side extended, almost without limit, plantations of cane; on the other, rose in the distance, yet distinctly perceived, majestic palmettos, whose far spreading foliage, sustained by lofty columns, seemed like a temple, reared by nature for her own worship. From the garden beneath came up, as incense, the perfume of the orange, and the odors of a thousand flowers—and all was still, save the unquiet spirit of man.

Lucius, as will easily be believed, was not in that imaginative mood which drinks in ecstasy from the external world; and he heard the light step of Elise with a secret wish that he were amid the snows of Siberia, rather than in that paradise of beauty, light, and fragrance. As she entered the balcony he approached her. The traces of disorder and weeping were still on her countenance. Taking her hand, and leading her to a seat, ‘I was unwilling,’ said he, ‘Mademoiselle de Breuil, to leave you without express-

ing in person my farewell acknowledgments for all your kindness, and begging that—'

'Stop,' said she, with an energy of manner that made him start, and over which she seemed herself to have no control, 'stop! I have not sought this interview to waste in idle courtesy the few moments I have allotted to it. I know my father's communication to you; I know—how it was received. With the tenderness of a parent he felt some natural risings of resentment at the rejection of his child; but I have extinguished them. There are other feelings I cannot so easily quiet,' continued she, but with a faltering voice, and for a few moments she remained silent.

Her agitation was contagious, and in accents as tremulous as her own, Lucius attempted to say—'I can never cease to regret the pain I have caused you,'—but, interrupting him with a proud yet noble air, she exclaimed, 'Do not suppose that I seek to obtain from your compassion what I could not from your love. No! worlds would not tempt me now to receive you as a husband, and it is because I feel this assurance so strong within me that I can thus speak to you; but I must learn from your own lips, and by that honor which you value above all things, if you have, knowingly and deliberately, trifled with a heart that trusted you?'

She paused as if for an answer, and Lucius, in a tone of deep seriousness, replied, 'With the same solemnity with which you have interrogated me, I can aver that I have not.'

'Then,' said she, 'I am satisfied. I can now tell you that the wound you have inflicted does not rankle. You have a generous soul—let it not be pained at the remembrance of Elise. She may have been deceived for a time, but she imputes not to you the intention to deceive. You were happy and grateful, and for a brief

space she believed you loved her. The illusion is over ; but there remains to her the consolation of your integrity, and one other reflection which she will not relinquish. Think you, that amidst all her reckless gaiety, and though she felt the stirrings of a noble spirit, a sympathy with all that was good and great, a power of loving and of intensely suffering for those she loved—think you, she could long forget the poison that lurked in her veins ? She was not so simple—so ignorant that the prejudices of society have proscribed her. These, and not you, have injured her. You have pitied her, and but for them might perhaps have loved her. It is not, then, original, irremediable inferiority of nature which separates us. Oh ! no. It is,’ said she, covering her animated face with her beautiful hands, ‘it is only this unfortunate complexion !’

For some moments she sat thus, while Lucius, unable to speak, could only gaze on her in pity and admiration ; when, rising and taking his hand, ‘Regard me, then,’ said she, ‘not as a mortified and resentful woman, but as an unhappy being, who knows, nevertheless, how to support the destiny allotted to her’—and with a gentle pressure of his hand she disappeared from the balcony so quickly, that Lucius, overwhelmed, had no power to arrest her.

When sufficiently recovered he longed to follow her, to say how tenderly he would cherish her remembrance, how much he prized her friendship and desired her happiness ; but, dreading further conference, her fleet steps had carried her beyond his pursuit.

At an early hour the next morning he parted from M. de Breuil, who, at that moment, seemed to feel only the pain of losing him, and the vessel stood out to sea under a clear sky and a favoring breeze. Lucius, after contemplating the receding island with mingled emotions

of thankfulness and regret until it melted away in the blue distance, bent his eyes and thoughts towards home and the dear objects it contained; and to these it is proper that we should now return.

Mrs Lloyd had not heard of her son's illness until he was convalescent; and, though ignorant of his subsequent difficulties, her anxiety suggested many apprehensions. To quiet these, it was not sufficient that some kind friend should say, 'You surely can have nothing to fear for your son. He at least is safe.' Her experience of life, while it had enlarged her indulgence for the young, had also increased her fears. When she reflected on their ignorance, and that their knowledge of good and evil was too often purchased, like that of our first parents, at the expense of the paradise of innocence, she trembled for them. Sustained, however, by her habitual reliance on that care which exceeded even her sense of its necessity, and occupied with her daughter, the months glided by in tolerable cheerfulness.

One evening, as Mrs Lloyd sat sewing beside her little work-table, on which Frances leaned, with a lesson open, indeed, before her, but discoursing on matters entirely irrelevant, the arms of Lucius encircled them both before any intimation of his approach had been given. 'The tumultuous joy created by his safe return had hardly subsided into a quiet assurance, when a new circumstance called forth their gratitude, intelligence of which was thus communicated by their friend Mr Steward.

'My dear Madam,' said he, 'you have faithfully discharged your duty to your husband and his child; and I have great pleasure in assuring you, of what I know you will not regard with indifference, our entire approbation of your son.' He has more than equalled our

expectations by the good sense and patience with which he has managed a concern much more intricate and arduous than we supposed it would be when we committed it to so young a man. I have also the further gratification of informing you, that he is henceforth a partner of our house. His character is the best capital.'

It would be superfluous to describe the satisfaction of Mrs Lloyd. 'The widow's heart did, indeed, sing for joy.'

Lucius, thus promoted to a situation of more independence, was enabled to realize some of the wishes he had formed for his mother's comfort. He would even have placed her in a more desirable residence, but, careful of his interests, she refused.

'Delay these magnificent projects, dear Lucius, a while,' said she ; 'when you think it necessary to have a wife we will have a larger house. We need not enlarge our casket, until we have jewels to fill it.'

The little Frances, who, though she may have been forgotten, was not, in her own estimation at least, so unimportant a person, daily became more interesting, and was the light and joy of their secluded abode ; but it must be confessed that she sometimes cast a shade of anxiety over it, by a fault, which, as it was her only one, will perhaps find toleration. She tenderly loved her mother, but, when she had diligently gone through the prescribed lessons, had assisted Dorothy the cook till she cried 'Mercy !' had watered her little garden, and, impatient of the tedious process of germination, had taken up one day, the seeds planted the preceding, she had nothing more to do. Her doll had long since disgusted her by her immobility, and though she found a substitute in a favorite kitten, yet she could not always play ball with Mitty, or find interminable amusement in seeing her run round after her own tail. At

such times, she would throw herself into her chair, and despondingly exclaim, 'Mother, what shall I do?'

Let not the modern young lady of seven or eight years of age, for whose entertainment Miss Edgeworth and other kindred minds have been caterers—let not such condemn our poor little Frances. There were not then, as now, inexhaustible stores of intellectual amusement; and after reading 'Robinson Crusoe' over and over until it was a matter of indifference to her whether the Caribees ate him and Friday or not, weeping over 'Nancy and her Canary bird,' execrating 'Blue-Beard,' longing to awake the 'Sleeping Beauty' and admiring the expeditious transportation of the 'Seven-league-boots,' as much as the friends of internal improvements, now-a-days, do canals and rail-roads, her stock was spent and her 'occupation gone.' Her mother had indeed tried to instruct her in the mysteries of knitting and sewing; but her tears dropped as fast as her stitches, and, for some reason or another, her needle had as many dips and variations, as that of the compass.

In the listless, unoccupied moments that remained, she had acquired a habit of playing truant, thus enlarging her acquaintance much to the annoyance of her mother. Finding Frances, whose obedience was not proof against her love of society and the seductions of popularity, incorrigible under the mild system of government, Mrs Lloyd determined that a French boy, whom she had recently taken into her family, should attend Miss Frances whenever she went out. At first, Frances was quite pleased with this arrangement, and would look over her shoulder with great complacency at her little footman. She soon found, however, as others have found before her, that grandeur was accompanied by a restraint which more than counterbalanced its advantages, and that her wings were completely clipped.

In vain she endeavoured to elude, or to coax her guard ; in vain, for her, some well known haunt opened to the right or to the left ; Antoine, like a sign-post, pointed immoveably straight forward. On one occasion, she was roused to an open rupture. Mrs Lloyd was in the habit of telling Antoine to what places Frances was permitted to go. One morning, after having given him her instructions, at Frances's urgent request her bounds were enlarged, but her mother forgot to communicate the same to the little *valet de place*. Out they sallied, and Frances, having gone the rounds, which, according to the apprehension of Antoine, comprehended the extent of her limits, was, with a light step and happy face, tripping off in another direction, when in an authoritative tone he exclaimed,

'Non, Non, Mademoiselle, en avant ! en avant !'

In vain she attempted to explain. Antoine understood no English, and, only suspecting her usual centrifugal tendencies, shook his head and with all the vehemence and gesture of an infant Talma, cried, *'Marche ! Marche !'*

Unable to command herself at this gross violation of her rights, Frances resorted to the usual impotent expressions of female resentment.

'I will not "marche," I say, you naughty French boy, I will not "marche !"'

Just at this juncture a young lady came from a shop, and, crossing the pavement near the angry disputants, was attracted by the scene and stopped to inquire the cause. Antoine began in French, but the appearance of Frances, who was not slow in telling her own story, interested the inquirer so much, that he was upheeded. So well, indeed, did she state her wrongs, that the lady invited her to enter the carriage, saying she should go where she pleased, and that afterwards she would set

her down at her own door. The delighted Frances accepted the invitation eagerly, and Antoine, in utter ignorance of all that had been said, saw her ascend the steps with as much amazement, but not as much veneration, as if a fiery chariot had descended to receive her. He looked after her a few moments, then proceeded homewards, shrugging his shoulders, and saying, '*Eh bien ! Madame sa mère la grondera bien, de cette démarche.*'

Frances however had no such fears. Engrossed in her new acquaintance, she forgot the object so strenuously contended with Antoine, and directed at once to the street in which her mother resided. When they arrived within a few doors of the house, the coachman was ordered to stop.

'I must beg you to alight here, my dear,' said the lady.

Frances entreated that she would accompany her home, with an assurance that her mother would be delighted to see her ; but her importunities were of no avail.

'Will you not, then,' said Frances, with some embarrassment, 'will you not tell me your name and let me come and see you, since you cannot come to my mamma's ?'

'Even this I must refuse, my sweet child ; but,' added she, hesitatingly, 'if you do not wish to forget me, you may call me "*l'Inconnue.*"'

Compelled to acquiesce in this arrangement, her chagrin somewhat appeased by the attractive form of mystery in which the adventure was enveloped, Frances bade the stranger farewell, and hurried to communicate the occurrence to her mother.

'Can you not describe this wonderful unknown ?' asked Mrs Lloyd.

'No,' replied Frances; 'I can only say that her eye made me think of a queen, and her mouth of an angel; but I should know her again in any part of the wide world.'

The idea of her *incognita* became now, to Frances, the absorbing interest. She could think of nothing else, and regularly directed her walk to that part of the city where she hoped again to meet her. Week after week however elapsed, and no trace of her appeared.

One afternoon that Lucius was walking with his mother and sister, Frances, after expressing her admiration of some shells with which a friend had just presented her, inquired, 'Do these beautiful shells come from the West Indies to which you went some time ago, brother?'

'The same,' replied Lucius.

'And you say there are a great many handsome things there besides?' continued she.

'There are indeed,' answered he.

'What makes you look so grave?' asked Frances with an inquisitive look. 'It seems to me you are always sorrowful when you talk of the West Indies. I should not suppose that a country full of flowers and fruits and birds and all sorts of beautiful things, could be unpleasant to think of.'

Lucius was at this moment following with his eye a female on the opposite side of the street, whose face, concealed in the folds of a veil, he could not distinguish, but whose figure awakened a train of thought which aptly blended with the images that Frances was thus calling up.

As the lady passed on, a little chubby boy had occupied the walk with his kite and line, which he was laboring to disentangle. She stopped for an instant that he might have time to remove them; then, as if fearing

to embarrass him further, stepped lightly over, and, by so doing, disclosed the prettiest little feet that ever sustained a flying nymph.

‘I know but one woman who has such!’ thought Lucius.

At this instant Frances suddenly ceased her prattle and sprung from his side, exclaiming, ‘’T is she! ’t is she! I know her veil!’

Before they could attempt to arrest her progress, she was nearly across the street. Mrs Lloyd and Lucius, from a natural curiosity, followed, and arrived at the spot in the same moment that Frances triumphantly exclaimed, ‘I have found you at last! I have found you at last!’

At these words the lady, turning quickly round, disarranged the close covering which had concealed her face, and, like the sun bursting from a cloud, the bright eyes of Elise de Breuil met the astonished gaze of Lucius!

‘Elise! Elise!’ exclaimed Lucius, starting as if electrified, ‘is it indeed you!’

With an unsuccessful effort to control her emotion, she replied; ‘It is indeed my very self; but I doubt if your ingenuity would have made the discovery, had it not been for my little friend here.’

Frances looked from one to the other for an explanation, but in vain. Too much occupied in his own inquiries, Lucius could not attend to hers; and Elise, embarrassed and distressed, found one querist more than she could satisfy. Mrs Lloyd, the only composed individual of the party, at length found an opportunity to solicit an introduction to Mademoiselle de Breuil; and, while they are proceeding to her lodgings, we will make a retrograde movement and be in readiness to meet them on their arrival.

Lucius had not long left St Domingo before the promising aspect of affairs there changed. The French despatched forces under Le Clerc and Rochambeau, to reduce the island to its former condition. They met however with a resistance, which, though honorable to the cause of freedom, renewed all the horrors of the late revolution. Toussaint himself was in a distant part of the country, and Christophe had the command at the Cape. In answer to a summons to surrender, he replied in these characteristic words; 'You shall not enter Cape Town till it be reduced to ashes; nay, even in the ruins I will renew the combat.'

This threat he fulfilled. M. de Breuil's elegant establishment was involved in the common destruction. Hurrying with what he could save of his personal property, he sought refuge for himself and daughter on board an American vessel, just at the moment to secure his passage. It was no time for fastidious scruples, yet Elise could not find herself destined to the only port where Lucius resided, without an alarm to her female pride at the inference that might be drawn from her thus following him to his own country. In the mortification and distress that this occasioned, she obtained from her father a promise, that on their arrival she might be permitted to remain in strict seclusion—a promise he readily gave, as he trusted soon to reembark for Europe.

Having reached their destined port, Elise rigorously adhered to her determination, remaining almost constantly in her own room, and, when she did venture out, always having recourse to the protection of a carriage, or wrapping herself up in an impervious veil. Supported by the energy of her spirit, she sunk not under the agitating feelings which such a situation would naturally produce, but devoted herself with a tender assiduity to

cheer and comfort her father. Her rencontre with Frances had nearly subverted her resolution. The attractive manners of the child, her striking resemblance to her brother, the simple but earnest request that she would make herself known, almost subdued her; but, reflecting that if she could now with propriety present herself, she could not with safety, she determined to persevere in a seclusion, which, if it were not happiness, was, at least, tranquillity. Thus passed the interval until the accidental discovery we have related.

As Elise entered their little parlour she said with animation, 'I have brought you a cordial, my father, which will cure your head, by being applied to your heart.'

Lucius advanced with an eager salutation, and M. de Breuil received him into his extended arms, exclaiming, 'Ah my friend! how delighted I am to see you! I have been nearly the victim of a punctilio. It has been more difficult to endure this system of non-intercourse than the loss of houses and lands.'

Turning then to Mrs Lloyd, he expressed, with all the courtesy and vivacity of his nation, his pleasure at again seeing her; but the transient exhilaration subsided, and Lucius perceived, that, though he tried to be gay, he was not happy. He observed, too, when sufficiently composed to speculate on inanimate objects, that their lodgings presented a painful contrast to their late elegant abode, though there were still traces of taste and refinement. On a table, against which Elise had leaned her guitar, lay her drawing materials, and a half-finished *Belle de Nuit*, which, shunning the garish light of day, seemed a fit emblem of herself, blooming in the night of poverty and obscurity. A little stand was placed beside M. de Breuil, on which were a *bonbonnière*,

a bottle inscribed '*Vinaigré Balsamique*,' a jar of flowers, and a book in which he had been reading.

Mrs Lloyd was making similar observations, and lost no time in urging their friends to accept every accommodation that she could offer. This request, though enforced by the entreaty of Lucius, was unavailing, and they could only obtain a promise, readily given by M. de Breuil, to cultivate with all cordiality their renewed acquaintance.

Though M. de Breuil faithfully performed his part of this engagement, Elise, with a true feeling of propriety, avoided, as much as possible, an intercourse which she foresaw could only tend to misery.

Mrs Lloyd had not been an undiscerning spectator of the interview of Lucius and Elise. With his usual delicacy he had preserved the strictest secrecy on the subject of her attachment and the offer of her father. Mrs Lloyd, however, perceived, in the unguarded moment of their meeting, an interest of no common character, and the idea once entertained, her observations were too keen not to find continual confirmation. The beauty of Elise had made scarcely less impression on her than on Frances. As she contemplated her symmetrical form, her dignified movement, her intellectual eye, the witchery of her smile, the graceful contour of her face, the expression of truth and purity which gave its highest charm, she felt rebuked for the lurking prejudices of which she was conscious, and could not suppress the reflection of the Assyrians in regard to the no less contemned Jewess; 'Who would despise this people, that have among them such women!' Early prepossessions however prevailed, and, though she did ample justice to the endowments of Elise, disclosed in their further intercourse, she watched with unceasing solicitude to avert the apprehended evil.

Lucius himself was still less at ease. The sight of Elise had renewed a subject of most painful reflection. It is a proverbial observation, therefore we could not, perhaps, if we would, disprove it, that 'love begets love.' In the present instance, however, if the selfish principle were at work, it was so secretly as not to be suspected by Lucius himself. The last sad scene at St Domingo had manifested that character in Elise most in unison with his own. Her kind construction of his conduct, her generous consideration for his feelings at such a moment, her self-sustaining spirit, were the evidences of moral qualities, to which his own nature responded. When these, together with the consciousness of the suffering he had caused, were superadded to the sentiment previously excited by her beauty and the charm of her society, it is not strange that he should be a prey to 'sweet and bitter fancy.' His early English education had preserved him from the excess of those prejudices, which, in this country particularly, attach to the injured and unfortunate race whence Elise remotely sprung. These feelings are easily imbibed, however, in a society where everything tends to implant, and nothing to counteract them; but it was not without violence to his sense of justice that Lucius had admitted the belief of an insuperable obstacle to such a union.

These had been the reflections of Lucius during their separation. Elise was now presented in a view, that, to a generous mind, was even more interesting—an impoverished exile, dependent for protection on the precarious life of a parent who might not long endure the reverse to which he was subjected. Besides, if his delicacy had revolted from the connexion when mercenary motives might have been supposed to render him less fastidious, he was proportionally attracted now, when, bringing no dowry but her virtues, his conduct

could not thus be perverted. He did not seek counsel from his mother, because, assured that no objection existed on her part, except that by which he was himself embarrassed, he also considered it a question involved by circumstances which rendered him alone the responsible and adequate judge.

In this conflict of opposing feelings, he might probably have pursued that course which the conduct of Elise rendered easy ; but M. de Breuil, as if to indemnify himself for his long privation would submit to no farther restraint. Lucius could not withhold those attentions which cheered his unfortunate friend, who, though he manfully struggled with his calamity, could not maintain the contest with the same success as formerly. His beloved Elise was not then, as now, exposed to the danger of becoming a solitary and indigent outcast in a foreign land. His apprehensions on the score of his finances, too, continually increased. The failure of a house in England in possession of funds upon which he had relied for his subsistence in that country, had at once prevented his leaving America and diminished his means of support.

Lucius, convinced that there must be some pecuniary anxieties, commissioned his mother to relieve them, for obvious reasons not choosing to do it personally. She willingly undertook the office, but Elise, though she received her offers gratefully, assured her that they had no present difficulties of that kind. 'Nor,' added she, 'have I any great fears for the future. If my father be saved from the suffering of poverty, I have no solicitude as to myself.'

This Mrs Lloyd was afterwards better able to understand, when she accidentally discovered that Elise had contrived to augment their little store, without her father's knowledge, by the sale of ornamental needle-

work in which she excelled, and by which she trusted to obtain a permanent support, should other resources fail. This virtuous effort, so quietly and delicately made, could not but affect Mrs Lloyd. She sighed, as she exclaimed, 'What a pity such a being should be proscribed! and that, too, for a tinge of complexion which is disregarded in a Spaniard or an Italian!' A secret remonstrance inquired, 'And how dare I thus condemn one, to whom our common parent has allied me by all that I regard as most excellent in my own nature?'

The visits of Frances were the only indulgence Elise allowed herself. The little creature would sit hours beside her, as if spell bound, while she sung their native songs, bent over her tambour frame, or sketched from memory the beautiful scenes of her own lovely land. When her tears fell, as, under her creating pencil some well known object rose to view, Frances, drawing still nearer, would put her arm softly around her, and say, 'Dear Mademoiselle! do not weep—it makes me cry too, and I do not like to.'

'I once did not like to cry, either, my sweet Frances,' replied Elise, 'but now I love tears better than smiles—except yours,' added she; 'your smiles are always welcome, for they neither hide nor mock a wounded spirit.'

The expression of such feelings, however, was rare, and Elise always appeared to reproach herself for them by increased efforts at self-command, but they touched deeply the sensitive nature of Frances. One day she came home, and, throwing herself into a chair with a dispirited look, she was silent a few minutes—an event of too rare occurrence not to excite attention.

'What is the matter, my love?' said her mother; 'are you not well? or are you fatigued? How far have you

walked ?' 'Only to Mademoiselle de Breuil's,' replied she, and was again silent. After some moments, in which she seemed lost in reflection, 'I would do anything,' exclaimed she, 'to make her happy. She is so good ! so sweet ! Sometimes she can be lively, too, but she is always sadder than ever afterwards.' Again she paused—then suddenly addressing herself to Lucius, she said, 'Brother, do you know nothing that would make her happier ?'

Lucius had taken up a book till the dinner should enter, and endeavoured by intense attention, to escape the necessity of a reply. The stratagem was more successful with Frances than her mother, who observed with uneasy thoughts the kindling cheek of Lucius.

Mrs Lloyd was too skilled in the pathology of the gentle passions, not to perceive that the disease was making progress. Her uncertainty in regard to her son's decision, was attended with more anxiety from the conviction, that, whatever it might be, he would not lightly abandon it. She dared not attempt to influence him directly, distrusting the only argument she could use. She even feared, that, under the excitement of a strong interest, the very obstacle she would suggest, might, by appealing to his compassion, induce the step she wished to prevent. The only resource was one which she had some time meditated, but from which she had naturally shrunk. This was an application to Elise herself. Improving, therefore, the first favorable opportunity afforded by the absence of M. de Breuil, with a heart sickened at the thought of the pain she was compelled to give the interesting girl, she unfolded her wishes, leaving it to the magnanimity of Elise to determine whether she would consent to a union with a young man under circumstances, which, though involv-

ing no guilt, yet, in an artificial state of society, must be injurious to him.

Elise listened in silence, while Mrs Lloyd with averted looks, cautiously proceeded. When she had concluded she turned for a reply.

Elise sat with her arm resting on the table, her hand supporting her head, and her eyes firmly closed, as if to conceal her emotion, which was nevertheless betrayed by the convulsive movement of her face. Mrs Lloyd, though alarmed for her success, yet, moved by her appearance, took her hand.

‘I have grieved, perhaps offended you, Miss de Breuil,’ said she; ‘could you know with what reluctance, I am sure you would pardon me.’

‘I might, indeed’ replied Elise, at length, ‘I might indeed have been spared this superfluous trial. Know, Madam, that your wishes have been anticipated. Your son has within a few hours received the answer you would prescribe. Although chiefly moved to it by a resolution not to abuse his generous attachment to his own disadvantage, I was not insensible to what I easily divined were your feelings. However pained, be assured that I am incapable of cherishing resentment; but had you better understood me, you would have saved me from the double mortification of a rejection from the mother as well as the son.’

‘The son!’ exclaimed Mrs Lloyd in astonishment. This led to a frank communication of the circumstance alluded to.

Mrs Lloyd was subdued and humbled. The voluntary self-devotion of Elise, after so much suffering, when assured that the offer of Lucius was the dictate of that sentiment which alone could satisfy her, rose in bright contrast to her own timid and calculating conduct.

‘You shall not,’ she exclaimed, while a glow of enthusiasm suffused her face, ‘you shall not, noble girl ! be the sacrifice of a cruel prejudice.’

As she uttered these words, the door opened, and Lucius entered.

‘You are opportunely come,’ said his mother, ‘to assist me in repairing a wrong I blush to have committed. I will no longer be accessory to the separation of two beings formed for each other.’

Lucius was in an instant at the side of Elise, pouring forth the language of entreaty and affection.

‘Oh !’ cried she, her upcast eye imploring strength and guidance, ‘this is, indeed, the sorest temptation that has yet beset me ! Shall I at last descend from that high purpose, which has sustained me—shall I degenerate into a weak, selfish girl, willing to accept happiness, even to the injury of him I love !’

Should any fastidious reader perchance waste his time on our unpretending tale, we advise him here to close the book, and imagine a termination in accordance with his own feelings. He may, if he please, suppose that Elise persisted in her resolution, but that, sinking under the misery it occasioned, her life was sacrificed to a distinction, unsanctioned either by Nature or Religion. To another class of readers, if such we are so fortunate as to have, we will venture to disclose the whole truth, but in few words and a subdued tone, well aware that we ‘tread untrodden ground ;’ and must be careful, lest we rouse that spirit which guards, so scrupulously, ‘established forms and precedents.’ It will do for those who are sure of sympathy to bring off their heroes and heroines with flying colors ; and in the words of the old song,

‘Make bustling preparation
For the nuptial celebration.’

They may, even, in the manner of Richardson, set forth a whole country in coaches, liveries, and escutcheons, to do honor to the happy pair. For us, however, we must conduct our young people in the quiet and unobtrusive way in which they were content to be happy, to the reward of their distinguished attachment.

Elise, unable to resist the united entreaties of Lucius, Mrs Lloyd, and her father, yielded ; but not without a sigh to that generous renunciation to which she had condemned herself. In the continually developing vigor of her character, her gentle virtues and devoted love, Lucius found increasing cause to bless his destiny, and for the indulgence of an honest pride that he should have discerned and appropriated a treasure, which others would ignorantly have contemned.

To Mrs Lloyd Elise became at once the delightful companion and friend, the respectful and affectionate daughter ; and M. de Breuil, in the happiness of his child, found a compensation for all his troubles.

LIONEL.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

THE brave, the bright, the beautiful have fallen,
 By human passion, from the loftiest heights
 Of honor and ripe intellect. The seers
 Of former times, the Hercules of Gath,
 The wisest and the wildest of men,
 Woman's light bonds have fettered.
 Decrepid Archenessa, bent with years,
 Possessed the heart of Plato. Socrates
 Bowed down to lewd Alphasis, and bright Lais,
 Corinthia's syren wanton, rioted
 In princely Pyrrhus' soul. Alas! for man,
 That he should be the slave of idle thoughts
 And dream away his reason!

I've a tale

That seems but as a thing of yesterday—
 Its memory is so vivid. There was one
 Whom I had known in boyhood. I can see
 His glowing cheek, his rosy lip, e'en now—
 An image of the past most beautiful.
 His eye was a delicious thing of light,
 And his glad voice and mellow utterance
 Broke forth 'like the wild carol of a bird.'
 Lionel! with thy ample brow and flowing hair,
 Standing bewildered by Niagara—
 Gazing with breathless and intense delight
 Into its boiling cauldron—Lionel!
 Thou star that set in darkness! how can I

Call back life's rosy images, when thou
That once wert bright and eloquent as youth,
Art folded in the grave. He was a child
Of a strange beauty. His red lip was thin,
But delicately curled, as a fine thought
Of scorn or passion touched it with a smile ;
His brow was pale as marble, and as smooth
As the blue sea of summer. Early thought
Gave to its polish utterance, and a shade
Slept sadly o'er his eyelash, as if woe
Bore heavily on his spirit. He was one
To win you from your ordinary moods
To pause and contemplate. He had a soul
Delicate as perception, and a mind
Brilliant as meteors, but as erring too.
He loved the paths of nature—the green dell,
The fall of waters, and the raging sea—
Sunset was glorious, and starry eve
Could lead him up to high imaginings
Of God and his infinity of worlds.
A shade came o'er the young boy's destiny—
He suddenly was an orphan, and the world
Beckoned him to the conflict. He forsook
The haunts of youth's Arcadia—the green hills
And laughing brooks of summer, where his voice
Rung joyous cadences ; and he forsook
His academic studies, and the one,
The kindred spirit of his early dreams,
Who shared romantic reveries with him
In life's unclouded morning. He forsook
The necromantic pageantry of dreams
For cold reality. The hollow world,
Drear as a desert, burst upon his view.
He was alone in spirit—a frail bark

Tossed on misfortune's tempest. Lionel !
Earth was too drear for thee, and darkness came
To clothe thy soul in weariness, before
The bud of thy creation was matured.
Poor and unknown, unfriended, and depressed,
His boyhood wasted on in bitterness ;
And then another shadow dimmed his fate.
'Is there a God ?' his evil demon cried.
'Creation's face is very beautiful,
The stars of heaven are glorious, and the sun
Rolls on a high career in heaven ; but I—'
He gazed upon a mirror ; his proud brow
Was white as alabaster ; his bright eye
Flashed like a wild intelligence ; his form
Was scarcely half concealed in tattered shreds—
He turned away in agony and raved.
A lofty spirit kindled in his soul ;
But he was poor—most miserably poor,
And bitterly he cursed his destiny.
'Is there a God ?' again the startling thought
Maddened his intellect ; again the wrath
Of desperation kindled on his lip ;
His form convulsed an instant ; the cold dews
Rolled from his burning temples ; a deep groan
Came from his beating bosom, and his brain
Was maddened by intensity of thought.

Another change came over him. He now
Had thrown his boyhood by, and the warm heart,
Pure as a crystal fountain, had been tinged
With the world's guiltiness. His face was pale ;
His eye glared dark and scowling ; his thin lip
Forever curled in mockery. Lionel
Was one who scoffed at Heaven. A fearful creed
Had blotted the bright promise of his youth.

She, the fair spirit of his early dreams,
He had betrayed and ruined. His fair fame
Was blackening in the shades of infamy.

A modern Cleopatra had called forth
His secret sympathies. Gay Adela
Was fair as ancient Hynes—raven hair
Fell o'er her polished shoulders, and wild eyes
Glanced through bewitching lashes. She was all
That Helen might have been in rosy youth,
Fresh from the babbling fountain. She was all
That would bewilder Antony again
To sacrifice ambition; and she came
A thing of startling beauty to despair,
And Lionel bowed down to her.

'T was night.

He stood beside a river. The bright stars
Were mirrored in its bosom; the pale moon
Moved silently through heaven. He cursed his fate,
And gazed upon the waters, with his brain
Revolving its mad impulses to leap.

A sweet, shrill voice fell on his pausing ear,
Staying his purpose. Lionel quickly turned,
And a fair girl stood trembling at his side.
'Who art thou,' he exclaimed, 'thus lonely here,
Beneath the midnight moon?'

'A hated thing—

A bleeding-hearted woman! Who art thou?'
'A beggar with a mind, whose bitter hours
Creep on so laggardly towards the grave
That I would fain propel them.'

Adela

Threw back her glossy tresses. A bright brow,
Lit by a gleam of moonlight, lay above
Two flashing gems of vision. Her frail hand
Trembled beneath the starlight, as she cast
One finger like an icicle to heaven,
And shrieked to Lionel, 'Is there a God?'
He bowed himself and groaned; then took the hand
That trembled like an aspen leaf in his,
And gazed upon her earnestly, and mused.

Time's sands ran swiftly now. Lost Lionel
Forgot his early destinies, and she,
The ruined beauty, was the world to him,
And he was life to her. He now had been
Struggling for sustenance for her he loved.
His frame was wasted, and his sunken cheek
Was hollow with despair. He fell again!
And she for whom he had been urged to crime,
Shared every danger with him. Even when
Their cup of bitterness had reached the brim,
She came to him in prison, half insane,
And, plunging a cold poniard in his breast,
They yielded up life's miseries, and died!

THE MURDERER'S GRAVE.

A few hundred yards from the small stream which, known by the whites under the appellation of 'Line Creek,' divides the territory of the Muscogees or Creek confederacy from the state of Alabama, stands, or rather stood, a ruined cottage of logs. Travelling through the wilderness several years ago, I passed this desolate spot. The walls, blackened by the smoke of many fires and in part already decayed, stood tottering to their fall; the roof was entirely gone; a part only of the chimney was left, built in the custom of that country, of split sticks, and thickly plastered on the inside with mud. The fences had fallen around a small field which showed traces of former cultivation, and was now fast filling up with briars, plumb bushes, and sedge grass, where the still evident marks of the hoe and the cornfield gave proof that human beings had once found there a home. The mists of night were closing around us, the dark magnolia forest which frowned on the secluded spot, and the thick and gloomy swamp of the Line Creek, which stretched its unhealthful morass almost to the door, gave to the whole scene the stillness and horror of death. Although habituated during a journey of many days to the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, I was struck with the peculiarly lugubrious aspect of the scene, and with an undefinable feeling of melancholy. I stopped my horse to survey it more at leisure. My companion who had ridden a few yards in advance, not hearing the accustomed sound of my horse's tramp, turned his head to learn the cause of my lingering, and rode back to the spot where I had halted.

‘Here,’ said he, ‘is Riley’s grave. Remark that small mound of earth resembling the heap of soil accumulated from a fallen tree, and which is, in truth, the effect of the trunk to which those decaying pinknots once belonged ; there the murderer fell, and there he lies buried.’

Not being so familiar with the legends of this wild region as to remember the story of the man whose crime and death had given a name to this lonely scene of desolation, I inquired into his history, and listened in deep and silent interest to a tale of revenge and remorse, strongly illustrative of the aboriginal character.

Barney Riley, as he was termed by the whites—his Indian appellation is now forgotten—was a petty chieftain belonging to the confederacy of the Upper Creeks. Being a ‘half breed,’ and, like most of the mixed race, more intelligent than the full blooded Indians, he acquired a strong influence among his native tribe. Regarding the people of his father as allied to him in blood and friendship, he took very early a decided part in favor of the United States in the dissensions among the Creek nation, and, after the breaking out of war in 1812, joined the American forces with his small band of warriors. Brave and hardy, accustomed to confront danger and conquer difficulties, he led his men to battle, and in many instances proved by his activity of material service to the army. His gallantry and abilities attracted the notice of the commander in chief, and Riley’s name was coupled with applause in many of the despatches during the campaign. On the restoration of peace, he returned to his people honored with the thanks of his ‘Great Father,’ and sat down to cultivate his fields and pursue the chase as in times gone by. Although distinguished in war and in council, he was still young, and devoting himself to his *one* wife, a lovely Indian girl, he seemed contented and happy.

About this time the restoration of tranquillity, and the opening of the rich lands just ceded to the United States on the upper waters of the Alabama, began to attract numerous emigrants from the Atlantic settlements, and the military road was soon thronged with caravans hastening to these fertile countries at the West. The country from the Oakmulgee to the settlements on the Mississippi, was still one howling wilderness, and many discontented spirits among the conquered tribes still meditated a hostile stroke against their white oppressors. Traveling was of course hazardous and insecure, and persons who were not able to associate in parties strong enough for mutual defence, were fain to procure the guidance and protection of some well known warrior or chief, whose name and presence might ensure a safe passage through those troubled countries.

Of this class was L——. I knew him formerly and had heard some remote allusion to his fate. Though his misfortunes and embarrassments had driven him to seek a distant asylum, a warmer heart beat not in a human bosom. Frank and manly, open to kindness and prompt to meet friendship, he was loved by all who knew him, and 'eyes unused to weep' glistened in bidding 'God speed!' to their old associate. L——, had been a companion in arms with Riley, and knew his sagacity, his courage, and fidelity. Under his direction he led his small family of slaves towards the spot upon which he had fixed for his future home, and traversed the wild and dangerous path in safety and peace. Like most men of his eager and sanguine temperament, L—— was easily excited to anger, and though ready to atone for the injury done in the warmth of feeling, did not always control his passions before their out-burst. Some slight cause of altercation produced a quarrel with his guide, and a blow from the hand of L——, was treasured up by

Riley, with deep threats of vengeance. On the banks of yonder creek he watched his time, and the bullet too truly aimed, closed the career of one who little dreamed of death at the moment. His slaves, terrified at the death of their master, fled in various directions and carried the news of his murder to the nearest settlements.

The story of L——'s unhappy end soon reached his family, and his nearest relatives took immediate measures to bring the murderer to justice. Riley knew that punishment would speedily follow his crime, but took no steps to evade or prevent his doom. The laws of retaliation among his countrymen are severe but simple—'blood for blood'—and he 'might run who read them.' On the first notice of a demand, he boldly avowed his deed and gave himself up for trial. No thought seemed to enter his mind of denial or escape. A deep and settled remorse had possessed his thoughts, and influenced his conduct. He had no wish to shun the retribution which he knew was required. When his judges were assembled in the council at the public square, he stood up and addressed them.

'Fathers!' said he, 'I have killed my brother—my friend. He struck me, and I slew him. That honor which forbade me to suffer a blow without inflicting vengeance, forbids me to deny the deed or to attempt to escape the punishment you may decree. Fathers! I have no wish to live. My life is forfeited to your law, and I offer it as the sole return for the life I have taken. All I ask for is to die a warrior's death. Let me not die the death of a dog, but boldly confront it like a brave man who fears it not. I have braved death in battle. I do not fear it. I shall not shrink from it now. Fathers! bury me where I fall, and let no one mourn for the man who murdered his friend. He had fought by my side—he trusted me. I loved him, and had sworn to protect him.'

Arrayed in his splendid dress of ceremony, he walked slowly and gravely to the place of execution, chanting in a steady voice his death song, and recounting his deeds of prowess. Seating himself in front of the assembled tribe upon yonder fallen tree, and facing the declining sun, he opened the ruffle of his embroidered shirt, and, crossing his hands upon his breast, gave with his own voice the signal of death, unmoved and unappalled. Six balls passed through both his hands and his bosom, and he fell backward so composedly as not to lift his feet from the grass on which they rested. He was buried where he fell, and that small mound marks the scene of his punishment; that hillock is the murderer's grave; that hovel, whose ruins now mark the spot, was erected for his widow, who lingered a few seasons in sorrow, supporting a wretched existence by cultivating yonder little field. She was never seen to smile, or to mingle with her tribe; she held no more intercourse with her fellows than was unavoidable and accidental, and now sleeps by the side of her husband. The Indian shuns the spot, for he deems that the spirit of the murderer inhabits it. The traveller views the scene with curiosity and horror, on account of its story, and, pausing for a few moments to survey this lonely and desolate glade, hastens on to more cheerful and happy regions. With this short narrative we put spurs to our horses, and, hurrying along the road, in a few moments found ourselves beyond the gloomy and tangled forests of the creek.

MUSINGS.

TO ROSABELLE.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

THERE is light abroad in thy pathway now,
 And a stainless smile on thy virgin brow ;
 There are dreams that float in thy spirit's sight,
 Till thy young eye swims in untold delight—
 Till the wide earth seems but a paradise,
 Where the purest blossoms and odors rise.
 With song, and vision, and footstep free,
 Fair girl ! will sorrow e'er steal on thee ?

The world is gay to thine ardent eye,
 With hues of joy in its pictured sky ;
 With a touch, like the wakening glow of spring—
 It is Pleasure's brightest imaging !
 And she cheers thy path with a seraph tone,
 With a voice that is melting, like music's own ;
 Like the halcyon's fleeting and raptured lay,
 On the far, calm sea, as it dies away.

Hast thou marked the course of a fresh blue stream,
 In its light and shade, like a changeful dream ?
 When the opening buds, on its side, would fling
 Their gift to the spring-gale's viewless wing ?
 When the soft, low tones of the humming-bird
 Stole out, like *Æolian* music heard ?
 When the glancing leaves of the forest trees,
 Were whispering gladness to sun and breeze ?

Were there hopes that swept o'er thy spirit then,
While the stream danced on in its quiet glen?
Were there tears of bliss in thy kindling eye,
As its glance was cast to the golden sky?
Hadst thou one thought, that the scene would fade,
That a blight would steal o'er the summer glade,
That the cloud would frown in that festal heaven,
Or the tree's sere honors to dust be given?

Bright one! I would that the world might be
All joy and sunlight outspread for thee!
That thine early visions might yet remain,
When thy step has passed from youth's gay domain!
But thy dreams will flee like a wild bird's tone—
Like the aspen's whisper, thou lovely one!
Thy hopes will fade in the viewless air,
And the wreath lie dead in thy golden hair!

There is yet a brighter and purer ray,
Which will pour its glow on thy flowery way;
It will light thine eye as it flits along,
Wake thy soul to love and thy lip to song;
And the untold bliss of its visitings,
Will thrill to thy young heart's holy strings—
But 't will fleet like the rich cloud isles that glide
Through the summer-heaven at evening tide.

Thou wilt breathe Love's sigh but a little while,
Thou wilt bask but a moment in Pleasure's smile!
Above thee will darken the clouds of fate,
And thy innocent heart will be desolate!
Thou wilt look with a mournful feeling, back
On the withered buds in thy childhood's track—
On the wasted hours of thine early glee—
Pure girl! I am sad as I gaze on thee!

But there yet is peace ! Thou may'st glean it still
From the crystal lake—from the prattling rill—
From the summer's glow, or the spring's clear glance,
Or autumn's faded inheritance.
Though Hope no dream to thy soul may bring,
Though Joy may sleep on its folded wing,
It will teach thee to bow to the chastener's rod,
While it lifts thy affections up to God !

LEAVES FROM A COLLEGER'S ALBUM.

HORACE FRITZ ! thou inimitable dandy ! thou strange compound of quiz, mimic, and cavalier ! with thy nice honor, thy racy humor, and thine exquisite quizzery so mingled, that no one could tell whether it was likelier that thou wouldst die harlequin or hero—master of the art of elegant idleness ; pet of the gentler sex, and thy tailor's oracle ! accomplished in everything but that for which thou wast sent, and envied for everything but thy noblest element—the mind thou didst neglect—Horace Fritz ! I say—did it ever enter that beautiful head of thine, whose hyacinthine curls and perfect contour are before me, this moment, to the very life, that, Proteus as thou art, thou wouldst ever figure in a veracious and consistent history ?

CHARLES WIMBLEDON ! thou prince of college good-fellows ! didst thou ever dream of being the hero of a story ? Who that had seen thee, in thy faded brocade and slippers, shuffling to a recitation from thine unopened Euler—who that had witnessed thine imperturbable gravity while dazzling the simple intellects of thy tutor

with extempore and audacious hypothesis as a cover for thine ignorance—who that had seen thee, in thy moods of philosophy, posed upon an abstract principle, with thy chin resting on thy two palms, and thy hair like an ill painted Medusa—thy legs thrust from under the table and resting on thy heels, and thine eyes, beautiful with intellectual light, fixed on the large nail in the wall which served thee as a tether for thine imagination—in a word, who that had not eaten with thee, and drunk with thee, and slept with thee, night after night and term after term, yawned with thee in thy gravities and been convulsed with thee in thy gaieties, would have dreamed that thou couldst, by any hyperbole, be made the hero of a story ?

JOB CLARK ! thou curiosity in human nature ! thou great, unsightly, romantic, true hearted, delightful fellow ! with a spirit so 'tall' that thou walkest ever in the stars, and a person so awkward that none but thine own sex could ever look tenderly on thee—thou gorgeous enthusiast, who, in a chrysalis of eighteen years, wert insensible to the very sunshine of thy present existence—nature, poetry, and woman ! thou lunatic by night ! thou sun worshipper by day, and thou poet in every season !—susceptible, chivalrous, diffident, uncouth, generous Job ! I am about to tell the world of thee. Behemoth as thou art, thou wilt blush like a shy girl if I praise thee, and if, in letting in the light upon thy virtues, I expose aught at which the naughty will smile, I am sure, my dear Job, thou wilt forgive me !

The Senior vacation had come. We had been examined successfully for degrees, and were separating, with six summer weeks before us, to meet once more at Commencement. Charles Wimbledon, Horace Fritz, and Job were going together to Niagara.

‘Will you go, Tom?’

I passed a long sigh down the catalogue of my available wealth. It came back to my heart like a leaden bullet.

Seven o'clock and a brilliant July morning. The entries were crowded with porters; stage-horns were blowing at the gates; Seniors in boots and black cravats, an umbrella in one hand and a cloak in the other, were hurrying across the yard; trunks and travelling bags were scattered round under the trees; three-legged and battered furniture, whose ‘occupation was gone,’ was laid up against the fence, the property of rapacious brokers; farewells were hastily exchanged; the smothered ‘God bless you!’ of friends, whose hearts had beaten pulse for pulse during the years that had come to a close, and who, after one more brief meeting, would part forever, was here and there just audible, and melancholy faces and elastic steps, the merry good bye to duty and the sad good bye to mates, the gay notes of departure and the evident clinging of fond associations as the last look was taken, all mingled together in the strange and trying contrasts of a final vacation.

Again! the horn sounds a prolonged note. One more grasp! another deep ‘God bless you!’ and with a crack of the whip are divided ties which can never in this world be matched or reunited.

I turned away from the gate. Three or four poor students in their threadbare coats were leaning over the fence, gazing with melancholy earnestness after their happier classmates, and one, who had been confined to his bed till he was childish with sickness, and whom they had bolstered up to the window that he might see them go, had just put aside impatiently the cup which the nurse was pressing upon him, and was sobbing in a passion of tears.

I could not bear the stillness of the deserted entry. I shut my door violently, and when the reverberations died away I felt alone in the world.

The next week I received a joint letter from my chum and his company. What follows is an extract from the part written by Fritz.

‘The pretty Quaker sat in a corner of the cabin when I first went below, talking to an old woman through an ear-trumpet. She was the prettiest, simplest looking creature I ever saw. Her plain drab silk frock was fitted closely to a most bewitching figure; her cheek and lip looked as if she lived upon roses, and her brown hair was smoothed away behind the funniest little ear in the world. Her foot was not so small as one we wot of, but it had never worn a tight shoe, and had the perfect lines of statuary; and the ankle!—hang me, Tom, if I did n’t long to be a little cotton stocking!

‘How should I get acquainted with her? Impudent as I am, I never could be *nonchalant* with a country girl. My art forsakes me when there is no suspicion of it. I could make love to a belle with less embarrassment than I could make a bow to a rural. While I sat wasting my brains on expedients, Job started suddenly and broke out with one of his Latin apostrophes to something which delighted him in the scenery. The little Quaker looked earnestly at him and then whispered to her companion. It was evident that she thought him crazy. I had my cue. I went up and patted him soothingly on the shoulder, and whispered some nonsense or other into his ear, and then crossed over to the lady.

“‘I beg you will not be alarmed, Miss,” said I, “he’s not at all dangerous. He’s very gentle to ladies.”

"Then he is out of his head, poor man," said she, looking at him compassionately. "Are you his keeper, Sir?"

"What a question, Tom, to a buck of my water! I looked into the glass opposite me, to see if it was indeed Horace Fritz, or no, who was so insulted. "No—oh! no, that gentleman and I are taking him home to his friends—can do nothing for him at the hospital, poor fellow!"

"How long has he been so, Sir?"

"Ever since he was eighteen years old, Miss."

"Dear me! so long? What made him so?"

"Love, Miss—love!" said I—I thought to be facetious, Tom—"he got in love with a Miss Moonlight when he was only sixteen—Miss Diana Moonlight—charming girl!"

"Did she refuse him, Sir?"

"Tom, it was too much! to take my beautiful allegory for earnest! I had no conception simplicity could be so simple. "Miss Diana Moonlight!" Heavens, what a goslin!

"Why, no—no—not right out; but he went to see her very often, and would sit and look at her without speaking a word for whole evenings together."

"How tired she must have been!" said Simplicity.

"She never showed it in her manner, Miss—and though he's not handsome—"

"Oh! very ugly!"

"There was but one gentleman whom she was ever known to prefer."

"Was he handsome, Sir?"

"A splendid fellow! His name was Apollo. He kept a carriage and four, and used to drive by the windows every day."

"Did the crazy gentleman know that she liked him, Sir?"

"Oh! yes, Miss. He was with her frequently when Apollo drove by, and the moment he came in sight, she turned as pale as ashes."

"Dear me!"

"And by the time he got opposite the window, he blushed violently and she fainted away."

"Bless me! how very singular! Are they married now, Sir?"

"Nobody knows. She's very inconstant, and he's so hot headed that nobody can live near him—but they go off together frequently."

"Alone, Sir?"

"Yes, indeed, and that's what crazed my poor friend here."

"*Splendidissime!*" exclaimed Job—the sun was setting—"*nitidissime! fulgentissime!*" and he threw his arms up and down in his peculiar pump-handle style—you know.

"Poor man! poor man!" exclaimed the drab bonnet in great alarm. "Go to him, Sir! go to him, Sir!"

"Hush! hang you, Job!" said I, punching him at the same time with a bit of my science; but in the mean time the drab bonnet was carried off by her deaf aunt, and I just caught a glimpse of her as she vanished in the ladies' cabin.

"The evening was delicious. It was bright moonlight, and after supper the passengers all came upon deck. There were no seats, as the canal bridges are so low that you must lie down in order to pass under, and my pretty friend, wrapped in a large cloak and flanked by the old lady, who, she told me, was a Methodist aunt of hers, was leaning, in a half reclined position, upon a

travelling bag, with that bewitching little ancle just peeping out into the moonlight.

"I am glad you have come," said she, as I dropped upon my elbow at a little distance; "I want you to tell me the rest of the crazy man's story."

"She turned her face towards me as she spoke, and threw back her bonnet so that the moonlight just fell upon her lips and left her eyes in shadow. I was ashamed of having quizzed such a beautiful creature, Tom. If I could have done it without mortifying her I would have confessed it all—but it was impossible, and feeling sufficiently punished for my folly by the necessity of continuing it when not in the vein, I proceeded.

"There is little more that would interest you, Miss—"

"My name is Rachel, Sir."—Oh! Tom, if you had seen that smile!

"Thank you! mine is Horace. There is little more that would interest you, Miss Rachel. My poor friend was sent to the hospital"—Yale college—you "take," Tom—"as soon as his symptoms became alarming. He has been there four years, and is no better. He is gentler now, it is true, and sometimes writes poetry very like a sane person, but there's no hope of his ever being as he used to be."

"Poor creature!" said Rachel, with a sigh that made me wish my quizzery to the devil.

"She dropped her eyes as she spoke, and began to trace the plaid of her tartan cloak with her dimpled forefinger, evidently musing on Job's melancholy situation. Her innocent confidence and sensibility touched me. Upon my word I felt as tender as a Freshman.

"Rachel!" said I, "I beg pardon—Miss Rachel—"

"You may call me Rachel if you will," said she, raising her soft lashes and looking at me with an expression of almost sisterly fondness.

‘I took up the little dimpled hand, and half raised it to my lips—Rap ! came the ear trumpet of our Methodist aunt down upon the fingers ;

“ Come to the cabin, you slut, you ! come along to the cabin ! sparking here with a strange gentleman !—Ar’ n’t you ashamed of yourself ?—Kissing your hand, indeed !—Go along to the cabin, you tyke, you—go ! ”

‘ Tom, you might have heard her a mile.’

The extract to follow is from Job’s letter. I must make an apology for my queer friend. To those who know him it will be unnecessary, of course ; but to those who do not, I will just say that Job Clark is a pure, unsophisticated Vermont boy, with not one particle of knowledge of the world, and a mind of an overrunning and most luxuriant enthusiasm. At the time we speak of he was just at that state of existence when the ideal world touches without mingling with the real—when, as every sometime enthusiast will remember, the glory of a beautiful creation is extended to everything that moves upon it, and there is no eye for deformity, because in nature there is none visible, and his own heart, kept, even yet, apart from the collision which develops it, has not yet taught him the chilling secret of its depravity. It is at this period, if ever, that the generous impulses have their perfect way—that everything about us takes the color of our own mind, and every impression is a sensation of pleasure. It is then that the beautiful but frail philosophies of the ancients are drunk in with an unquestioning eagerness, and believed because felt to be worthy of an ennobling consciousness ; and it is after this that infidelity—not only of revelation, but of ourselves and our immortal but much clouded destiny,

comes on with the terrible reaction of deluded enthusiasm and the first discovered bad passions of the world.

But here is a part of his letter.

‘Have you ever read Undine, Tom? Did you conceive of a river of wondrous and perfect beauty? Was it fringed with all manner of stooping trees, and kissed to the very lip by clover? Did it wind constantly in and out, as if both banks were enamoured of its flow and enticed it from each other’s bosoms? Was it hidden sometimes by thick masses of leaves meeting over it, and sometimes by the swelling of a velvet slope that sent it rippling away into shadow? and did it steal out again like a happy child from a hiding place, and flash up to your eye till you would have sworn it was living and intelligent? Did the banks lean away in a rich, deep verdure, and were the meadows sleeping beneath the light, like a bosom in a silk mantle? and when your ear had drank in the music of the running water, and the loveliness of color and form had unsettled the earthliness within you, did you believe in your heart that a strip of Eden had been left unmarred by the angel?

‘We have been on the edge of such a river for eighty miles. The motion of the boat is imperceptible, and the scenery glides by like a dream. Everything has been beautiful—beautiful! The sun set gloriously last night, and soon after, the moon rose full and perfect from the bosom of a white cloud. Never was there a more magnificent night. Do you recollect in the Epicurean, Tom, the “night upon the Nile,” which Alciphron says, was “like that which shines upon the sleep of the spirits who rest in the valley of the moon on their way to Heaven?”

‘I do believe that I have seen this river before. It satisfies something in my heart like a recollection.

Every feature in its Elysium of a valley—rock and tree, bank and water—has moved my memory like something I imperfectly recollect. One of two things is certain—I have seen all this before, or, there is a degree of beauty which stirs the spirit by its approximation to something with which it has been familiar. How many—many feelings of this kind have we which we never define, but which, without a theory of previous existence, are perfectly unaccountable! How often do whole trains of thought—wild and unutterable thought—pass through the mind, every shade of which is familiar, while we know, perfectly, from the very nature and cause of suggestion, that never before in this world could they have been felt or engendered. Is it true, after all, that this is not the beginning of our existence? Is it true, that the magnificent idea of a series of existences, ascending, and innumerable as the stars in heaven, is not visionary and idle? that, as the great Wordsworth says,

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar.
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God who is our home.”

‘ How much more sublime than ever, if this is true, is his address to a child :

“ Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity !
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind !
 That, deaf and silent readst the eternal deep ;
 Haunted forever by the eternal mind !
 Mighty prophet ! Seer blest !

On whom those truths do rest
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy immortality,
 Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
 A presence which is not to be put by;
 Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom, on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight
 Heavy as frost and deep almost as life!"

' Dear Tom, I have bored you with my Pythagoreanism, but it has brooded on me all day, and I must tell somebody. Fritz would laugh at it, and Charles is an unbeliever, and what could I do?

' This morning we had one of those thin, watery atmospheres which are peculiar to the rivers. Apart from the pleasure of breathing it—for to me its rarity is like exhilarating gas—it threw me into a mood of delicious mysticism. The decided outlines of the scenery were lost or softened away, and, with the quiet motion of the boat, it was not difficult to believe every rock a gray ruin, and the apparent gliding by of the tall trees the stalking of giant phantasms. It was an atmosphere in which Ossian would have seen "Temora like a spirit of Heaven, half folded in the skirt of a cloud," or have sung, "Rest in thy shadowy cave, O Sun! Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning."

' Tom! did you never wish you were the "Wandering Jew," and could live forever?

The remaining part of the letter was written by my chum. It is principally a description of one of Horace's

practical jokes—an amusement of which he was sadly fond. I do not approve of telling idle stories, but it brings out a trait or two of Job's character, and is, literally, and without embellishment, true. The captain of the canal packet — has since gravely told me the story as he understood it—of course with some slight variations. Charles thus describes it.

'Yesterday you know was Sunday. It was one of those hushed, breathless mornings that seem peculiar to the Sabbath. Job had put on his black coat and a white cravat out of respect to the day, and was sitting alone on the fore-castle in a brown study. The passengers were all reading or asleep; the pretty Quaker looked serious, and Fritz was horribly *ennuied*.

“Egad, Charles,” said he, thrusting his hands into his pockets after a long yawn, and eyeing Job with that quizzical expression of his, “does n't he look like a parson?”

'Presently he gave one of his portentous laughs and turned suddenly on his heel.

“Captain,” said he, addressing him gravely as he stepped upon deck, “that gentleman yonder in a black coat is a Methodist clergyman. You see how he sits and thinks. His mind is very uneasy about travelling on Sunday. He says it would be a relief to him if he could preach to the passengers, and he wanted me to ask your permission. Now if you've any objection—”

“Not the least,” said the captain, bowing politely; “I'll propose it to the passengers.”

'He went below and stated the request. No objection was made, and after moving the table to the upper end of the cabin and placing the desk upon it for an extempore pulpit, he came again upon deck. Fritz stood by with a look of immoveable gravity.

“All ’s ready below, Sir,” said the captain, coming up to Job, and touching his hat respectfully.

“Sir?” said Job.

“All ’s ready for the sermon, Sir.”

“Sermon?” said Job.

“Yes, Sir, the passengers will be happy to hear you.”

“Hear me! ‘a sermon!’ why, I ’m not a clergyman!”

The captain turned to Fritz. He met him with a look of profound astonishment. The captain was staggered. Fritz touched his forehead significantly and shook his head.

“Aha!” said the captain, comprehending; and he went below and announced that there would be no service, as the preacher was taken suddenly ill.

“Now, Job,” said Fritz, as soon as the captain was gone, “I ’ve told him you ’re a preacher.”

“Why, Fritz!”

“No matter now—he ’s in a devil of a passion and has gone down for his pistols. If you don’t read a sermon, I must fight him—that ’s poz.”

Job was in a cold sweat. The idea of a duel was too horrible! But then to read a sermon to forty people in a canal boat!—and perhaps they would ask him to pray! He hesitated—it was a dreadful alternative!

“So,” said Fritz, buttoning up his coat and looking determined, “I must fight, I see.”

“Oh no, Fritz—no! I ’ll—I ’ll—I ’ll read the sermon—come, Fritz—I ’ll read it—but—but—do n’t fight, do n’t fight!”

“Thank you!—thank you!” exclaimed Fritz, with warmth, and pulling out a rank Universalist sermon which he had found in the cabin, he gave it to Job, and went in search of the captain.

After explaining to him that the minister was now in a lucid interval, and had again expressed a wish to

preach, the proper arrangements were made, and Job, trembling like a leaf, went down with the sermon in his hand.

'It looked very appalling. The passengers were seated on each side of the cabin in two long rows. A large Bible lay on the desk, and a glass of water had been set beside it by the captain, who was fearful of a return of the malady.

'Job's knees knocked together as he rose. He opened the sermon and read the text in a tremulous voice.

"He has forgot the prayer!" whispered the captain—"poor fellow!"

'Job went on. The sentiments grew bold. The old woman with the ear trumpet, who sat at a little distance, moved nearer. It grew worse and worse. The old lady looked at her trumpet. There was no obstruction. She moved close up to him. There came a flat assertion that hell was a mere bugbear. Up jumped the old lady—

"You a Methodist minister! *You* a Methodist minister! How dare you call yourself a Methodist minister, you Universalist, you!"

'Job turned to the titlepage. He had not understood a word of what he had read. Sure enough, it was a Universalist sermon. He gave Fritz a look of indescribable distress, hurled the sermon indignantly out of the cabin window, and rushed upon deck.

"Crazy!—crazy as a loon!" exclaimed the captain, as he stepped into the middle of the cabin to apologize. But we are at Rochester, so

Yours, my dear Tom,

CHARLES.'

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

COME thou with me !—if thou hast worn away
 All this most glorious summer in the crowd,
 Amid the dust of cities and the din,
 While birds are caroling on every spray—
 If, from gray dawn till solemn night's approach,
 Thy soul hath wasted all its better thoughts,
 Toiling and panting for a little gold,
 Drudging amid the very lees of life,
 For this accursed slave that makes men slaves—
 Oh ! come with me, into the pleasant fields ;
 Let Nature breathe on us and make us free.

For thou shalt hold communion, pure and high,
 With the great Spirit of the universe.
 It shall pervade thy soul ; it shall renew
 The fancies of thy boyhood ; thou shalt know
 Tears, most unwonted tears, dimming thine eyes ;—
 Thou shalt forget under the old brown oak,
 That the good south wind and the liberal west
 Have other tidings than the songs of birds,
 Or the soft news wafted from fragrant flowers.

Look out on nature's face—and what hath she
 In common with thy feelings ? That brown hill—
 Upon whose side, from the gray mountain ash
 We gathered crimson berries—looked as brown
 When the leaves fell twelve autumn suns ago.
 This pleasant stream, with the well shaded verge,

On whose fair surface have our buoyant limbs
So often played, caressing and caressed—
Its verdant banks are green as then they were—
So, went its bubbling murmur down the tide.
Yes, and the very trees—those ancient oaks,
The crimson-crested maple, waving elm,
And fair smooth ash, with leaves of graceful gold—
Look like familiar faces of old friends.
From their broadbranches drop the withered leaves—
Drop, one by one, without a single breath,
Save when some eddying curl round the old roots
Twirls them about in merry sport awhile.
They are not changed ; their office is not done ;
The first free breeze of spring shall see them fresh,
With sprouting twigs bursting from every branch,
As should fresh feelings from our withered hearts.
Scorn not the moral ;—for while these have warmed
To annual beauty, gladdening the fields
With new and ever glorious garniture,
Thou hast grown worn and wasted—almost gray,
Even in thy very summer. 'Tis for this
We have neglected Nature ! wearing out
Our hearts and all life's dearest charities,
In the perpetual turmoil, when we need
To strengthen and to purify our minds
Amid the venerable woods ; to hold
Chaste converse with the fountains and the winds !
So should we elevate our souls ; so, be
Ready to stand and act a nobler part
In the hard, heartless struggles of the world.

Day wanes ; 't is autumn's eventide again ;
And, sinking on the blue hill's breast, the sun
Spreads the large bounty of his level blaze,
Lengthening the shades of mountains and tall trees,

And throwing blacker shadows o'er the sheet
Of this dark stream, in whose unruffled tide
Waver the bank shrub and the graceful elm,
As the gray branches and their trembling leaves
Catch the soft whisper of the coming air.
So doth it mirror every passing cloud,
And those which fill the chambers of the west
With such strange beauty, fairer than all thrones,
Blazoned with barbarous gems and gorgeous gold.
I see thy full heart gathering in thine eyes ;
I see those eyes swelling with precious tears ;
But if thou couldst have looked upon this scene
With a cold brow, and then turned back to thoughts
Of traffic in thy fellows' wretchedness,
Thou wert not fit to gaze upon the face
Of Nature's naked beauty—most unfit
To look on fairer things, the loveliness
Of earth's unearthly daughters, whose glad forms
And glancing eyes do kindle the great souls
Of better men to emulate pure thoughts,
And, in high action, all ennobling deeds.

But lo ! the harvest-moon ! she climbs as fair
Among the clustered jewels of the sky,
As, mid the rosy bowers of paradise,
Her soft light, trembling upon leaf and flower,
Smiled on the slumbers of the first-born man.
And, while her beauty is upon our hearts,
Now, let us seek our quiet home, that sleep
May come without bad dreams ; may come as light
As to that yellow headed cottage boy,
Whose serious musings, as he homeward drives
His sober herd, are of the frosty dawn
And the ripe nuts, which his own hand shall pluck.

Then, when the lark, high courier of the morn,
Looks from his airy vantage o'er the world,
And, by the music of his mounting flight,
Tells many blessed things of gushing gold
Coming in floods over the eastern wave,
Will we arise, and our pure orisons
Shall keep us in the troubles of the day.

THE CAMP MEETING.

ON the sixteenth day of September, in a memorable year, a Camp Meeting was appointed. It was to take place not many miles from New York, and great preparations were making. Notice was given in every direction. The religious and the irreligious, the devout and the curious, alike convened at the time appointed, with equal impatience, though not with the same motives. To the pious Methodist it was to be a season of prayer, of holy communion, of divine influences, of deep self-abasement and of inward strivings. To the idle and restless it was merely a method of beguiling time. To the vulgar and profane it afforded opportunities for carousal, for foolish jests, and licentious conduct. Every precaution was, as usual, taken for securing the band of Christians who encamped from riot and intrusion, but beyond the lines expressly marked for their purpose they could have no control, and the road was bordered for several miles by wagons, by booths where liquor was sold and distributed, and by mountebanks and fiddlers.

The spot selected for the encampment was a green valley. On one side of it arose grass-covered hills,

and on the other flowed a clear, deep, and rapid stream. The tents, amounting to several hundred, were pitched on the hills around. Some of them were of plain white cloth, others of a more fanciful form, and diversified by stripes of red or blue. A stage, which answered for a pulpit, was erected of plain boards and placed on the banks of the water. It was large enough to contain five or six preachers at once, and had a flight of steps ascending to it. In front of this were seats arranged in rows, with aisles dividing them, the men sitting on one side, the women on the other. The seats covered a great extent of ground, and rose gradually, conforming to the hill, back, so that the last row of seats overlooked the whole.

It was not till the evening of the second day that the meeting was general, and all the tents pitched. A shrill blast was then blown from a trumpet, and the people quitted their tents, where they had established their domestic comforts, and took their seats fronting the pulpit, which was filled by preachers. So far, the scene was noble and picturesque. The multitude, as you looked down from the hills around, was countless. They had, like the children of Israel, pitched their tents in the wilderness, and stood waiting on the banks of Jordan till they might cross to the land of spiritual promise. All was solemn and impressive. Even the scoffers, if such there were, were awed into silence. The moon rose in the heavens with unshorn majesty, its silver rays reflected by the stream, and forming a beautiful contrast to the red light that glared from lamps suspended from the trees, or raised aloft by poles.

The meeting was opened by fervent prayer. Every hearer was still and mute. One preacher after another arose and addressed the audience. Sometimes a deep, low groan was heard, but the work appeared to linger.

The language of the preacher became more and more vehement. At length a pale young man rose up, and commenced in a melodious and commanding tone.

‘Why tarry ye, O Lord God of Hosts? Why tarry ye? Gird on thy sword and come forth! Call on the young men and the maidens—the infant that is just opening upon the morning of life, and the hoary head that is sinking with the last rays of evening. Tell them that the reaper is come—that even now the chaff is to be separated from the wheat! Tell them that the day of judgment is at hand! It is at hand!’ he exclaimed, with vehemence, and striking on the thin boards of the pulpit with a force that resounded to the most distant tents, while the sweat fell in drops from his face. ‘The day of judgment *has* come! Howl and gnash your teeth! Call on the mountains to cover you! flee! hide yourselves! the Avenger has come! the Lord is here—He is here—He is here!’

Shrieks of ‘He is here!’ ‘He is here!’ resounded from every part of the valley, as the preacher, exhausted by his own emotion, sunk back upon the seat, and covered his face. The work was now begun. Many a poor wretch felt that there was no hope for him, and declared that the fire was already consuming his soul. A ring was formed round the pulpit, and those who were ‘under conviction’ brought into it. Some continued screaming and calling for mercy until they sunk under the violence of their excitement and fell upon the ground, motionless and apparently dead. Others, with uplifted voices, sung rapturous hymns of joy over the fallen convicts, and others burst out into loud and vehement shouts of ‘Glory! glory! glory!’

As it approached midnight, it was thought best by those who were least excited, to dissolve the meeting. The apparently lifeless were borne to the tents to which

they respectively belonged. In some of the tents the voice of prayer, of praise, of deprecation, and self-condemnation was still heard, but, in most, the flesh had overcome the spirit, and tables were set out with provisions, which they hastily swallowed, and then flung themselves on their beds of straw and slept profoundly.

One only was left upon the ground. It was a young girl of a fair and delicate complexion. Her dress did not resemble that of the Methodists, but was of a fashionable and rich texture. Her mind had evidently yielded to the general excitement, and she lay in an obscure spot, overcome by her emotion, and her face still wet with the tears she had shed, of penitence or terror. It is possible she might have remained in this situation till morning, had not one solitary wanderer passed that way—the young preacher who had first kindled the flame that had spread so widely. He had remained, in imitation of our Saviour, to watch and pray, regardless of hunger or fatigue, until his hair was damp with the dew of the night.

Perhaps when he first saw the form of the beautiful being who obstructed his path, he imagined that the angels had come to minister unto him. He stopped, however, and gazed upon her with a surprise that partook more of earth than heaven, then, bending over her, he exclaimed, ‘Awake, O sleeper, awake!’ His voice roused her from her insensible, dreaming state, and, raising herself on her elbow, she looked wildly about her.

‘Oh! what will become of me,’ said she, bursting into a flood of tears, ‘what will become of me!’

There is something in real feeling that speaks to the heart. The preacher quitted his solemn, inflated language, and said, in a natural tone, ‘I will conduct you to your tent.’

• He attempted to raise her, but she was powerless.

‘I will go and get help to carry you,’ said he, kindly ; but she caught his arm, and intreated him not to leave her alone. He shrunk from her touch. Strange thoughts crossed his mind. It was true, the being before him looked innocent and lovely, but she might be Lucifer or some other fallen angel. Christ was tempted in the wilderness, and his heated imagination had already drawn a parallel between himself and the Saviour of the world. With uplifted hands he knelt and prayed. The tears of the young girl again fell in torrents ; her sobs became audible ; it was evident that emotion wrought powerfully upon her mind. The terrors of conscience again returned ; she called herself the most vile, the most abandoned of creatures. Such language was music to the ears of the pious preacher. He no longer dreaded a mortal, humbled by the sense of her own guilt. He ceased to use the threatenings and denunciations of the gospel. He talked to her of mercy and pardon, and, as he gazed upon her tender and innocent face, believed they might be in store for her. Various were the alternations of her countenance. It seemed to accommodate itself to the language of the preacher. When he prayed it was sublimed by devotion ; when he spoke of future punishment and an avenging God, it was the image of terror, and, when he again changed his theme and talked of the joy and peace of those who were brought out of darkness into marvellous light, of the happiness of the regenerate soul, then it glowed with hope and enthusiasm.

The preacher was interrupted by the approach of a woman, who expressed her joy at finding the young girl, said she had gone to one of the tents when the people dispersed, had fallen asleep, and did not miss her till she awoke from her first nap. It appeared as if she had some authority, for the girl took her offered arm, and, turning

to the preacher, said, 'Pray for me ! O pray for me !' and, supported by the woman, quitted the spot.

The young man remained alone. The light of one lamp after another gradually expired, and even the moon had sunk behind the hill before he aroused from his reverie. All at once starting up, he walked with a hurried and rapid pace till he entered one of the distant tents.

The next morning the trumpet again resounded, and the multitude collected. The young preacher spoke with even more fervor than on the evening before, and the same excitement was produced by his voice and language. His eye wandered over the wide extent of seats, but he looked in vain for the evening convert. He ventured upon a few inquiries concerning her, but she had been unregarded and unknown.

The meeting continued several days, but the young convert was seen no more. Yet her image haunted the mind of the preacher ; his first doubts returned ; he thought anew of the temptations that beset the christian pilgrim on his journey. Even the seeming innocence and beauty of the object brought stronger conviction to his mind that she might be employed by the fiend of darkness. Perhaps he felt that he could not have selected a more ensnaring form. The consciousness that she clung to his thoughts, that her image sometimes mingled even in his very prayers, and then again her sudden disappearance—all seemed to him like mystery, and filled him with dismay. He almost expected to meet her in his lonely walks. In the night he dreamt of her and awoke with the conviction that the enemy of man was wrestling for his soul. His watchings and prayers were redoubled ; his life became more austere, and his habits were those of self-denial and restraint. To the eyes of his followers he was already a saint, but he himself knew that he was a sinful, erring man.

This deep and vital sense of his own infirmities, of the wanderings of his mind, of his need of a quickening spirit, gave force and energy to his language, and sensibility to the tone of his manly and eloquent voice. Whenever he spoke in public, the meetinghouse was thronged. His fame extended even to the circles of fashion, and many a fair lady condescended to sit, side by side, with her waiting woman, and submitted to being crowded by her footman, for the sake of hearing this second Whitefield—for so was the young Evans called. Black eyes and blue forgot for a moment their brilliancy, and came away dimmed by their own tears.

It was to one of these crowded audiences that the preacher was pouring forth the fervor of his thoughts with an eloquence and rapidity that put to scorn the rules of rhetoric, when suddenly he stopped—his eyes became fixed and motionless, but not cast upward as if to catch heavenly inspiration; his hands fell powerless by his side, and, after an unsuccessful effort to proceed, he sunk back into his seat.

Another preacher arose and made a concluding prayer, and dismissed the audience. Evans had not looked up. With his face buried in his hands, he remained till nearly all had left the building; then, with slow and cautious glances, he gazed around; but he saw not the form, which, to his enthusiastic imagination, had come again to drag him downwards, to fill his mind with earthly thoughts and alienate it from the blessed visions of immortality. Slowly he descended the steps of the pulpit and entered the porch; but he had nearly fallen when he perceived the terrific object standing near the door as if laying in wait for him; and yet, when she approached him and extended her hand with an ingenuous smile, he had not resolution to refuse it.

‘It is a long while since we have met,’ said the young lady.

‘Three years,’ replied the preacher, not trusting himself to look up.

‘And yet,’ said she, ‘that night is present to me as if it were but yesterday.’

‘I remember it well,’ said he, in a low voice.

‘Perhaps,’ returned she, ‘you may think your zeal was thrown away ; but it was not wholly so. This is not a place, however, to talk of experiences. If you will appoint an hour to call at Mrs Rodman’s in C— Street, who, I know, is one of your friends, I will be there.’

‘I have no time,’ said he, coldly, ‘for worldly appointments. My duty calls me to labor in the vineyard of the Lord.’

‘And does not your duty,’ she replied with quickness, ‘call you to gather fruit for the harvest ?’

‘I have but little hope,’ said he, solemnly surveying her gay and showy dress, ‘of that fruit which the world has blighted.’

The color rose high in her cheeks, and her head was thrown back with a slight *hauteur* that gave her plumes, which the preacher considered the trappings of vanity, additional motion. He turned to go. Her momentary resentment subsided, and she hastily said, ‘I shall be at yours and my friend, Mrs Rodman’s, tomorrow morning at ten o’clock. Perhaps you may come ; if not, I, at least, shall have done my duty,’ and with an air of dignity, she passed him.

He was bewildered as he gazed after her. They were the same features ; it was the same voice ; but he could not realize how three years could have wrought such a change in her manner and language. The trembling, timid girl now stood before him, a full grown,

elegant; self-possessed woman. He knew not how intercourse with fashionable life and the adulation of the world substitutes, for the diffidence of youth, an air of conscious importance. The native power of his own mind prevented his feeling worldly inferiority before this pupil of fashion, but he had unconsciously assumed more deference of manner.

After some reflection he determined to meet her the next morning. She was no longer dangerous in his view, for she now appeared to him like the gaudy beauties who walk Broadway by thousands, and on whom he seldom glanced. Yet he was convinced that her mind was once tender and open to conviction, and perhaps the grace of God might again revisit it. At all events, it could not injure him to converse with her, and possibly it might benefit her.

In the mean time, Frances Randolph, for so was the former convert and now one of the reigning beauties called, waited with impatience for the appointed hour.

She had, from childhood, been left to her own guidance. Her mother died when she was young, and she had been taken from school to preside over her father's splendid and hospitable table. She had money at will, was full of enterprise and talent, and, though deficient in the acquirement of knowledge, and the best purposes of education, yet she possessed sufficient materials to dazzle and captivate. The rumor of the Camp Meeting had excited her curiosity, and, attended by an old domestic who was subservient to her wishes, she had accomplished her purpose of attending it. It was not surprising that her mind had partaken of the general enthusiasm, and, as has been already seen, she bid fair to become one of the most zealous of the converts. But the domestic who attended her, alarmed by the effect produced upon her young mistress, resolutely refused to stay a

day longer, and early in the morning they quitted the camp ground. The impression soon faded from her imagination, but when, three years after, she recognised in the celebrated Evans, the same preacher who had so much excited her feelings, she determined to indulge a new whim by seeing and conversing with him.

Evans, in the mean time, passed a restless and agitated night, and the emotion excited by an earthly object was renewed with additional violence. He had been early placed under the guidance of an uncle, who was a Methodist preacher, and his own glowing and ardent mind led him naturally to pursue the same profession. He had talked and preached of the great enemy of mankind who went about like a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour, till he seemed to believe him omnipotent. True, he would have shrunk with horror at the idea of making him the ruler of the universe; yet those who listened to his impassioned eloquence came away less impressed with the consoling thought of redeeming mercy, of a tender and watchful parent ever ready and willing to aid, than of the horrible dominion of the prince of darkness, the adversary of souls. Frightful visions haunted Evans through the night, and, in the morning, when the appointed hour arrived, the distress of conflicting emotions rested on his countenance. But how did it vanish before the bright and beaming smiles and unrestrained welcome of the young lady! Could anything unholy come in such a form?

‘Lead me not into temptation,’ is not merely the prayer of a Christian, but of a philosopher and a sage; of one who studies the influence of circumstances, of character, and situation; who, in the strength and vigor of manhood, has investigated his own resources; who feels that it is wise to avoid a combat under which he may sink, or at best gain an unprofitable victory.

Evans was ignorant of the customs and habits of the gay world. His associations had been confined to the class to which he belonged, and though many were refined and polished, they knew nothing of the arcana of fashion. Their thoughts and views were heavenward. He, too, thought but little of any other world than his own in which he lived, and that to which he was journeying. He could form no idea how monstrous must be the amalgamation of a Methodist convert and a reigning belle in the same individual; and still less of the versatile character of a fashionable woman, who could at one moment dote on religion for its novel excitement, and, the next, discuss a point of dress with equal ardor. To him all that Frances said and thought of herself was reality. She related to him the effect the Camp Meeting produced upon her mind, and, perhaps unconsciously, exaggerated the state of her feelings when she assured him, that long after she labored under the deepest conviction of sin and an inward self-aborrence; certain it is, that no one could have detected this awakened state, not even the nicest observer, under the tissue of gauze, flowers, and feathers, which still continued to adorn the fair penitent, and made her the 'mould of fashion' when she walked Broadway or fluttered in the ball room. He considered her as compelled to sacrifice to the world the best powers of her nature; that she was chained by situation and habit, and that it was his duty to assist her in breaking bonds that would destroy her forever.

It is possible, had she been left wholly to his influence, he might have succeeded; but more congenial, though not so novel excitements, were constantly operating. When she quitted the preacher with her heart warmed by his eloquence, it was to listen to the seducing voice of flattery and ambition. She attended the Methodist meetings as often as she could without exciting obser-

vation, or when they did not interfere with some alluring invitation or splendid public ball. Much time, however, she certainly gave to Evans, and, while her pious friend, Mrs Rodman, rejoiced in the progress she viewed her as making towards heavenly perfection, she little thought how much of vanity had mingled in her attention to it.

With Evans, weeks and months passed rapidly on. He had ceased to think of temptation or danger ; but, now that he felt secure, earthly hopes were fast undermining his heavenly aspirations. Perhaps he had no precise view in his intercourse with the young lady ; yet her image filled his waking and his dreaming thoughts. He loved to listen to the history she gave of her own emotions ; and how could it be otherwise when they were excited by himself ? Could he help, in return for this communication, expressing his own fervent wishes for her happiness both here and hereafter, that a creature so lovely, so fashioned after the image of the Creator, should prove herself worthy of her high destination ?

By degrees they talked almost wholly of themselves. It was after one of these interesting conversations when Miss Randolph had left the preacher absorbed in the dreams of his own imagination, in which were mingled the brightest pictures of love and domestic happiness, that Mrs Rodman quietly entered and took her seat. After a few attempts at conversation, she remained silent at her work, for she would not disturb the reflections of the preacher. She was convinced that they were intense and sublime. Sometimes, however, she stopped and gazed upon his face. It was lighted by an emotion she had never seen before—not even in the pulpit. The good lady was not in the habit of analyzing expression ; if she had been, perhaps she might have discovered that there was more of earth than heaven in the thoughts and recollections that lingered there. Women are not given to obstinate taciturnity. Once

more Mrs Rodman renewed her attempts at conversation, and with much more success than before.

‘I am thinking,’ said she, ‘what a wonderful change has taken place in Frances Randolph. She has been to two class meetings within a short time, and I am sure she would rather attend one of our love-feasts than any of the balls or plays she used to be so fond of. Oh! Mr Evans, you have been a blessed instrument in this work! I wish she could be the means of bringing her father to conviction—her husband, I have no doubt, she will—’

‘Her husband!’ said Evans, looking at the speaker with astonishment.

‘Why, yes,’ said Mrs Rodman, ‘you know she is to be married next month to a son of Mr Reid, the rich merchant.’

‘Impossible!’ said Evans.

‘Why, it does seem strange,’ replied she, ‘but I have no doubt she expects to convert him. You know it is said in scripture, “The believing wife shall convert the unbelieving husband.”’

The preacher’s countenance did not light up with any expression of hope or joy that corresponded to the good woman’s, but, bidding her good morning, he hastened to his home.

The veil was now lifted. He felt that it was the creature, and not the Creator, he had been worshipping. It was long before he could realize that the lesson was a salutary one. Bitter was his struggle, but his religion had been too vital, too sincere, and too much ingrained in his very existence, not to conquer. After a few days had passed, in which Frances was surprised that he did not meet her as usual, he sent the following note;

‘I learnt a few days since that you were soon to be married. I accuse you of nothing—but we meet no

more. You have been a more dreadful tempter to me than I had at first feared. I have devoted those powers to you, which ought to have been devoted wholly to the service of God. Farewell !'

When the note arrived Miss Randolph was arraying herself for a 'Greek ball.' She had made a sort of compromise between her Methodist views and the charitable designs of the gala. 'Even Evans,' thought she, 'would approve of my giving a few dollars to the suffering Greeks,' and she surveyed herself with peculiar complacency in the whole length mirror that was lighted by girandoles and stood in a recess in her chamber.

Her dress was unusually splendid. She had felt fully justified in sparing no expense that might make her look lovely in the cause of virtue, and resolved, with many other belles and beaux, to spend her strength that night in the cause of humanity, and dance till the morning dawned. It is to the ingenuity of the present age that we owe the happy invention of making 'charity its own reward.'

Miss Randolph extended her slender arm loaded with bracelets—all in the cause of the Greeks—and took the note from her servant. She broke the seal, and, turning to a lamp, read its contents. For the honor of human nature it must be recorded that she fell into a strong hysteric. She gave up the Greek ball, and her lover called for her in vain.

In about three months after the reception of the note, Evans saw in the newspaper an account of the marriage of Mr Reid and Miss Randolph. It was the last pang he felt on her account. No recital of balls, dress, or wedding cake reached his ear. Her walk and his were widely different. She went on in the broad path of fashion; he returned to his accustomed habits, a better and a wiser man.

THE HUDSON.

BY H. PICKERING.

IMPERIAL Flood ! on thy romantic banks
 I waked to life and joy ; but ah ! too soon
 Was exiled thence ; and now, when the soft morn
 Which shed its rosy light upon my youth
 Is past, and gathering clouds involve the day,
 I come a weary wanderer to thy brink
 To kiss thy wave. Oh ! would to Heaven that thou
 Wert still the same as when my infant eyes
 Unconsciously upon thy waters gazed—
 And I unaltered too ! Half that warm prayer,
 Sighing, I well may breathe ; but can a few
 Swift circling suns in thee produce a change ?
 As proudly onward roll thy waves to-day,
 As when a thousand years ago they poured
 Their tribute to the sea ; but where are now
 Thine ancient honors ? where thy wood-crowned heights ?
 Thy sylvan banks umbrageous ?—He who first
 Into thy trackless deep dared urge his prow,
 And saw shoot like a meteor o'er thy tide,
 The Indian skiff, and wild eyes peering out
 The densest shades—beheld thee, Mighty Stream !
 In all thy grandeur. Mountains that beneath
 Thy undiscoverable depths extend
 Their giant feet, then far in the blue heavens
 Precipitous rose with their incumbent woods ;
 And lofty verdurous tufts, more beautiful
 Than aigret upon Soldan's diadem,

Crowned each bold crag ; while from thy northern founts
E'en to the ocean's brim, dark forests spread,
Which, waving with the breeze of even or morn,
Alternate threw their broad continuous shade
O'er half thy watery realm. Look now abroad !
For lo ! o'er all the rich productive glebe,
Upland or champaign smooth, where towered superb
The vegetable kings, cedar, and larch,
And fir, and statelier oak—all that e'er bloomed,
Or yet shall bloom in song—the procreant power
Of cultivation reigns, and virgin fields
That never drank the sun, with harvests wave,
On the slant hill the orchard slow matures
The golden apple, and the trees of climes
Far distant, while they yield a penury
Of shade, shower fruits and blossoms o'er the land.

Mutation strange ! by other eyes than mine
Careless beheld ; and by the aid alone
Of thine, indulgent Fancy, now revealed.
Yet must I love ye still, my native banks,
And still admire ; and thou, Exuberant Flood !
That laugh'st to see wild-bounding from above
Thy mountain torrents, and, to thy embrace,
Through tangled thicket and through secret dell,
Lurest every bashful and pellucid stream—
How dost thou win my heart ! Thy shores, indeed,
Have been despoiled ; and bowing 'neath the axe,
Trees that for ages on thy mist-robed hills
Had borne their leafy glories in mid heaven,
Have thundered to the vales. But shall not man
Grow wise ? for nature, with maternal care,
A tenderer growth has reared ; and many a grove,
The sacred relic of our ancient woods,
Still sees itself depicted in thy wave.

And yet, Majestic River! should the blast
Of desolation sweep thy utmost bounds,
E'en then, amid the waste, thou must possess
Enduring grandeur. Now, two glorious forms,
Beauty and Majesty, o'er thee preside
Inseparable; and, whether the morn
Silters thy waves, or with the setting sun
They glow with crimson—whether calm, or lashed
By tempests into foam—thou hast for me
Inimitable charms. But when the moon
Lifts her bright circlet o'er yon shadowy hills,
And wraps thee in her light, while not a breath
Steals o'er thy waters, and night's mantle falls
Upon the woods, and deepest solitude
And silence reign, and heaven and earth seem drawn
Insensibly to each—how is my soul
To ecstasy then kindled! Brighter scenes,
And varied more, with the first beams of day,
Flash on the eye. Then restless life awakes;
The husbandman elated hies afield;
Wanton the flocks upon the green hill side,
And mount and valley ring. Far o'er the plains,
In every dell, and on each gentle slope,
Its modest front some peaceful cot uprears;
Bosomed in trees, upon the broad flood's marge,
The ambitious villa stands; and hamlets, towns
And cities stretch along the extended shores,
While with light wings, as if with life endued,
Swift o'er the wave the graceful shallop glides;
And ever and anon, breasting the surge
With a resistless might, comes rushing by
Some ark magnificent—to every eye
A form of wonder—and by power occult,
Reckless of winds and tide, urged through the deep!
The praise, immortal Fulton! be to thee;

For though my country still with coldness lists
The claim of gratitude to thee and thine,
Science and Poesy shall aye delight
To crown thy bust with never fading bays.

But now, while yet the invigorating breeze
Flies o'er the hills, yon steepy way attempt
With foot adventurous, and exulting climb
The mountain's brow ; or, if the toilsome path
Deter, on bright Imagination's wing
Ascend the towering Kaatskill, and through fields
Of heaven let the charmed sight excursive range.
Behold ! the summit gained, the ravished soul
Breathing etherial air, feels its fine powers
Dilate, in thought yet soars, and meditates
A loftier flight. But to itself recalled,
With what ineffable delight the eye,
Yet heavenward turned, surveys the clear blue vault
And stainless ether ! For, O wonder ! see
The billowy clouds convolved below thy feet,
And thou as if upon a lonely isle
Amid the storm-rocked sea ! And tumult wild
And storm are there ; and hark ! the thunder roars ;
And yet another and a louder peal !
And lo ! the winged lightning ! how it darts
Athwart the shadowy deep ! Flash after flash
Succeeds ; and now 't is night beneath, and now
Insufferable day ! The affrighted earth
Trembling beholds, and from her thousand hills
Sends back the thunder's note. At length 't is o'er !
The storm is lulled to peace ; and day's glad beams
Piercing the gloom, effulgent looks the sky,
And renovated nature smiles serene.
Bright, glorious view ! See where the land extends
On this side and on that, boundless as air ;

Till the far hills, blending their soft blue tints
With the sky's azure, seem to mix and lose
Themselves in heaven. Within the ample round—
Save the vast central ridge on which thou stand'st,
And here and there an isolated mount—
All seems a smooth, extended plain, where each
Soft vale and gentle eminence, outspread
And level to the eye, with vivid green
Resplendent shine ; while through the midst, stretched out
In longitude immense, the river streams
In one bright line to the far distant main.

Oh ! that the Muse could aye attune her lyre
Mid rural scenes, and that war's clarion hoarse
Were never heard ! But in no distant times
These banks, so peaceful now, by hostile feet
Were trod. The red man fought ; and is at rest.
He fought, and in a noble cause—not so
Our elder brothers. Free themselves, they aimed,
O strange ! to forge for us, even heirs alike
Of freedom, the indissoluble chain.
Then mortal Hatred swelled ! and Battle reared
His sanguine crest ; and fields were won and lost ;
But soon a memorable day arrived,
Whose close even distant realms beheld with awe ;
When Saratoga's echoing hills proclaimed
In voice of thunder, ' Victory is ours !'
Ah ! hush that note of triumph ; can it chill
The vanquished, or the conquering host once more
Arouse ? Both sleep forgotten !—Yet not all
Whose hearts were fired in freedom's cause may rest
Inglorious. Washington, whose patriot zeal,
Consummate prudence, and exalted soul,
Were all devoted to his country's weal,
In cloudless splendor through all time shall live ;

While he, the Child of Glory! whose young brow
Immortal Wisdom stooped from heaven to crown—
Whose death surprised a nation into tears—
With that great name henceforth forever linked,
A like resplendent destiny will share.

But whither am I led? Return, my Muse;
Nor deem it alien from the theme, that thou,
The Emporium of this Bright New World, shouldst claim
One parting strain. How wondrous is thy rise!
But yesterday thou wast not; now thy port—
By the green isles encircled, and through which
The Hudson ceaseless rolls his mighty flood—
Is thronged with fleets innumerable! Say, what power,
What wizard's art hath called thee from the deep,
And compassed thee with glory round about?
How like a queen on her imperial throne
Thou look'st! nor less than regal is thy wealth—
From various foreign lands and from thine own
Poured in, profuse. Oh! marvellous result
Of industry with enterprise combined,
And kindly intercourse with other climes!
Who may the future scan? What eye can read
Thy distant fortunes, Empress of the West?
Lo! in the magic mirror I uphold,
Thou seest thy ripening greatness; wide thy bounds
Extend, temples and palaces arise,
Arts flourish, and the pomp of luxury
Rolls through thy gorgeous streets. But in the heavens
Behold the appalling sign! and on it writ
In characters of fire—'Carthage is not,
Nor Tyre, nor Sidon—and their fate is thine!'

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

‘Priscian, a little scratched.’

ON a memorable day in August, I emerged from the red schoolhouse on the Germantown road, where, for sixteen years, I had trained the rising generations of men in all the sciences—but more particularly in the knowledge of reading and writing.

Of my little scholars I took a mournful and affecting leave, bestowing on them a parting address, better—that is, longer—than three hours, which it is my intention to publish, as a specimen of eloquence in modern times. It produced a great sensation among the benches, and I had the pleasure of seeing many eyes as red as beets with weeping, though I scorn to deny that I perceived, simultaneously, the scent of an onion.

Packing my wardrobe in the crown of my hat, and my coin in a small tobacco-box, I walked slowly and sorrowfully down to the great city, which, like Babylon of old, is of brick, and which was founded by a man not unlike myself in his reverence for a right angle. The city is a magnificent chess board; and if a knight would advance thereon a mile, it is needful to turn thrice to the right and as often to the left.

Let me not omit to premise, that I had, at Germantown, cherished a tender sentiment till it threw a purple light, chequered with shade, over my whole existence. Therefore I resolved to journey westward, seeking—in *aliquo abdito et longinquo rure*—some ‘happy valley,’

where I could cultivate love without jealousy, or, in other words, pass life without care. These at least were the motives that I held out to the world; that is, to half a dozen friends who inquired coldly whither I would go; yet, doubtless, I was somewhat incited by that restless national spirit, that leads so many to seek Fortune beyond the mountains at the very moment when the goddess—though I am no heathen—begins to smile on them at home.

Though no sectarian in philosophy, I travelled as a peripatetic. My only comrade was one, who, though ranked among curs, is more faithful to his master than some other dogs of higher lineage, and that wear richer collars. His, however, was a 'braw brass collar,' bearing his master's name, and his own, which was Jowler, and a motto, *Cave Canem*, suggested by a great traveller who had read it on a Roman threshold at Pompeii.

In my hand I ported a crabstick that I had cut in the woods of Camden, and I carried in my pocket a ferule, that had descended from my grandfather, and which, therefore, I have tasted as well as administered. This I took as a diploma, to be a passport to the confidence and tables of the great—of esquires, judges, and generals, titles, that, in a plain republic, where none seek or refuse an office, often pertain to one fortunate man.

Indulge me with a last word concerning the ferule, or, as Maro hath it—for I like a *new* quotation—

'Extremum hunc mihi concede laborem.'

Generally I prefer it to the birch. In Latin I hold a divided opinion; but in 'rhetoric,' and its kindred studies, it seems fitting and emblematical, to deal with the 'open palm.' Moreover, in 'correcting' an offender it is proper to look him in the face. If I see there a sullen obstinacy, I am too much his friend to spare him;

but if I mark a manful resolution to bear the pain, and a shrinking only from the disgrace, that is a boy after my own heart, and he has little to suffer from the severity of his master.

Thus attended and equipped, I went forth rejoicing, for I had much to delight, and nothing to afflict me, till I came to the Susquehanna, where, at Harrisburgh, I lamented anew over the grave of a friend, Simon Snyder, who had been governor of the commonwealth. But that friendly man was dead, and probably decayed, though there is authority no less than Shakspeare's—and the grave-digger gives the reason—that '*a tanner* will last you some nine year.'

The Susquehanna is broad but not deep, and you may, if you would perpetrate injustice, apply the same character to me. It has a sonorous name, and is a beautiful stream, bending, with a noble sweep, around wild or cultivated hills, reflecting their pride, and carrying upon its waters the rich products of their soil.

Not far from York I ascended the South Mountain, an outpost or advanced guard of the Alleghanies, and time and travelling soon brought me to the main body.

I passed an hour at a rude village to which Indian massacre has given the name of Bloody Run, and here I studied diligently the features of a countenance entirely seraphic. It was like the most celestial of Raffaele's Madonnas or the purest of Carlo Dolce's Saints. I had not thought when I left Germantown behind, to find such beings among the mountains. Yet this admiration of what was beautiful and pure, had no connexion with infidelity, and could not have offended the lady whose ring the schoolmaster aspires to wear. It was but his perception of the same qualities in another that are so attractive in her, though in no other can they be, to him, so amiable. I left the dark haired cherub with regret, for I may never see another, or her, again.

At Bedford I entered the schoolhouse, making known to the master my name and calling, and as much of my life and opinions as might attract his regard, when the kind soul seated me at his desk, pressing me to *examine* his school; and the examination I closed with a short address.

He walked with me several miles, to the foot of the Alleghany Ridge, but when I asked him to ascend it, that good and grave man shook his head, for he was of few words when signs could express his meaning.

I left him standing like a statue of Silence, while I walked briskly on, animated with renewed benevolence to the whole human race; for the kindness of that worthy gentleman seemed to be transferred to my own soul.

This ridge gives its name to the mountains, and, to geographers, the bold figure, 'the backbone of the United States;' but Uncle Sam has grown so much from his original shape, that at present the spine is somewhere in the side of that strong man.

Having reached the summit I looked down upon an interminable valley or 'glade,' where cultivation had so much encroached upon the wilderness, that the rivers reflected alternate forest and farm. Other ridges, blue in the distance, lay before me, and the Laurel and Chestnut gave names to the next.

On the bleak side of the Chestnut Ridge, I entered a log cabin that had been the abode of misfortune, where an old soldier retired to his miserable dole, and shared it with the needy traveller; though seldom was the most needy as poor as General St Clair. Fellow citizens! it is neither generous nor just, when a man has served us faithfully and long, to turn him out to graze on the hill side like an old war horse that can no longer charge; or to let him starve like an aged hound, that has lost his teeth for an ungrateful master.

The Alleghanies have little of the sublime, but much of the beautiful. In wildness and abruptness they cannot be compared with the White Mountains. Yet, when villages with red schoolhouses shall be sprinkled over them, he must go far who would find a more attractive country.

To me these mountains were charming and new, and I loitered among them with a schoolboy lightness of heart, careless of the future and oblivious of the past. Often did I quit the road, attracted by the sound of a waterfall or the coolness of a fountain, of which thousands are gushing from the rocks.

I could never, when alone, resist a ducklike propensity to play in running water, though I have frowned upon the same pastime among the urchins of the school, principally from a care of their health, but partly from that unamiable principle that makes us so intolerant to our own faults when we see them reflected in others. It may sink me as a moral philosopher in your esteem, as much as it would raise me as a good soul among my scholars, to confess that I toiled half a day among the mountains to make a dam across a little torrent, and that, when I had completed this beaver-like monument, I left it with the regret that all men feel when dismounted from their hobby. Your own I believe to be Pegasus, but seldom, as I think, have you reason for a similar regret.

As I was sitting on a log, listening to the sounds of my little waterfall,

‘mellow murmur, and fairy shout,’

they seemed at intervals to be mingled with the tolling of a distant bell, and it had great solemnity of effect, to hear, in these solitudes of creation, the sound that man has consecrated to the worship of the Creator.

Yet I knew that I was distant fifty miles from even the rudest church, and this sound, to state the truth, was too puzzling for satisfaction. I was forced to give it up as a bad conundrum, lamenting that the senses, with a little aid from fancy, lead us to error as well as to truth, for, deciding by the ear, I could have almost sworn that I had heard a 'church-going bell.' Yet in turning the angle of a rock I fell upon a little colony of emigrants, and what I had listened to was but the bell that tinkled from one of their herd; though, while it lasted, my delusion was complete. So it is in other, and in all things; therefore let us have more charity for the opinions of others, and less confidence in the infallibility of our own.

These people were hospitable as Bedouins, and pressed a hungry traveller, who never stood upon ceremony, to a supper of venison collops that would have satisfied Daniel Boon.

As I swam with the current, I saw less of the stream of emigration than I should have seen if going eastward; yet I found emigrants of almost every European nation, though, mostly, they were from the British Islands. Among these were many Irish, though there were not wanting the 'men of Kent' or of 'pleasant Tivi'dale.' Some of them had flocks and herds, and others were no richer than a pedagogue, and this is saying little for their wealth. But it is a most unfortunate road for charity. The fountains of benevolence are frozen, where every man is a publican.

I once met at a Dutch tavern a humble old man, who seemed to owe little gratitude to fortune. The German boor repulsed his timid efforts at conversation, for a Dutchman, though not always civil to a traveller who has money, is invariably rude to him who has it not. The poor man next solicited the acquaintance of my dog,

who very frankly wagged his tail in reply, for he is as good natured, almost, as his master. As the veteran seemed to have survived the last of his friends, and was as venerable in front as Cincinnatus himself, I invited him to share my supper—it was not of turnips—and had the pleasure of seeing him assail it as if he had seldom fared so well.

There is, in the morning, a singular appearance about the mountains. The body of mist, rising from the glades, settles at a certain altitude, and, from above, it looks like an ocean with islands; for the green summits of the lesser hills rise above the vapor, and present to the eye and the imagination an insular paradise; yet, when the mist had arisen, like a veil from a pretty face, it was not always to increase my admiration, for the fancy discovered beauties in the obscurity that the eye could not find in the light of the sun.

On the summits of the mountains I beheld frequent vestiges of the tempest in trees riven by lightning or prostrated by the tornado; and they suggested, to a humble pedestrian, the consoling reflection that the highest are not the safest places. It was my fortune to behold a war of the elements as awful as that which assailed the demented monarch; but, like Lear, I was near to a hovel one of the hospices erected for the poor or benighted traveller, and there I rested through the night, sheltered from the fury, but elevated and appalled by the uproar of the tempest.

The next day the wind was still a hurricane, and as I descended to the thick forests of the valley it was a singular sight to behold the tops of the trees wrenching in the gale, while not a leaf was stirred below.

Deep woods and solitudes have always inclined my spirit to devotion. The 'solemn temples' that the piety of man has raised to the worship of his Maker, are less

impressive than a primeval forest ; and among churches, those that have the greatest devotional influence on the mind are Gothic cathedrals, that owe half their character to their resemblance to a grove.

To sustain it in devotional duties, human weakness requires the aid of local situation and solemn ceremonies. The piety of even the devout Johnson was 'warmer in the ruins of Iond' and the Liturgy of the English Church no less elevates the confidence of the righteous, and inspires hope in others who pray to be delivered from evil.

Having crossed the mountains, I descended the Ohio, the most beautiful of rivers. The Alleghany is limpid and swift, the Monongahela more turbid and slow. One may remind you of a Frenchman, the other, of a Spaniard ; in their union, they may bring to your recollection a grave and placid gentleman, who desires to take for the better, a more joyous companion.

In this rich and wonderful valley of the West, grandeur is stamped upon the works of creation. What are the meagre and boasted Tybur and Arno, the Illyssus and Eurotas, to a stream navigable to three thousand miles, and rolling, long before it meets the ocean, through a channel of sixty fathom ! What, but grottoes, are the vaunted caves or catacombs of Europe, to the mighty caverns of the West—caverns that extend beneath districts wider than German principalities, and under rivers larger than the Thames. Ye sun-burnt travellers ! whose caravans have rested under the shade of the banyan while ye marvelled at the circuit of its limbs—come to the Ohio and see a tree that will shelter a troop of horse in the cavity of its trunk.

A stroll even now upon the 'Beautiful River,' will explain the enthusiasm that led the first bold hunters of the 'Long Knife,' to the forests of the 'Bloody Ground.' Danger was but a cheap price, at which they enjoyed the rich, wild profusion of the West, when it first opened to the admiration of civilized man.

It was my good fortune to see one of these aged sons of the forest, who, in his youth, had loved danger and venison better than Robin Hood; for Kentucky had other rangers than guarded deer in Sherwood Forest. The lands that he had taken in the wilderness now hold a populous city, and have made the fortunes of his countless progeny. He had paid the purchase by instalments, and when the dreaded day of payment approached, he would stroll with his rifle a few hundred miles to shoot an Indian for the bounty on his scalp.

I descended the river as I had hoped to pass through life—suffering no damage from the rapids, and lost in admiration of the beauty of the banks. At Vevay in the county of Swisserland I moored my bark, and have cast anchor for life among a kind and simple race that sing the *Ranz des vaches* in an adopted country, hallowed by names that remind them of their Alps.

P.

BENNETT'S BRIDGE.

BY JOSEPH H. NICHOLS.

This is a wild and picturesque pass of the Housatonic, about twenty miles from its mouth, near the pleasant village of Newtown, Connecticut. The river at this spot, after emerging from a deep gap overhung by bold bluffs, separates, for some distance, into three distinct streams, the banks of which are connected by three lofty bridges in succession. The view in every direction is grand and imposing. The fourth stanza alludes to the crossing of the French army, under Count Rochambeau, at this place, in the war of the Revolution, and which encamped for several days in this vicinity. The very walnut trees beneath which the soldiers and the maids of the village danced, are now standing, green and fruitful as ever.

THOU beautiful, romantic Dell !
 Thy banks of hemlock highlands swell,
 Like huge sea billows, o'er the isles
 Round which the branching river smiles.
 Look up ! how sombre and how vast
 The shadows those dark mountains cast,
 Making noon twilight ; or, look down
 The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
 Where claret waters foam and play
 A tinkling tune, then dance away.

Oft, with my oak leaf basket green,
 On summer holidays serene,
 Along your hill-sides have I strayed,
 And, on the ground, all scarlet made,

Picked, in full stems, as low I kneeled,
Strawberries, rubies of the field,
Coming late home ; or, in the flood,
Cooled the warm current of my blood ;
While swam the house-dog after me,
With long red tongue lapt out in glee.

'T is glorious, here, at breaking day,
To watch the orient clouds of gray
Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
Walks up to take his purple throne,
And melts to snowy mists the dew
That kissed, all night, each blossom's hue,
Till, like a tumbling ocean spread,
They hide low vale and tall cliff's head,
And many a tree's fantastic form
Looks like some tossed ship in a storm.

How still the scene ! yet, here war's hum
Once echoed wildly from the drum,
When waved the lily flower's gay bloom
O'er glittering troops with sword and plume,
Who, on the clover meadows round,
Their white tents pitched, while music's sound,
From horn and cymbal, played some strain
That oft had charmed the banks of Seine,
And village girls came down to dance,
At evening, with the youths of France.

Fair was the hour, secluded Dell !
When last I taught my listening shell,
Sweet notes of thee. The bright moon shone,
As, on the shore, I mused alone,
And frosted rocks, and streams, and tree,
With rays that beamed, like eyes, on me.

A silver robe the mountains hung,
A silver song the waters sung,
And many a pine was heard to quiver,
Along my own blue-flowing river.

TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest !
Jewel, dazzling all the main !
Father of the silver crest !
Wandering on the trackless plain,
Sleeping mid the wavy roar,
Sailing mid the angry storm,
Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,
Piling to the clouds thy form !

Wandering monument of rain,
Prisoned by the sullen north !
But to melt thy hated chain,
Is it, that thou comest forth ?
Wend thee to the sunny south,
To the glassy summer sea,
And the breathings of her mouth
Shall unchain and gladden thee !

Roamer in the hidden path,
'Neath the green and clouded wave !
Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,
On the lost, but cherished brave ;

Parting love's death-linked embrace—
Crushing beauty's skeleton—
Tell us what the hidden race
With our mourned lost have done!

Floating Sleep ! who in the sun
Art an icy coronal ;
And, beneath the viewless dun,
Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall ;
Shining Death upon the sea !
Wend thee to the southern main ;
Bend to God thy melting knee,
Mingle with the wave again!

FIRST MEETING OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

1492.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

SHE comes ! she comes ! with her white sails spread,
With her banners proudly streaming,
With a haughty brow, and an eye of dread,
Through its darkened fringes beaming.

And who is she, mid these island shades,
Unshielded from wrong or danger,
Who hastes from the depth of her forest glades
To welcome the stately stranger ?

Her glance heeds not the gathering storm ;
In its simple joy it blesses,

And the grasp of her hand is as free and warm
As the wealth of her ebon tresses.

But the gold of her rivers shall turn to dust,
Ere from history's scroll hath faded,
'The deeds of that visitant's savage lust,
Who thus her realm invaded.

Yes, many a pitying eye must weep
O'er the Old World's shameful story;
At the scourge which she raised o'er her sister's sleep,
And the blood that stained her glory.

EXTRACTS FROM A SEA BOOK.

BY SAMUEL HAZZARD.

'You must leave college,' said the doctor, with an ominous shake of the head.

I was sitting in my rocking chair; my head bound up with camphor, and my pulse going like a race horse.

'You must quit college, and that without delay.'

'Quit college!' exclaimed I; 'dear doctor! your remedy is worse than the disease. Quit college! why I have been here but four months, and am just beginning to make a figure.'

'Let me tell you, Mark,' replied he with great seriousness, 'that if you stay here, you will be more likely to figure at a funeral than at an examination.'

There was an earnestness in the doctor's manner that quelled my impatience, and a chillness in the idea he suggested, that went to my heart like a bolt of ice.

‘But, my dear Pierson,’ said I, in a low tone, almost at a whisper, ‘do you really think my case dangerous?’

‘It is not so bad as it might be, and as it will be, unless you follow my directions.’

‘And supposing it at the worst,’ said I, ‘why should not I stay here under your care? If there be on earth a physician that can work my cure, you are surely the man.’

‘My dear boy,’ replied he, solemnly, ‘I cannot minister to a mind diseased. Let me ask, what can you do here, if you stay?’

‘True, doctor, I have studied none for a fortnight. My eyes are spoiled, and my head does nothing but ache.’

‘Well, I know you well enough to say, that you cannot stay here and witness the “march of mind,” without wishing to join it.’

‘True, doctor.’

‘Well, then, let me tell you, that of all the disorders incident to the human system, none does the physician encounter with more reluctance, and with less success, than an ambitious spirit chafing with the infirmities of a diseased body. Medicine will do for a consumptive or a rheumatic; but your hopeless lover and disabled scholar are beyond its reach. Therefore, I say, be off as soon as possible, and banish college and all its associations from your mind.’

‘A Herculean task, that last, doctor;’ said I, with a long drawn sigh. ‘What in nature shall I do with myself in my banishment? I cannot bear to be idle.’

‘That is the very thing I would have you avoid. You are already beset with a legion of blue devils; and if you sit here moping over your misfortunes a week longer, your head will be a rank Pandemonium. You must not allow yourself to reflect upon the past. Your

thoughts must be all thrown forward; and better be employed in building air-castles of rainbows and moon-shine, than conjuring up around you a desert peopled with monsters.'

The zeal with which the doctor pressed his point raised a smile, and melted down my stubbornness like wax.

'Well, my dear friend,' said I, 'you must do with me as you please. What course shall I adopt in order to resist the devil effectually?'

Dr Pierson mused a moment and then asked abruptly, 'Were you ever at sea?'

'Once. It was when my father brought me from my native isle to this country. But I was a child then, and it is fourteen years ago.'

'So much the better,' said he. 'Come! we will make a shipment of you home. The sea air shall brace up your weakened nerves, and the novel scenes of ocean and of the Antilles and the revival of early associations shall divert your mind from its melancholy. What say you, Mark,' continued he, giving me a cheerful slap on the shoulder, 'will you go?'

'Do not doubt it, doctor,' I replied, rising and shaking myself; 'there are still some living in that distant land who will rejoice to see the wanderer return, and give him a West Indian welcome. I'll go, doctor.'

'I will leave you then; and remember, stay not to repent, but be off on the instant; and, my dear fellow, may your voyage be prosperous, and may health and friendship greet you on your arrival at your native land.'

My lot has been cast among strangers; but I thank God, not in every instance among heartless strangers; and occasionally have I found men like my good physician, who, with a tenderness like a woman's, could administer relief as if they felt compassion for the

sufferer. Reader! wert ever sick! Didst ever lose a limb? If so, thou hast felt the truth of what I say. But, to be drenched by some starved Lampedo, with a face colored like his own jalap; or to be hacked and carved like the carcase of an ox by a grim, bloodthirsty ruffian, with no more feeling than his own scalpel—it always appeared to me strange that offended nature could lend to such inhuman practitioners the cooperation of her genial influence. Yet are there eminent and successful operators of this unamiable class. Science and iron nerves overcome the repugnance of shrinking humanity, and compel to their service the reluctant nature. I grant it necessary that the ‘physician and surgeon’ should possess a sound mind, a steady hand, and abundance of professional lore; but are either of these incompatible with the external show of tenderness, or inseparable from brute harshness and the insensibility of a stump? And if, under these disadvantages, without knowing how to touch a tender spot, or to handle a ‘bruised reed,’ a cure is sometimes effected, how much more good might be wrought were this knowledge oftener found united to the mechanical part of the profession! How much more rapid would be the recovery of the sick and wounded! How many tears of anguish might be spared! How many lives saved!

Dr Pierson wrung my hand and left me. I could not speak, for I loved him as a father. I then addressed myself in earnest to my preparations, and in six hours was ready for a voyage of six months. The weather was thick and rainy, and I returned from the boat to college. Judge of my surprise and indignation to find my chum in the act of selling, for a trifling consideration, the only token of affection which I had left with him, my three-stringed fiddle. My poor old fiddle, that I would not have exchanged for the royal harp of David!

I had become familiar with its cracked tones, and loved it for its very oddity. Oh! human nature!

The 'Seabird' was under weigh. As I went on deck she was lying, with her canvass spread to court the salutations of the rising breeze, midway between Governor's and Staten Island. Day had just dawned, and the gray mists of morning hung like a veil of enchantment over the distant city, revealing faintly its edifices, its spires, and the dense forests of spars that lined its shores. An hundred vessels, which the indications of a favorable breeze had induced to quit their moorings, lay motionless on every side of us, looking like snow-white birds, who had come forth from their secret places at that witching hour to sport on the unruffled bosom of the bay. At that moment our sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the exhalations that curled upon the waters rose perpendicularly to the upper regions of the air. Soon, however, they began to flutter and chafe with the rigging as if impatient at the tardy movements of the wind, till, as it came murmuring from the Jersey shore, mist and ripples and ships were moving swiftly towards a point, which, in the dimness of the hour, seemed the opening into another world.

We soon reached it, and the perilous scene of our future labors opened before us. Here our voyage was to begin; and, with the idea, came the rush of emotions which a landsman must always experience on launching for the first time upon the bosom of the great deep. I can hardly analyze my feelings of that hour; there was a mixture of joy and regret in them.

I now turned to look for the lighthouse. It had disappeared; and the vessels in whose company we had sailed were scattered, like a frightened flock, towards every corner of heaven. The breeze freshened; we were shaping our solitary course for Turk's Island.

The highlands of Neversink, the last land seen on leaving the coast, formed but a small arc in the immense horizon, and, at length, the beams of the setting sun lighted on nothing but our own little vessel and the blue waters that rolled around us. The eye, unused to the vast and monotonous scene, could find nothing to fix upon but a bright cloud far away in the west, which rested like some island of happy spirits, on the bosom of that golden sea into which the sun had just descended.

‘And now,’ thought I, ‘I am in the world alone—upon “the wide, wide sea.”’

‘We have every prospect of a favorable passage,’ said a voice near me; and for the first time since I embarked I recollected that I was not the only passenger on board. The speaker was a venerable gentleman of some three score years, with silver locks and a countenance expressive of amiable feelings, though careworn and melancholy. On his arm leaned a small and extremely graceful female figure, to whom his remark had been addressed, and both were gazing in the direction where the waters were still flashing with the living splendors of the sunset.

‘Beautiful!’ at length exclaimed the lady, without seeming to heed what the other had said. ‘How lovely is this scene, my dear father. And see, what a beautiful cloud! Does it not remind you of Magawisca’s “isles of the sweet southwest?”’

Who has not felt the magic of a voice? I had not seen the speaker, and yet her tones came over me like a pleasant music. They were deeper than the ordinary tones of woman, and at this moment tremulous with enthusiasm.

‘You are the child of imagination, my dear Mary,’ said her father, affectionately, passing his arm round her waist; ‘would to Heaven you were less so.’

‘But,’ said she, in a mournful tone, ‘I do not always indulge in gay fancies.’

‘True, my dear ; your feelings change their hues as often and as suddenly as the clouds of heaven. See yonder ; your enchanted island has already lost its golden mantle, and now lies brooding on the breast of the sea a dusky and threatening bank of fog. You will now as easily people it with the demons of the storm, as when gilded by the sunbeams with the spirits of the blest. Thus suddenly do you pass from the brightest dreams of happiness to the darkest forebodings. I repeat, would to Heaven you were less the child of imagination ! You had been happier.’

The father, in alluding to her constitutional weakness, had probably awakened distressing recollections ; for she hung her head and withdrew from his arm, and when I approached to get a view of her face, her eyes were filled with tears. She turned away quickly on seeing a stranger. But that view was enough. I have spoken of the magic of a voice, but what is it to the human face !

‘You seem interested with the singular deportment of my daughter,’ observed the old gentleman as she retired.

I started, I believe in some confusion.

‘She has just risen from a bed of sickness,’ he continued, with a melancholy accent ; ‘and I am fearful will never be herself again.’

‘If I were to judge of her malady from her appearance,’ said I, ‘I should say that the mind has had more to do than bodily infirmities with the ruin which has been wrought in that lovely countenance.’

‘You are right, Sir,’ replied he, with a sigh—‘her illness was occasioned by mental anguish, the cause of which is buried deep in both our hearts. Suffice it to

say that the victim of intemperance seldom falls alone ; and that when a youth of high promise immolates himself on the altar of the disgusting fiend, tears and broken hearts attend the sacrifice.'

The old man spoke with mournful energy and I pitied him.

'Is there no hope of the reformation of such an one?' I inquired.

'In this case none. It is more than six months since William Ashton fled from society and went to sea as a common mariner. The presence, the devoted affection, the tears of my child could not reclaim him—what then can?'

'What, indeed!' repeated I. 'And this voyage is undertaken for the recovery of her health? You will excuse my inquisitiveness,' I immediately added, 'I have lived long enough in your country to acquire her characteristic mode of questioning.'

'I hold it every man's duty as well as interest,' said he, 'whose lot it is to travel on the great deep, far from his home and kindred, to relate so much of his own history as shall entitle him to the sympathy and confidence of the companions of his voyage. I am a Scotchman, and my name is Douglas.'

'My name,' said I, 'is Brae, and I am a Freshman in — College; you have my whole history.'

The shadows of night had settled over the solitary waste before we parted for the night. Many leagues of sea had been ploughed in that short period, as the ship, yielding to the impulse of the powerful breeze, dashed on her way over the billows. Three days of this propitious wind brought us off "the Hatteras," and though at the distance of three hundred miles from land, we received the usual greeting of the Cape, and were obliged to do homage to its strong spirit, under bare poles, for several hours.

It will be supposed by those of my readers who will have the charity to consider me a man of taste, that during these three days I had not avoided the society of Mary Douglas and her father. If I may so speak without being misunderstood, or expressing my meaning too strongly, I had become quite a favorite. I found her mind all that her countenance had promised. Her sufferings had been cruel; sufficiently severe, indeed, to cause a temporary alienation of her reason, but its only remaining trace was an occasional wildness of the eye and an imagination highly and sometimes painfully susceptible of excitement. In her moments of animation it was delightful to stand by her side, leaning on the taffarel, and behold the world of romance her playful fancy would call up above and around us. Each golden cloud, touched by the magic of her tongue, floated in the element a fairy palace of aerial spirits. The ocean and everything visible on its surface, the finny herds that glided through its depths, were all made to assist in supporting, and adorning, and peopling her ideal world.

‘See,’ she exclaimed, pointing with her delicate finger to one of those curious marine animals called the ‘Portuguese man of war,’ ‘yonder is a bark fit for the flag ship of Queen Mab’s high admiral.’

‘Her majesty has a squadron on the waters this morning,’ said I, ‘for yonder come a dozen more.’ The beautiful creatures, who have been taught by nature a noble art which the pride of man would arrogate to himself, with their bodies low in the water like a deep freighted ship, and their purple sails distended with air like a balloon, passed us slowly and gracefully, most gallantly bearing up into the wind. ‘You have extended the fairy queen’s dominion,’ continued I; ‘I never suspected before that she made any pretensions to the empire of Neptune.’

‘And why not?’ she quickly replied. ‘Why should every green grove and hill side be trodden by myriads of invisible and tiny sprites, and fancy refuse her aid to people these blue depths? There are fairies on land,’ she continued, smiling, ‘and fairies I am determined there shall be at sea.’

‘You have only to wave your wand, enchantress,’ said I in her own vein, ‘and we shall see not only their mimic fleets, but Queen Mab herself, and her whole “*corps de ballet*,” dancing on the crest of every wave.’

Her father was happy to see her possess even the shadow of enjoyment. ‘You will not have many days to revel in these watery realms of fairy land,’ said he, ‘if we go on at this rate.’

The propitious and powerful breeze that had brought us out of port, and which had, temporarily, been put to the rout by a counter and more violent gust from the Hatteras, had now revived, and came sweeping from the northeast in a steady gale. Swift flew the ‘Sea-bird’ on her snowy wing, dashing recklessly through the exulting elements, as if anxious to redeem the time that had been lost in port.

‘It is a phenomenon which I have never heard satisfactorily explained,’ observed Mr Douglas, ‘that some parts of the ocean should be subject to the almost perpetual dominion of the tempest, and others be as remarkable for their calmness. Now this part, which we are leaving so rapidly, is styled by mariners the stormy latitudes; and justly; for I have made more than six voyages between the West Indies and New York, and never did I pass the shores of America between the latitudes of thirtyfive and thirty degrees, without experiencing more or less bad weather.’

‘Captain Ben. Starboard, that I made my first voyage under,’ said the captain, in his broad, heavy

way, 'used to call this part of the sea, the kingdom of thunder and lightning ; and right enough, as Mr Douglas says ; for I believe the surly gentleman who has his moorings on the shoals of the Cape, but who often takes a cruise as far as Bermuda, burns more of heaven's gunpowder than any other man along shore.'

'If you want to see thunder works in real style,' said a grim old seaman at the helm, 'though to say the truth I've seen it crack and blaze a couple of degrees to the leeward in a manner to make a man think his ship engaged with a first rate ; but if you want to see it in what I call real sea style, you must haul upon this wind till you cross the ocean, then take a sheer through the straits till you find a piece of water called the Gulf of Lyons. There, in a squall, the clouds hang so low and heavy that you can't tell whether the fire comes out of the heavens, or the waters ; and the thunder sounds for all the world as if father Neptune and all his regiment of sea-born devils, had clapped their heads above the water, and were giving you your last hail into etern—.'

'Mind your hel-um, old Jack Cable,' said the captain, sternly, breaking the old tar's figure in two.

Still blew our brave northeaster.

'Don't you call this the regular trade wind ?' asked Mr Douglas.

'You never take the trades north of twentyseven or eight ;' replied the captain, 'and we are just passing Bermuda.'

But, trades or not, certain it is that this fine eight knot breeze lasted from the twentyfifth of April to the first of May ; and carried us from the latitude of Cape Charles past the boisterous realm of Hatteras, through the calm and weedy waters that leave the northern shores of the great Bahama chain, into that beautiful strait on one side of which rise the cloud capped sum-

mits of St Domingo while the other is limited by the blue line of Cuba.

Perhaps it would be difficult to find a section of the sea more calm and beautiful than the portion extending from the limits of the stormy latitudes to that long sweep of sand keys and rocky islets, that skirt the northern shores of the monarch of the Antilles. It is frequently more placid than the seaman loves, and is covered with beautiful weeds brought by the Gulf Stream and other currents from the Bahamas and the shores of Florida. Thousands of acres of it were floating round us; sometimes in broad, compact bodies, miles in extent, then, in long narrow beds, as regular as if laid out by the hand of man.

‘This surely must be Neptune’s garden,’ said the delighted Mary; ‘here are all the plants of the rock, all the blossoms of the sea collected.’

‘Beautiful as they are, my dear,’ said her father, ‘they have frightened stouter hearts than yours. When the sailors of Columbus found themselves surrounded as we are, they began to think that they had passed the limits of navigation or reached the end of the world, and that their ship would finally be fettered in the midst of these unknown seas, as a monument of the vengeance of Heaven for the temerity of their leader.’

On the twentyeighth of April we crossed the tropic. As all but Miss Douglas had passed it before, the sailors reluctantly consented to dispense with the usual rites in honor of his aquatic majesty. Early the next morning, a pair of uncouth looking birds, styled, in nautical ornithology, Neptune’s doves, and known on land as the beautiful white bird of the tropics, made their appearance. After reconnoitering us fore and aft, without deigning any reply to our hail of what news from their master, the outlandish strangers flew off to the south-

ward. Then Jack Cable, the oracle of the fore-castle, shook his head.

'Ah! my lads,' said he 'I knew that no good would come of not paying your compliments to the commodore yesterday. You never see his fowls but when there is some bad luck stirring, and if you do n't hear from it before we make Turks Island, you may set me adrift before a twenty knot breeze, in a leaky long-boat.'

But notwithstanding the prognostications of evil, and though the sea-god's constable, John Shark, came prowling round us at evening, we arrived safe the next day at the dreary Isle of Salt.

Turks Island is a most dismal looking spot. It is too low to be seen farther than five or six miles, and we were accordingly obliged to lie to, the preceding night, to avoid running it down. A description of this island will apply to most of the other Bahamas in its neighbourhood. They are mere sand banks. But the most rugged districts of our earth are the richest in mineral treasures, and the ocean strews its rarest gems on the shores of the most desolate islands. On the sands and rocks of the Bahamas are found the rarest tinted shells and the finest specimens of coral. Ours, however, was not a voyage of pleasure nor of scientific research. We glided rapidly past the solitary isle, and were the next morning close in by St Domingo.

And here, as if during the night we had been translated to another planet, everything was new and full of wonder. Our eyes had been used to nothing but the tame scenery of the southern section of New England and New York. Judge, then, of our astonishment, when more than the most eloquent pens have written, or the most vivid fancy conceived of the wonders of the tropics, burst upon us in the full reality of vision. The giant mountains formed the grandest feature of the

amazing picture. Around their base rolled vast volumes of the whitest mist, above which their summits rose, like islands of the upper world from an etherial ocean. The deep hue of the forests which told that they never wore other dress than green, the myriads of strange sea fowl that screamed around us, the very color of the water was that of a new climate. At length, the sun rose with a splendor that is never witnessed north of the tropics, pouring a broad and almost intolerable flood of light upon the scene, flashing through the clouds and along the waters like living fire. The sea of vapor seemed to heave, and mounting higher till it caught the sunbeams, circled the head of each fantastic peak with a diadem glowing with a thousand dyes.

Our breeze was now leaving us. We spread all sail to catch its last flutters, but soon relinquished the hope of proceeding far that day; for the grampus, the sure precursor of calms, now came tumbling his huge form towards us, and when we reached the middle of the Windward Passage, the green turtle, whom the slightest movement in air or water frights to the caverns of the deep, might be seen sunning himself on the surface of the sea. It was then that we felt, for the first time, the full power of a tropical sun. In the cabin the mercury stood at one hundred and ten degrees, in the sun at one hundred and thirty degrees; and when it is remembered that we had left the North American shore only ten days before, in the wintry month of April, it will be readily imagined that our sufferings from the heat were extreme. But as regularly as the curtain of evening fell,

‘The land wind from woods of palm
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o’er the Haytien seas,’

and, with its reviving freshness, in some measure repaid


us for the sufferings of the day. On deck, therefore, we spent this and the two succeeding nights, creeping like nocturnal birds from our coverts in the cabin or beneath a sail.

There is nothing that a seaman loves less than a calm. The rushing of the wind, in a small hurricane, is far more welcome if it only blow the right way ; and peculiarly aggravating is it to be becalmed within sight of his destined haven. We could not as yet see Jamaica, but along the southwestern quarter of the horizon lay a pile of dusky clouds which the captain assured us was the *loom* of that island. The reader will not wonder, then, if, in our circumstances, all the strange oaths and imprecations found in a seaman's vocabulary, were called into service by our nettlesome captain and his crew, and hurled without mercy on the winds and weather.

'You may have more wind than you want before you reach Kingston moorings,' said I, a little nettled at their absurd conduct.

'Blow—blow—let it blow !' roared the captain ; 'I would rather go to the bottom at once, than lie here roasting in this sun that 's enough to cook a Guineaman. Besides, Mr Brae,' added he, in a milder tone, and pointing to the northwest, 'yonder is Cape Maisie, the eastern end of Cuba, not fifteen miles off. Two hours rowing would bring us off a gang of the picarooning rascals to cut our throats if we should n't happen to hit their fancy ; and though this good ship is called the Seabird, she is one of that kind which can 't rise without a swell. I say then let it blow.' So saying he took his glass and went into the main top, from whence he might be seen for an hour reconnoitering the Cuba shore.

It was, as I have already stated, the fourth afternoon of the calm. Impatience was visible in almost every face. But my feelings agreed perfectly with the weather.



There reigned as complete a tranquillity in my bosom as in the elements. Mary Douglas was there ; it was enough ; I felt not the sun ; I feared no pirates. Mistake me not, gentle reader. I do not say that I was in love, for on the doctrine of tender sentiments, I entertain some skeptical, perhaps treasonable ideas. I only found myself strangely fascinated, was glad I was just there, and as I was. I pitied Mary Douglas, and would have done much to have made her happy. She seemed better than when we sailed, but well or substantially happy she certainly was not. Still that hectic glow would appear on her cheek and flutter and depart like the tints of sunset, leaving it colorless as marble. I would have given worlds to have placed the rose in its stead. She lived in a world of fancy, and beautifully would she deck the objects of her own creation ; but then there would come a revulsion in her feelings, a deep dejection, when one who studied her speaking countenance might rightly conceive that fancy, aided by memory, that busy fiend, was conjuring up a far different scene. Oh ! how has my heart yearned, as I have gazed upon her in these sad moments, for power to extract the worm that had taken such deep hold upon her peace ; to recall her to a world she was so eminently qualified to bless and adorn, and that should no longer fright her from its stern realities by dreadful images of the past.

She had closed her book and I had been sitting by her side, I know not how long, perhaps an hour. Our conversation had been interesting, but of its subject I have only a confused recollection.

‘Say no more, Mr Brae,’ said she, rising ; ‘I should be weak to deny that I understand you ; but,’ looking up in my face with a melancholy smile, ‘you know something of my past history ; you know that I once

loved;' here her lip quivered and the color left her cheeks; 'but he proved himself unworthy, and I tore him from my heart! But oh! in doing this, think you that I did not rend my heart strings?' She left me in tears, and retired to her cabin, adding only as she passed, 'My heart is crushed, Mr Brae, I feel that I can never love again.'

The sun had settled far towards the Mexican Gulf before Captain Boltrop came down from his look-out. Standing on the quarter deck, he again looked long and anxiously to the westward.

'There is that between us and that shore,' he at length said, 'that I dread more than I would that shore in a hurricane off San Domingo.'

'I thought that nothing could be more terrible to a seaman than a gale of wind upon a lee shore,' observed Mr Douglas.

'I had rather fall into the sea than into the hands of a bloodthirsty picaroon,' said the captain very decidedly, and with an air of great meaning.

Just then the splendid luminary dipped its flaming circle in the waters of the Caribbean sea.

'There is a spot in the sun,' I exclaimed.

The captain looked at it a moment, and then smiling grimly, 'Ay, a spot, and a dark one too,' said he; 'watch it, Mr Brae, and see if it sets.'

The dark object, which appeared on the very disc of the sun, and which I had taken for one of those spots that are occasionally seen on his surface, instead of sinking behind the bright and level waters with the part of the luminary on which it was first observed, seemed to mount upwards, and after lingering a moment on the last visible arch of the glorious orb, it sprang into that pure and glowing element which the sun had shed along the western horizon. It wavered for a moment between

the heavens and the earth, as if uncertain to which to attach itself, till, as the flashings of the dying light became fainter, it appeared on the sea, a dark and motionless speck.

‘The sun has found water to wash him clear of your spot, Mr Brae,’ said the captain, with another of his mysterious smiles; ‘I wish to God it had sunk with him.’

An air of deep care settled over his face. I knew not what to make of him or of his words.

‘Why, what do you take that speck to be?’ I at length inquired.

‘Look for yourself, Mr Brae,’ said he.

I took the glass from his hand, and examined the dim distant object. ‘It is a boat, captain!’

‘Ay, a boat!’ echoed he, ‘and coming for us as fast as twelve stout rowers can shove her through the water. Now you know why I wished for a wind, and a hard wind too.’

The beautiful twilight of the tropics had now settled, in all its softness, over the quiet bosom of the deep. The heights of Cuba rose majestically from its crystal depths, boldly lifting their pointed peaks to the spotless heavens, and I fancied that I could hear the small wave break upon its coral strand, with a murmur as soft as if it had never washed from those shores the stains of crime. The heavy loom in the southwest, as if it had only waited to grace the setting of the king of day, after glittering for a moment in a thousand gorgeous colors, settled behind the heaving breast of ocean, leaving only a dark mass like a church with its spire in bold relief against the sky. It no sooner caught our captain’s eye than he shouted, with as much rapture as a seaman ever allows himself to express, ‘The Blue Mountain Peak of Jamaica!’

The cry was echoed with enthusiasm by a dozen joyful voices. We were still one hundred miles from the island, and were not gaining an inch on our way towards it; still, every eye was turned to it with affection as to a long sought home, and an emotion awoke even in my breast, distinct from those which, of late, had usurped its entire possession. The whole view to the westward was beauty, unbroken by a single blemish, and nothing of alarm was there save the dark spot on the sea to which so suspicious a character had been attached by our captain, but which had already disappeared in the increasing darkness of the hour. But the east, as if envious of the tranquillity that reigned in the opposite quarter, wore a savage scowl. Enormous piles of vapor, black as the smoke from a volcano's crater, shrouded the heights of St Domingo, and blotted out the very shores from our view. It looked indeed as if the island had sunk, and another of subterranean formation had risen from the depths of the sea to fill its place.

'I would give a month's wages,' said the captain, with an air of deep thought, 'if we could have that squall upon us within an hour.'

I stared at him with a feeling between contempt and astonishment.

'You doubtless do honor to a seaman's taste,' said I, drily; 'for my part, I dislike my fellow creatures so little, that I would rather see a piratical privateer within gun-shot than encounter the contents of yonder mass of solid darkness.'

'It may be proved before you leave the ship, Mr Brae,' replied he with great coolness, 'that I fear the face of man as little as another.' Then turning to the whole ship's company, with very considerable dignity, 'Gentlemen and shipmates,' said he, 'I have reason to apprehend that danger is at hand. The boat that is putting

off to us is doubtless a pirate. Of armed men she is certainly full; for I have lived too long on the sea not to know the glitter of arms in the sun. It is more than probable that she has comrades; for would one open boat venture to attack a vessel of our size? Something has been hinted about fear, and, to say the truth, I had rather run than meet these gentry. But that is out of the question, and fight we must as long as there is a man to stand at one of those brass guns, or to pull a trigger.'

Three cheers were the echo to this chivalric speech; and not a moment was lost in preparing to give the pirate a warm reception. A formidable show of miscellaneous articles of warfare was drawn from the secret places of the ship, and there were finally mustered on deck fifteen men, twenty stands of arms, and two brass cannon. These last, after being wheeled to the starboard side of the quarter deck, and charged nearly to the muzzle, were thrust through port-holes towards the quarter from whence our foes were expected. Our small arms were loaded with three balls each—every man girded with a cutlass and a brace of pistols—and the captain even carried his precaution so far as to have the railings, bulwarks, and sides of the ship well *slashed*, in order to give a slippery foothold if they attempted boarding.

After all this bustle of preparation, every man posted himself in a situation to command a view of the whole prospect to the westward, and a look-out was stationed in every top. By this time night had drawn her curtain close around the scene, and no trace of the sun's existence remained but in his pale-faced representative, now riding near her meridian. For an hour no sound broke the deep silence that reigned throughout the ship. Not a murmur to excite alarm, or even suspicion, arose

from the slumbering ocean, and it seemed even criminal to believe that any being could be found daring enough to disturb a tranquillity so deep and holy.

‘It is a lovely hour,’ said Mary, in a whisper, as if afraid to trust her voice. ‘Can there be danger?’

‘It is just such an hour as man selects for the exercise of his evil genius,’ replied I, in her own tone.

Then came the land wind from Cuba, ‘shaking a thousand odors from its dewy wings.’

‘Can it be possible,’ again said Mary, ‘that an air which breathes of Araby, and which fans us as lightly as does the mother’s breath her sleeping infant—that this pure and gentle element can cradle the hurricane, and nurture the seeds of pestilence?’

‘Just as possible, and as true, as that these beautiful islands are peopled by the most unlovely of all the human race. Look there,’ continued I, pointing eastward, ‘for proof in part of what I say.’

The gigantic piles of vapor remained motionless as rocks of adamant, resembling more the black smoke of some smouldering mine of coal than exhalations of the sun’s raising. No lightning glanced from its bosom. The feeble and timorous moonbeams were unable to penetrate its dark depths, only faintly silvering their edges, and rendering visible and more gloomy the blackness below.

‘There is the hurricane in a visible shape,’ said I.

Still the dark mass moved not, but stood upon the waters, motionless, and black as a mountain of infernal elements.

Hour after hour rolled on and the scenes on either hand continued the same. Suspense had rendered the men fretful and impatient, and after straining in vain to discover some dim trace of the foe or to detect the dip of their oars, many had closed their eyes in slumber.

Mr Douglas and his daughter had retired for the night. The hour of midnight came and the moon was fast sinking towards the sea. Like the rest I had become weary.

‘Well, captain,’ said I, ‘what has become of our friends from Cuba?’

‘Gone to Davy’s locker, I hope,’ replied he; ‘but there is no knowing how to calculate for the rascals, so we had better keep a sharp look out yet.’

‘For my part,’ said I, ‘I am tired with looking at nothing, and will just see how the squall comes on.’ I turned accordingly and a flashing on the water rising and disappearing in quick and regular succession, met my eye.

‘There they are!’ exclaimed the captain, whose eye had taken the direction of mine; ‘the rascals have rowed clear round us, and are coming on from the San Domingo side. Stand to your arms, boys! the rogues are upon us.’

In an instant every man was at his post, and on the alert.

‘Stand in the shadow of the spars and rigging to be out of sight,’ continued the captain, ‘and not a man of you fire till I give the word.’

‘Ay, ay, Sir!’ responded the crew with nautical precision.

‘And now,’ said the captain, who really went to work in a business style, ‘let us get this gun on the other tack, Mr Brae, to be ready for the gentlemen.’

The piece was accordingly soon seen to thrust its deadly muzzle through the opposite port, keeping a dead aim on the boat, which, like an alligator, cautiously dropped towards us, at less than a quarter of a mile’s distance.

‘Strange,’ said I, ‘that the fellows should choose to row against the moon when by so doing they must know we should see the glitter of their oars.’

‘I suspect,’ replied the captain, ‘that they had no choice about it. You forgot that we have had more or less wind off the land since sunset, and are at least six miles from where we were then. The probability is that the rogues lost us after nightfall—so, as the Paddy says, when they came where we were, we were not there. But it seems they have found us at last.’

The boat was now very near us. Still not a sound came from her. The closest and most painful attention could not hear the dip of her oars, which rose and fell like a piece of mechanism, glittering in the moonlight like blades of silver.

‘Boat ahoy!’ cried the voice of Capt. Boltrop in its most startling tones. No answer was returned to this summons and the oars, were played more lively. ‘Keep off! you d—d rascals,’ again shouted our commander—‘off! or I’ll blow you out of the water!’

This threat and the firebrand which I flourished with great fierceness seemed to make the pirate hesitate. The motion of the boat was arrested. Captain Boltrop thought the victory already achieved and he again raised his voice in tones of authority;—

‘Throw your arms overboard, and come along side.’

A volley of musketry was the reply to this summons, and a dozen balls whistled by and the captain’s hat flew across the deck. A deep imprecation burst from his lips. The next instant a broad stream of flame issued from the quarter deck, and the explosion of the piece broke upon the dead stillness of the elements with a noise like thunder. A distant crash, a heavy splashing in the water, above which a cry of mortal agony was terribly distinct, had arisen in the direction of the foe

before the smoke dispersed sufficiently to enable us to see the effect of one shot. No boat was then to be seen, nor any trace of her crew ; we had probably sent every soul into eternity.

‘ By George ! ’ cried the captain with something like compunction in his tone, and rubbing his head with his handkerchief, ‘ I would rather have taken the rascals and had them decently hanged than send them to the bottom in this off-hand manner. You could ’nt have made a better shot, Mr Brae, if you——’

A horrid yell, rising apparently from the very depths beneath the ship, stopped him in the middle of his speech. A boat glided out of the smoke, and, shooting under our bows, a dozen dark forms were seen springing from it to the side of the ship. But our precautions had been wisely taken, and were completely successful. No sooner did they touch the slippery vessel, than most of them, with the most horrid blasphemies, fell back into the sea, snapping their pistols at us even after they were filled with water. At the same moment their boat, which had been completely riddled by our shot, filled and sunk to the bottom. Three only got upon deck and were immediately overpowered and secured. Five more were with difficulty dragged out of the water and disposed of in the same manner. One powerful fellow, however, was not so easily quelled. He had succeeded in getting one foot upon deck, when a young seaman, named Ralph, flew at him with the fierceness of a tiger. They clenched, and after balancing a moment between the deck and the water, the pirate, who was much the heavier man, fell backwards overboard, dragging his antagonist with him. They both sunk, but soon rose again about four rods from the ship clinging closely together. Then commenced a combat the most singular and appalling I had ever witnessed. No one on board seemed to

think of devising means of assisting our champion. No one dared to fire upon the pirate; for so closely were they coiled together, so rapid were their evolutions, and so dim the light shed by the moon, that it was impossible to hit one without endangering the life of the other. At the commencement of the struggle, their efforts seemed to be aimed solely at drowning each other. They whirled over on the top of the water, dashing it about like wounded sharks. Both then sunk and were for a while lost to our sight. Presently they rose again, and exchanged thick and heavy blows, and closing with redoubled fury sunk again. Neglecting to use their weapons, which would have put a speedy end to the fray, they fought more like savage beasts of prey, bent on throttling each other, than like human beings.

‘Shall we stand and see our man murdered?’ at length exclaimed a voice from among the crew. It operated like magic to break the spell that had fallen upon us all.

‘Clear away the boat there!’ shouted the captain, and six men sprang to execute the order. Just then, after an effort of unusual fierceness, both of the combatants sunk. They remained out of sight so long, that the men who were letting down the boat, suspended their operations, and we all stood breathless with uncertainty and anxiety awaiting their reappearance. At length, about thirty yards off, the waters parted; but only one man was seen to rise.

‘Is it you, Ralph?’ cried the captain in a suppressed voice.

‘Here is *some* of him at least on my knife-blade,’ responded the freebooter with the accent and laugh of a fiend; and springing nearly to his whole height out of water, he threw the weapon, with great force towards us. It passed over our heads and striking the mizen.

mast, remained quivering, with its point buried in the wood.

Another hollow laugh rang over the waters, and on looking round, wide circles of ripples were seen moving on the face of the moonlit sea, as if some heavy body had just sunk into it. Vengeance was the tardy thought that now rushed on every heart. Some, in the blinded fury of the moment, actually discharged their pieces into the centre of those waving eddies, without staying to reflect upon its utter uselessness. Others, with their guns in readiness, and eyes glaring upon the sea like panthers robbed of their prey, stood prepared to fire the moment he should show his head above the water. But he rose no more. The winged messengers of death that had been aimed at his life, sped harmlessly over his head, and had it been possible to penetrate the secrets of the great deep, he might have been seen reposing peacefully on its sandy bottom by the side of his late antagonist.

A sullen silence pervaded the ship. The men looked gloomily at each other, and with lowering brows on their helpless prisoners, as if a sufficient atonement had not been rendered for the life of their comrade. To one skilled in the language of the human countenance, it was evident that nothing but the restraint of discipline held them back from a summary act of vengeance and of crime, that would have sunk them to a level with the pirates themselves.

Judging of the feelings of his crew from their looks, or more probably from his own, and anxious to remove the temptation to evil, the captain ordered our eight prisoners to be stowed under the hatches, and they were accordingly tumbled in with very little ceremony.

How many of this band of genuine desperadoes had been lost, we had no means of ascertaining; for our prisoners either did not, or would not understand Eng-

lish or French. But when they fired upon us, from twelve to sixteen men were distinctly visible, and the yell that followed our discharge was such as is never extorted from mortal man but by the pangs of the last agony. Six or eight, then, of the freebooters had certainly perished. What chance of success they might fancy that an open boat could have against a vessel of the size of ours, it completely bewildered us to imagine. They must either have been intoxicated, or in the situation of a beast of prey, whom the goadings of hunger will compel to rush upon a foe from whose face he would otherwise have fled. Viewing it in either light it was an act of the most daring hardihood. Our victory, though complete, as has been already seen, was blood-bought. Early in the engagement a ball had also carried away our captain's hat, making a lane through his hair and raking up the skin in a frightful manner ; and I have a scar on my chin and another on my temple at the service of any who doubt the truth of this narrative. From the firing of the first gun to the depositing of our prisoners in the hold, not more than ten minutes had elapsed. The struggle had been fierce and boisterous, but it had passed. The ship was restored to her usual tranquillity and was moving before a gentle breeze from the shore, yet so slowly as scarcely to scar the face of the ocean.

The noise of the conflict had called up the terrified inmates of the cabin ; and all the ship's company were now assembled on deck, silent, but too deeply affected with the scene just passed to sleep more than night. Mary was there ; her cheeks flushed with the excitement which the events of the night had occasioned. Still occasionally a cold shudder would rush through her frame, as she murmured, in a suppressed voice—
' That fearful cry !—I shall never forget it.'

She was in a state of high nervous agitation. Her eye shone with uncommon lustre and glanced over the sea unsteadily.

‘The elements are to have their turn next,’ said she.

Her eye was bent upon the scowling east. The same motionless body of clouds was there, black as before. Around it were rapidly revolving others of a wild and ragged look, stained by the setting moon with the color of brass. Others of the same hue were shooting off from the main body, and moving rapidly towards the zenith, like the advanced squadrons of an army. Then the moon went down, leaving the ocean to a darkness that accorded well with the portentous aspect of the heavens. The intermitted breathings of the spicy west wind, ceased entirely, and an appalling stillness in the elements ensued. The water began to assume a most singular appearance. Those who have seen on the coast the rippling produced by an immense shoal of white-fish, can form some idea of its agitation. The dashing of a bucket would cover its surface with a thousand sparkling points, and a shoal of berneta passing rapidly, looked like balls of meteoric fire shooting through the depths of the sea.

A low creaking sound from the rigging and the warning voice of the captain, announced that the long expected onset of the winds was at hand, and I had just time to hand Mary to the cabin, when the ship was bending low upon her side by the pressure of a furious gust. No precaution which prudence and experience suggested, to put the ship in a condition to grapple safely with her powerful adversary, had been omitted by our wary commander. No canvass was spread aloft but the three close reefed topsails. A large detachment of those brassy clouds before mentioned, had passed the zenith when the first squall struck us. It lasted but a minute,

That minute however was sufficient to tear our topsails into ribbands, and they were borne away like feathers on the wings of the blast. A dead calm and 'a horror of great darkness' succeeded. A hollow, whispering sound, like the moan of spirits in the air, was heard and numerous little balls of pale light gleamed and vanished on the dark canopy which had now completely invested the heavens.

'We shall have it soon,' observed the captain in a calm, low voice.

Scarcely had he spoken, when a meteor of uncommon size and splendor, shot from a point near the zenith, and, glancing across the dark back ground of the east, sunk into the sea. Then the wailing voices in the air were multiplied. A sound arose in the distance as of cavalry rushing to battle, and every sense was drowned in the roar of winds and the dash of waters. Like other landsmen I had read of storms and tempests, of mountain waves lashed into fury; but what description can do justice to the terrific truth of such a scene, or who that is a stranger to the ways of God on the mighty deep, can form even a faint idea of all that is meant by a 'storm at sea!'

The hurricanes of these seas are as shortlived as they are violent. The dawn of day showed no trace of the tempest that had deformed the night, but the tattered rigging and well washed deck of our own vessel. Cuba and St Domingo had sunk beneath the horizon, and other heights on our right were lifting their misty heads almost to the zenith. Within a mile of us lay a sloping shore clothed with brilliant green to the water's edge. No naked sand hills marred the beauty of the landscape. All was green, save where, occasionally, a rising eminence or an opening vale presented its painted sugar works and breeze mills.

To form a back ground to this picturesque region rose the magnificent range of the Blue Mountains. 'The Peak' is ten thousand feet high, and is certainly one of the most beautiful elevations on the globe. It stands in the centre of a circle of smaller mountains, like a monarch surrounded by his ministers of state. Along its base spots of red are seen, which, on near approach, prove to be coffee plantations. A belt of clouds embraces its middle, while its sharp summit, crowned with impenetrable forests, enjoys perpetual sunshine, and looks over half of the Caribbean sea.

'If there be an Eden on earth,' said I, 'we have it before us.'

'The sun shines not,' observed Mr Douglas, 'on an island more beautiful than Jamaica; and but for man, who seems to have marked out the fairest portions of God's earth for the exercise of his worst passions, it might justly be styled a terrestrial paradise.'

The remark was just and striking. In taking a survey of the world, it is not upon the beauties of the landscape merely that the mind most delights to dwell. And although, like the features of a stranger's face, they are the first objects that meet and interest its attention, yet recollecting that it is man who stamps a character on all things here below, it turns from them to contemplate the manners of society. In a community of virtuous and enlightened freemen, it discovers a moral grandeur and beauty surpassing everything in the natural world. The pride of the forest must stoop to time; the beauties of vegetation must fade; the mighty hills are to sink in the general wreck of nature; but the virtues that exalt a nation are a garland which the breath of eternity will not wither. Such is its just estimation of the world. With what rapture, then, must it turn to view the country where the grandest scenes

of nature dwindle into insignificance before the sublimity of man's virtue. But where on earth shall such a land be sought? Surely not within the tropics. By some strange fatality, this broad zone, emphatically the garden of the earth, is trodden by slaves and barbarians. Here, where the Deity is most visibly present by the works of his bounty and power, man sins with the highest hand. Here, where nature lifts her altars, the everlasting hills, nighest heaven, his thoughts are most grovelling. The stranger who would leave Jamaica with most favorable impressions, must view it at a distance as we did, or be spirited to its shores, and alight on a pinnacle of its sequestered mountains, where, without seeing a human being, he can view the island as it came from the hand of its Maker.

But to return to our voyage. There is not on the face of the globe a country, however beautiful in the main, which has not its blemish. Thus, a few hours sailing enabled us to discover a prominent one in Jamaica. We reached a part of the coast where, it is said, rain or dew is never known to fall. Never could imagination picture a wilder scene of desolation. As if an eternal sirocco breathed upon it, every germ of vegetation was blasted. Withered shrubs were thinly scattered over a vast chaos of rocks and barren mountains, that on all sides presented frightful chasms, hollowed, perhaps, by nature's omnipotent agent, the earthquake.

But the propitious breeze did not allow us long to contemplate this region of horror. Again all was beautiful and green. The ship glided on with increased velocity as she approached the end of her journey; the coast flew by like a dream, and the goal of our pilgrimage rose upon the view. We passed the remains of Port Royal. A ship of the line lay moored where once stood the most populous part of the city. She is em-

phatically a 'Sea Sodom;' for if ever the habitations of men are subjected for their crimes to the direct and dreadful wrath of the Almighty, then must the triple overthrow of this ancient mart be regarded as instances of such a visitation. Once it was burned to the ground; once it was swept to destruction by a hurricane; and again, as if her iniquities had risen to heaven and the earth could sustain the burthen no longer, her foundations were shaken under her, and she sunk forever.

We passed up the beautiful bay of Kingston, and on the afternoon of the sixth of May we came to anchor about half a mile from the shore. Numerous boats were boarding us and departing on different errands. An hundred ships were discharging or receiving their cargoes, to the cheerful song of the sailors. The passengers soon collected in a group on the quarter-deck gazing on the thousand novelties that meet the eye from the island, town, and bay. Mary was there, in excellent spirits; every moment discovering and pointing out, with the most animated gestures and exclamations, some new object of admiration. At this moment a barge from the castle shot across the bay, containing an officer and a platoon of soldiers with orders for the delivery of our prisoners into the hands of justice. Accordingly, amidst a profound silence, they were marched one by one from the hold, where they had been immured for fifteen hours, and passed over the side of the ship into the boat. There they were handcuffed and bound. Two other barges were in attendance with an equal number of men to act as guards.

The sight of these wretches painfully affected Miss Douglas, and carried back her thoughts to the bloody scene of the preceding night. She shuddered at the recollection and murmured, 'He that uttered that dreadful cry is not here.'

Although she had spoken in a low voice her words fell upon the ear of the last prisoner, who was just in the act of leaving the ship. He was a youth of about two and twenty, with a slender but very elegant figure. His countenance might have been striking and expressive; but it was now disfigured with a scar, and bore the infallible marks of long and habitual indulgence in intemperance. I said he heard the voice of Mary. He stopped, and stood as if he was nailed to the deck. He put his hand to his forehead like one bewildered, and his eye wandered over the ship as if searching for the sound he had heard, till at length it fell upon Mary, and he stood gazing upon her with a countenance varying strangely from the vacant stare of idiocy to an expression of inexplicable meaning and even agony. She was absorbed in her own reflections and heeded him not. I made an exclamation of surprise, and directed her attention to the miserable man who was so closely observing her. She looked, her eye met the ghastly stare of his, and if a bolt from heaven had struck her she could not have fallen more quickly.

‘William Ashton!’ cried the wretched father, ‘are you not yet satisfied? Will you take her life too?’

The miserable man rushed past his guards, threw back the curls from her forehead, and, gasping for breath like one in the agonies of strangulation, gazed upon her. Then, springing to the vessel’s side, before any arm could interpose, he buried himself in the sea, and never rose more.

It was many minutes before Miss Douglas showed any signs of life. At last, after a strong convulsion, she opened her eyes.

‘Where is he?’ said she, starting up in the birth. She stared wildly around, and then, pointing with her

finger, a single shriek, as if sent from her very soul, burst from her, and again she sunk down insensible.

The shock had been too much for reason, if not for nature. For the remainder of that day and all the succeeding night, we hung over her, uncertain whether each fit might not be her last of mortal suffering. At length she sunk into a deep sleep and reposed quietly.

She awoke perfectly calm. Looking her father steadily in the face, 'Where is he?' she repeated.

'My child! be calm,' said the old man.

'Am I not calm? Have I not suffered? and think you I cannot suffer more? Let me know the worst. Where is William Ashton?'

'In pity to your father, Miss Douglas,' said I, 'endeavour to compose yourself. You shall know all in time.'

'I do know it,' said she, in a hollow voice; 'I know it; I see it; they are leading him to the scaffold, to a death of shame.'

'For Heaven's sake, Mr Douglas,' said I, 'let her know the truth; it may save her senses.'

The old man assented. Taking her hand he related in the gentlest manner the fate of her unworthy lover. With wonderful composure she listened to the narration. The fountain of her tears broke up, and she wept long and freely. Then, closing her eyes, her lips were seen to move as in prayer. I bowed my face upon her hand and joined in her silent supplication, whatever it might be.

Her tears and mental devotion relieved her. Again she slept, and awoke in quiet spirits. It was evident that the news of Ashton's suicide was to her far less terrible than the idea of his suffering an ignominious death as a malefactor. Perhaps also there was a relief even in the thought that he was removed from a life

of crime; and she could, with less sorrow, think of him dead, than as a pirate and a companion of thieves and murderers. Perhaps she had long since torn him from her heart, as she once told me. But could it be? Would the sight of him then have affected her so strongly?

Mary now signified to her father that she felt able to travel. The hour had come when we were to separate. And now came my trial. I wished to speak to her of myself; but every principle of manhood repressed the selfish thought in her present situation. She seemed to comprehend my feelings, and, extending her hand to me with a smile, said, 'Farewell! Mr Brae; I have crossed your path, like a dark vision, but oh! forget me. Let it be as a dream since we first met.' She hesitated a moment. 'I may have caused you unhappiness. Most gladly would I have avoided it, and gladly would I remove it now were it possible. But look upon my face, and be convinced, that were it even as you wish, you would soon have to mourn again. May God bless you!'

The boat that was to convey her to the shore was ready. I watched it till it disappeared.

'Are you ready to land, Sir?'

Awaking as from a trance, I gave the speaker a bewildered stare, and, for the first time during many days, I recollected the objects of my voyage. With a feeling of solitude, which even the thoughts of my home could not subdue, I followed my baggage into the waiting wherry, and in a few minutes placed my foot upon my native land.

Twelve months after the events contained in the preceding narrative had transpired, I stood again upon American soil. Various had been my fortunes in the interim, but they are of no consequence to the reader.

The companions of my voyage with but one exception, were nearly forgotten—its incidents, that were not associated with that one individual, remembered but faintly.

I was sitting in my study, discussing a subtle point in ethics, when some one knocked. A servant entered and handed me the following note;—

‘An old acquaintance requests the pleasure of Mr Brae’s company for a few minutes at the hotel.’

I rose instantly, adjusted my dress, and followed the messenger.


Mr Douglas opened the door, and Mary, blooming and beautiful beyond even my gayest dream, stood beside him.

There was no romance in what followed to any but the parties concerned, and it were needless to dwell upon the story. In a single sentence, therefore, I will say that Mr Douglas had travelled with his daughter until her health was reestablished; that he was, at the time of which I speak, on the way to his residence near New York, and that the Mary Douglas of my dreams is now the Mary Brae of my bosom.

IDLENESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune
Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade
Of the fast flying clouds across my book
Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
Sings cheerfully to itself; my musing cat
Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
And looks into my face as if she felt,
Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.
Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,
And sometimes listening to the faster fall
Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir
Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,
With the slow steps of indolence, my room,
And then sat down composedly again
To my quaint book of olden poetry.
It is a kind of idleness, I know;
And I am said to be an idle man—
And it is very true. I love to go
Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
Rest on the human faces that pass by,
Each with its gay or busy interest;
And then I muse upon their lot, and read
Many a lesson in their changeful cast,
And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight
Of human beings were humanity.
And I am better after it, and go
More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love



Stirring my heart to every living thing,
And my low prayer has more humility,
And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this,
'T is very true, is only idleness !

I love to go and mingle with the young
In the gay festal room—when every heart
Is beating faster than the merry tune,
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks
Flushed with the beautiful motion of the dance.
'T is sweet, in the becoming light of lamps,
To watch a brow half shaded, or a curl
Playing upon a neck capriciously,
Or, unobserved, to watch, in its delight,
The earnest countenance of a child. I love
To look upon such things, and I can go
Back to my solitude, and dream bright dreams
For their fast coming years, and speak of them
Earnestly in my prayer, till I am glad
With a benevolent joy—and this, I know,
To the world's eye, is only idleness !

And when the clouds pass suddenly away,
And the blue sky is like a newer world,
And the sweet growing things—forest and flower—
Humble and beautiful alike—are all
Breathing up odors to the very heaven—
Or when the frost has yielded to the sun
In the rich autumn, and the filmy mist
Lies like a silver lining on the sky,
And the clear air exhilarates, and life,
Simply, is luxury—and when the hush
Of twilight, like a gentle sleep, steals on,
And the birds settle to their nests, and stars

Spring in the upper sky, and there is not
A sound that is not low and musical—
At all these pleasant seasons I go out
With my first impulse guiding me, and take
Wood path, or stream, or sunny mountain side,
And, in my recklessness of heart, stray on,
Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves,
And happy with the fair and blessed world—
And this, 't is true, is only idleness !

And I should love to go up' to the sky,
And course the heaven like stars, and float away
Upon the gliding clouds that have no stay
In their swift journey—and 't would be a joy
To walk the chambers of the deep, and tread
The pearls of its untrodden floor, and know
The tribes of its unfathomable depths—
Dwellers beneath the pressure of a sea !
And I should love to issue with the wind
On a strong errand, and o'ersweep the earth,
With its broad continents and islands green,
Like to the passing of a presence on !—
And this, 't is true, were only idleness !

THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN CLEAVELAND AND MINNA.

BY LOUISA P. HICKMAN.

‘Yes, forever!’ said Norna of the Fitful-head, stepping forward from behind one of the massive Saxon pillars, which support the roof of the Cathedral. ‘Here meet the crimson foot and the crimson hand—Here you meet, and meet for the last time.’

The Pirate.

THE lofty Cathedral is solemnly still,
While the shadows of evening its arches fill;
They are deepening along the ancient aisles,
And gloomily shrouding the massive piles
Of ruinous sculpture. One window remains
By the spoiler untouched, and its colored panes
The last faint gleams of daylight send,
The shadows within to deepen and blend.

Here walked the pirate chief, and here,
Mid fitting scenes for a heart so drear,
The past and future before him rise,
And visions as dark as the midnight skies
Surround him. Disgrace and death seem near,
And his brow is troubled—but not with fear.

‘I shall soon benumbered with these,’ he said;
‘Beneath these stones with the quiet dead;
But a scaffold will witness my latest sigh,
With coward and traitor must Cleaveland die.’

My bones on some lonely beach will perish,
And the name of the Rover none will cherish ;
And Minna ! Minna !—how wilt *thou* hear
The fate of the lover thou once held dear ?
Oh ! with the thought of thy much loved name,
What visions are crossing my tortured brain !
Oh ! would to Heaven we ne'er had met,
Since we may not meet again !
But the die is cast, the seal is set,
And the prayer and wish are vain.'
He lifts his brows from his clasped hands,
And the form of Minna before him stands.

Pale is her cheek, but the high soul shone
In her firm, unclouded eye ;
There is not in her voice one tremulous tone,
Or one wavering woman's sigh.
'Cleaveland,' she said, 'your freedom to gain,
I have hazarded all—friends, safety, fame ;
But the love we once cherished, must now be o'er,
Your mates I have seen—need I tell you more ?
I have learned that the pirate chieftain's name
Is a blot on his country's scroll of fame !
Flee from this place ere the dawning light,
Your safety—my father's—all hang on your flight ;
The guards are engaged with the revel and wine,
Fold my mantle around thee and safety is thine.'

The prisoner wildly clasped her hand,
Cold as the wintry frost,
'Your father with my murderous band !—
No time must then be lost.
Minna, farewell ! since part we must,
But not forever part, I trust.'

He added one low and whispered word,
 When a hollow voice from the tomb is heard ;
 ' Each tie that binds you, now must sever,
 This night you part and part forever ! '
 Spoke a mortal voice those sounds of dread ?
 'T is Norna—she of the ' Fitful-head.'

And now before them the Pythoness stands,
 And tosses wildly her withered hands ;
 Her words have more than mortal meaning,
 Her looks have more than mortal seeming.
 ' Here meet the crimson foot and hand,
 In the martyr's aisle and in Orkney land.
 Maiden, away from this lonely place !
 Thou hast looked thy last on thy lover's face ;
 Thou canst not save him—I have the power
 To his bark to guide him—this very hour ;
 But his banner of black must leave our shore,
 Ere the morrow sees it dipped in gore.'

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM GRIGG, M. D.

It was a morn in summer. Nature smiled
'Neath the rich mantle of the glorious sun,
Who, like a god, majestically rose
From his bright chamber of eternity,
And o'er the earth his golden vapor poured.
The waters spread their crystal face, a wide,
Unbroken mirror of the ambient sky,
While on their polished surface lightly played
The dazzling sunbeams of that quiet morn.
The sporting zephyr, with the pensive leaves
In gentle dalliance, newer beauty gave,
As they were wakened from their holy rest,
And joyed, yet trembled, in the liquid light
Which bathed them in its flood. Day's balmy breath,
Rich with the morning tribute of the flowers,
Floated along to pour its hallowed sweets
Among the dwellings of the busy world.

I stood within a churchyard. Art had there
Mingled its column with the moss-grown stone
That marked the spot where humble beings lay.
The urn-crowned monument, that proudly stood
Upon the ashes of the highborn dead,
In golden blazonry described the chain
Of proud, ennobled ancestry that claimed
The buried praised one as its brightest link.
With careless eye I scanned the epitaphs
That stained the marble's purity with words—

The vainest mockery of the silent dead !
What work of art can speak the thrilling tones,
The voiceless utterance of the silent grave ?
The measured movement of the plumed hearse,
The marble pile, the gilded epitaph,
Speak not the language of the broken heart.

There was a simple stone whereon was writ
'A Mother's Grave.' How eloquent the words !
They wafted me far back to other times,
When in the days of artless infancy
The silent stone had told my mother's name.
That tale seemed told again. Though youth was past,
And the cold calmness of maturer years
Had lulled the pangs my early boyhood knew,
Yet in that tongueless marble lurked a spell,
That wove around me memory's deathless joys.

'T was evening when I sought that spot again.
Beside the grave three little children stood.
The oldest was a boy, who scarce could claim
Eight summers' sports his own—the next, a girl
Whose tender spring had known but six returns—
And then, a lovely cherub, like the bud
Whose annual visit she four times had welcomed.
Each infant's hand was in the other's clasped—
A living crescent, at their mother's grave—
And fondly gazing on that sacred spot
They read the withering words which said their friend,
Their dearest, truest friend, slept the deep sleep
Which wakens only in eternity.

Oh ! is there in the waste of human things
A stream so pure and clear as that which wells
From the deep fountain of a mother's heart ?

No ! no ! by the stern laws of nature, no !
In infancy's soft hour the bud is bathed
In the warm fondness of maternal love,
And nourished to expand in the full bloom
Of unpolluted youth—and even when
It ripens into fruit of age, the same
Nutritious fount supplies its manly strength,
And knows no hindrance to its pleasant course,
Down to the barriers of the eternal grave.

A mother's love ! the strongest, truest type
Of the pure love the Saviour bears mankind !
Brightest in darkest hours ! most seen when clouds
Of ignominy rest upon her boy !
And, like the diamond, showing best its power
When other gems are lost in shades of night,
Her love shines out and yields its secret rays,
When trouble lowers the blackest o'er her child.

I since have visited that holy tomb.
A pensive willow bending over it,
And a small basket filled with fresh plucked flowers
Standing beside the stone, assured my heart
That grave was not forgotten.

What rich joy

Those duteous children feel, whose bosoms echo
To the soft strains fond memory loves to wake
O'er some green spot on time's receding shore,
Brightly illumined by a mother's smile !
But how much holier theirs, who, looking back
Along the course their devious footsteps knew,
Perceive no stain upon the hallowed snow
Of childhood's grateful duty !

THE WITCH.

It is a very common observation, but not the less true on that account, that no advantage is fully prized except by the want of it. Our fair countrywomen, who are now instructed in every branch of education, can with difficulty realize the ignorance of their female ancestors, with whom to read and write was considered learning enough to have made a modern blue-stocking. It must be confessed, that, even now, a woman gifted with any uncommon literary acquirements, falls under the displeasure of the well dressed illiterate dandies of the day; but their jurisdiction is a harmless one, and seldom extends beyond a shrug or the opprobrious epithet of *blue*. But this was not the case in 1669. Then, female literature excited serious suspicion, and was taken under the cognizance of that memorable and never to be forgotten synod of pious, enlightened worthies, who would fain have condemned all the ugly old women and all the intelligent young ones, to be hanged or drowned as witches.

It was the misfortune of Ann Jones to be born at this period. She lived at New Haven, and, when a child, discovered a remarkable faculty of learning. She could string rhymes together, as children of quick and playful imaginations are wont to do. Ann's father died before her genius had developed itself beyond any other indication of great powers than imitating the language of every animal she heard. This early habit gave her, no doubt, a flexibility of organs. In the present day a young lady may have the gift of half a dozen tongues,

and a more accurate knowledge of all than her own, without exciting wonder; but it must be remembered that Ann flourished nearly two centuries ago. Her mother was a good hearted, honest, respectable woman, and early discovered that she had brought a prodigy into the world. This discovery mothers are daily making now, and prodigies have so much multiplied, that nobody is surprised to find the youngest or the oldest child a complete wonder. The mother was constantly relating instances of the extraordinary talents of her child, and, among other things, affirmed, before a number of people who were afterwards summoned as witnesses against the girl, that she could say her letters before she could speak; which, if the woman had not explained her meaning by stating that she could pick them out of the alphabet before she could articulate, was certainly enough to have hung her for a witch in any court of justice.

A Dutch family removed from New Amsterdam to New Haven. Formerly the people of New Amsterdam had designated the inhabitants of New Haven as 'squatters,' and now the term was thrown back on the respectable and ancient family of Von Poffenburghs, who, though they purchased every inch of land they occupied, were, most unjustly, by way of contempt, called squatters. Some say that nothing serious was meant by this appellation, and that it was only in derision of the superabundance of petticoats that were worn by vrowe Von Poffenburgh, which, when she seated herself, gave her an appearance to which the above injurious term might be applied. They built a low house with slanting roof and gable ends, and though it might show meanly by the side of our city houses, was then considered one of 'exceeding costliness.'

It must be confessed that the goede vrowe discovered a little more pride in dress than was congenial to the

simplicity of the times. It was said she never walked out with less than ten petticoats, and as confidently asserted she could bring ten more to cover them. And then her jewelry was of the most extravagant kind. She wore her pin-ball and scissors dangling at her side by a massy silver chain, and her square buckles contained more silver than any other lady's in the colony. The shortness of her petticoats excited much indignation among the New England dames. They said there would have been some excuse had economy been the object, but it was evident what was taken from the length was put on to the breadth. They therefore very candidly concluded that their brevity was contrived to show off a pair of red stockings with gold clocks, well fitted to ankles that did not discredit the epithet of Dutch built.

Unfortunately for poor Ann, the vrowe took a great fancy to her, and said she was the very image of her little Dirk Von Poffenburgh, who died when he was a baby. Nothing would do but Ann must have a set of petticoats, and she actually rigged out the poor girl with buckles as big as her own. Some said they were silver, and others that they were only pewter, and scoured every week with the plates and porringers. At any rate she did enough to draw the hatred and envy of the whole village upon her.

It is no wonder that Ann, who could imitate the language of dumb beasts, should catch the vrowe's. It was surely pleasanter to make human sounds than to *baa-a* like sheep, or *moo-o* like cows. In a very short time she could speak Dutch as well as mynheer himself. All this at first had no other consequence than exciting envy and ill will; but, not content with two tongues, Ann contrived to exercise a third. She spoke strange, unknown words, that even the Dutch people confessed

they could not understand themselves. About this time the witches began their gambols in New England, and one of the strongest evidences against them was speaking in an unknown tongue. Ann began to be looked upon with an evil eye. It was not, however, till a young man by the name of Hall became strangely affected, that the whole village grew alarmed. It was said that she had so bewitched him by her arts and infernal charms that he could do nothing but follow her about like a Jack-o'-lantern. It was generally agreed that he used to be a steady, business-like young man, but since he had known her he had neglected all work, and would saunter whole nights under her window. This was bad enough, but when other young men began to show symptoms of the same kind, it was time to look into the matter. There were some strong arguments used by the more intelligent and candid against her being an actual witch. It was said by every one who had deeply studied the subject, that the 'abominable and damnable sin' of witchcraft was wholly confined to ugly old women, whose faces were wrinkled by time, whose joints were distorted by rheumatism, and whose steps were tottering from debility. Now it could not be denied that Ann was fair to look upon, her complexion as smooth as marble, and her step as firm and elastic as that of a mountain deer. Possibly these favorable circumstances might have acquitted her in the eyes of the venerable magistrates and divines of Salem; but they did not at all meliorate the feelings of the mothers and daughters at New Haven, who sat in judgment upon poor Ann. They unanimously pronounced that she was a sorceress, and that her beauty was nothing but a mask, and if it were stripped off, she would be ugly and old enough to excite the indignation of any magistrate in New England, or even Cotton Mather


himself. At any rate the effect she produced began to excite serious alarm.

At this time there lived at New Haven a very excellent, good hearted woman, by the name of Eyers. She had heard all these stories of Ann, and not being a full believer in witches, had a laudable curiosity to behold one. Accordingly she sent for her to come and see her; when, strange to say, after a few hours conversation, she became apparently under the influence of her spells, and used to invite her to make long visits at her house.

It could not be expected that things would be suffered to go on in this way, and, accordingly, a warrant was issued for apprehending Ann Jones accused of the 'abominable and damnable sin of witchcraft.' She was arrested and thrown into prison. But as the judges were not so expert and so much practised in finding out witches as in Salem, and as nobody appeared against her but a few girls of her own age, and half a dozen children who said she had come to them under the shape of a black cat, the magistrates were unwise enough to dismiss her. This acquittal, however, did not release Ann from suspicion. It grew stronger than ever. She had always from her childhood loved to wander over hills and valleys. She was healthy and robust, and never hesitated to take her walks because the wind blew, or the sky lowered. With her little red cloak wrapped round her, and her gay and happy face peeping from the hood, she braved every element. As she grew older she still preserved her taste for rambling, and, as she could now go nowhere without observation, her favorite haunts were soon discovered. It was said she was often seen vibrating on a broomstick in the air between East and West Rocks, and alighting alternately on each; and that, though the latter was a perpendicular cliff, rising

three hundred feet, she would run up that, or the side of a house with the greatest ease. It was also said that she was once seen standing on the top of this tremendous rock, and that somebody fired at her and she sunk down into the earth. It was supposed she was *laid* for one while, when, to their horror, they saw her a few hours afterwards looking as bright and as happy as ever. Wherever she walked she found her path impeded by broomsticks and horseshoes, and, though she skipped over them good humoredly, it was confidently asserted that she was always stopped by their infallible power.

About this time, new accounts arrived of the 'wonder working providence of God in detecting the witches in various parts of New England.' It was thought by many people a disgrace to New Haven that it had not signalized itself in this business, and Ann was more closely inspected than ever. At length it was actually discovered, that she was often met by a mysterious looking personage, who shuffled along as if he had a cloven foot, and some averred that they had positively seen it. It was easy now to account for her strange languages. There could be no doubt but this mysterious being was Beelzebub himself, and there were various conjectures upon the nature of their connexion. Some supposed she had made a league with him and signed the bond with her blood; that he had supplied her with her buckles, and was finally to be rewarded with her immortal soul. Others supposed she was his wife and coadjutor with him. It was not however till some months after she had been seen with this mysterious personage that the worst suspicions were realized. Mrs Evers' kitchen was situated on the street. The windows were low and it was an edifying sight to look into them. The dressers and shelves were garnished with bright pewter plates, standing on their edges, and peeping through



rows of tin sauce pans, dippers, and skimmers, that hung suspended from the shelves, while a shining brass warming pan and chaffing dish garnished the wainscot. A woman happening to pass by, cast her eye with a little maidenly curiosity into the kitchen, and beheld Ann Jones sitting there and conversing with her demon ! The alarm was immediately given, and Mrs Eyers, who happened to be visiting in the neighbourhood, was one of the first to hear the horrible story. It may well be supposed that she was in great agitation and immediately hastened home, but, before she arrived, people had collected and surrounded the house. Mrs Eyers immediately proposed that all the outside shutters should be closed, the door fastened and the key holes stopped, lest Ann and her familiar should escape. This was done with the greatest expedition by some, while others went for a warrant to apprehend the girl. It was said that some were absurd enough to suppose that even Beelzebub might be laid fast hold of and brought to trial. Strict watch was kept upon the roof and the chimnies, for it was thought an easy thing for them to escape in this clandestine manner. At length the warrant arrived. Expectation and curiosity were wound up to their highest pitch, the door was carefully opened, when, to the horror and astonishment of everybody present, not a living soul was to be seen ! The strictest investigation was made ; they searched in every corner and every closet ; up chimney and down cellar ; no traces could be found, and, it was clear, Beelzebub had claimed his wife !

Months and years passed away, and nothing was heard of Ann Jones. Her mother could not endure the disgrace of having such a son-in-law, and very soon after this discovery disappeared from New Haven. Mrs Eyers never could be prevailed on to mention her

name, and young Hall, who had been Ann's fast friend, removed to a distant part of the country.

It was not till many years after, that a worthy clergyman was travelling in Vermont, and made inquiries for a Mrs Hall, for whom he had a letter. When he was introduced to her he was struck by former recollections.

'You do n't know me?' said she, smiling.

'Not exactly,' he replied, 'and yet I think I have seen you before.'

'You do n't remember the little witch, Ann Jones?' said she.

'Indeed I do,' he exclaimed, starting up and taking her hand, 'and I have now a letter for you from our worthy friend Mrs Evers.'

'I had a hard time of it,' replied Ann, 'at New Haven. You know how long I was accused as a sorceress, because my husband there chose to fall in love with me and conduct himself as if he was bewitched, and then, too, because an excellent friend taught me Latin, and I had the wit to catch a little smattering of Dutch, I was supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. But the good people were not so much to blame as they might appear,' continued she, 'and I freely forgive them their persecution; for it must be confessed there were some suspicious appearances.'

'So I have understood,' said the clergyman, gravely.

'You did not know, then,' said she, 'that I was employed as an agent by Mrs Evers, and our good minister, Mr Davenport, to carry food to a poor man who lived in a cave on West Rock?'

'No,' replied the gentleman, 'nor how you escaped from your persecutors.'

'It is a simple story,' said she, 'marvellous as it seems. Mrs Evers had a closet made behind one of the pannels of her kitchen, so exactly fitted and covered with

kitchen utensils that no one ever suspected it was there. With this secure retreat in case of danger, the poor gentleman could sometimes quit his cave and live like a Christian, and, in return for my services, he taught me many useful branches of knowledge. When the alarm was given and the shutters closed, we retreated to the closet and escaped discovery. But my friends began to think it was best for me to quit New Haven before I was hung or drowned, and so,' added she, 'I came to this spot with my husband. My mother joined me, and here we have lived for fifteen years. I have a healthy family of children, and keep up a constant correspondence with Mrs Evers, who has never ceased to show me kindness for the little service I did her friend.'

'May I ask,' said the clergyman, 'who was the gentleman you so essentially served?'

'You may,' said she, 'for he has now gone to his account. He is beyond the reach of friends or enemies. He sleeps under the clod of the valley. It was GORRE, *the regicide judge*.'

THE POET'S DREAM.

THE poet sleeps in his attic rude,
And visions over his brain are dancing—
Now he sees, in frolic mood,
The tiny fays of night advancing.

Round and round, in their careless glee,
The clear blue lake they softly skim,
And oft in their wayward revelry,
They point their ebony wands at him.

Now, to the measure of elfin lyre,
And lute, they move in their reckless play ;
Or with wands erect, in gay attire,
Featly march on their star-lit way.

Hushed are elfin lyre and lute—
'Tis the thrilling bugle and rolling drum ;
A column of soldiers, proud and mute—
Hither in bold array they come.

Fierce, they encounter the shadowy foe—
He hears the roar and the din of war,
The clarion-peal and the shriek of woe,
And sees the lances gleaming far.

The poet arose at the break of day,
With a firm and heroic air,
And he framed a glowing and martial lay
Of deeds that were done in the olden day ;
Of knights who their bold compeers did slay,
Mid the cymbal's clash and the trumpet's bray,
And were crowned with palm-leaves there.

HOPE.

BY WILLIAM GRIGG, M. D.

HOPE is the bird that we fondly chase
 Through the day from early dawn ;
 When night has come and we 're sure of him,
 We grasp, but the bird has gone.
 So when the lake on its surface shows
 The bubble some spell has woke,
 We endeavour to dip up the fairy shell,
 But alas ! the bubble is broke.
 The simple child as he strives to grasp
 The sunbeam upon the wall,
 Is astonished to find that the light is gone,
 Unknowing he shades its fall.
 Just so with man ;—for the bird of hope
 He follows, though still it flies,
 The bubble he breaks, and the light he shades,
 And when they vanish, he dies.

But hopes that spring in the lover's heart,
 When dreams of misery lower,
 Beam bright on his soul as the glaring light
 That breaks through the summer shower—
 And dear to him is their hallowed smile
 As the holy rays that shine
 On the flower that 's doomed through the chilling storm,
 For that nourishing light to pine.
 In their welcome glow the future seems
 Arrayed in her best attire,
 And his ear is filled with the rapturous sound
 She flings from her golden lyre.
 Alas ! should the blissful spell be broke
 And those hopes be quenched in tears,

Oh ! never again will their brightness shine
As in scenes of early years.

The soldier's hope is the down that 's borne
On the breeze from spray to spray,
Though wooing the hand and eluding the grasp,
Still taking its flight away,
Till the soldier sees the brittle thread
Connecting success with power,
When the monarch resolves that the free born soul
At his footstool's base shall cower ;
But the down will sport on freedom's breeze,
And float o'er liberty's shore,
Until, wet with the gush of the hireling's blood,
It can skim the breeze no more ;
And when on the earth it quiet lies,
Where slumber the freeborn brave,
It is dearer by far to the soldier's eye,
Than the gem that decks the slave.

The scholar's hope is the praise that comes
From the lips of his fellow men,
Until Echo has whispered from distant climes,
The enchanting sound again ;
That voice is heard, and his bosom heaves
With pleasures unknown before ;
But that voice will be hushed, and Echo die,
And tell of that praise no more ;
And the richest wreath that art can weave
O'er the scholar's furrowed brow,
Will let fall its leaves when the wintry winds
Shall wither hope's verdant bough ;
But Time shall gaze on the scholar's book,
And shall read the scholar's name,
And he will decide if that word be writ
On the scroll of deathless fame.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

THE shore hath blent with the distant skies,
O'er the bend of the crested seas,
And the gallant ship in her pathway flies,
On the sweep of the freshened breeze.

Oh ! swift be thy flight, for a dying guest
Thou bearest o'er the billow,
And she fondly sighs in her own blue West
To find a peaceful pillow

'T is vain !—for her pulse is silent now,
Her lip hath lost its breath,
And a strange, sad beauty of the brow
Speaks the cold stroke of death.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the lovely form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.

The corse floats down alone—alone,
To its dark and dreary grave,
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown,
To the world beyond the wave.

'T is a fearful thing in the sea to sleep
Alone in a silent bed,
'T is a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
Of a spirit world to tread.

But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves,
To the weary pilgrim given,
And the soul is blest on the peaceful waves
Of the star-lit deep of heaven.

* * * * *

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
Like a winged arrow flies,
And the moan of the sea is the only dirge
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

THE SIEGE OF SOLEURE.

THERE can hardly be any traditions more interesting to Americans than those which relate to Switzerland. The love of liberty, which animated this brave and hardy race for so many years, is of too kindred a spirit to our own contest for freedom, not to awaken the most lively emotions. We read their history, and we feel that they are brethren—not from the common stock of Adam, but from sympathy and that power of mind which proclaims all men free.

The town of Soleure is situated amongst the mountains of Jura, and along the fertile and romantic vale of Balstal. It is the capital of the canton which bears the same name, and is watered by the beautiful river Aar. The town is small, but neat, and surrounded by stone fortifications. It claims the honor of having been built originally by our great father Abraham; and its public repositories exhibit inscriptions and medals, that give it the highest title to antiquity.

Perhaps it is not merely in moral qualities that some resemblance may be traced between our favored land and this land of beauty. We have rivers that may vie with theirs in scenery and grandeur, nor can our mountains be considered mole hills when compared with the dark Jura or snow crowned Alps. Even the celebrated fall of the Rhine must yield to our cataract of rushing waters. That there is more of wild and sublime scenery condensed in Switzerland is undoubtedly true; and he who has stood on its summits and lingered in its vallies, has enjoyed a happiness which will give new associations to the romantic scenery of this western world.


HUGO VON BUCHEG was a venerable burger and chief magistrate of the town of Soleure. He had long been regarded as father of the Council, and the people placed their reliance upon him in every time of danger. His habits were plain and simple. He had amassed no wealth, for his services were given and not sold. One treasure he possessed which he considered beyond all price, and that was his only child, Ellen. She had early lost her mother, and had spent her time almost as she pleased, in wandering about the suburbs of Soleure, gathering plants for her collections, and accumulating a stock of health, energy, and cheerfulness. It must not be supposed that this life of freedom was without system. It was consistent with Swiss habits and opinions. 'My daughter,' said the old Bucheg, 'is studying the wisest book in the world—that of nature.' And so thought Ellen; for, except a common school education, she had had few advantages; yet her mind had expanded beyond her years, and every object filled it with new thoughts and associations.

She was yet at a tender age, when her father received a most earnest letter from his only sister, who resided

in the valley of Lauterbrunn, entreating him to spare his daughter to her for a few months, representing the solitude of her own situation, and the want she had of youthful and cheering society. The last plea he could not resist, and Ellen was, for the first time, separated from her father.

She found her aunt, who was a widow, sick and low spirited. It was a new situation for Ellen. Hitherto her life had demanded but few sacrifices; but now her duties began, and day and night she was seated by her bedside. Sickness often makes people selfish and unreasonable. The invalid was unwilling to part with her newly acquired solace for a moment, and Ellen could only gaze upon the beautiful scenery around her, without being allowed to plunge into its depths. It was not till her health and spirits drooped, that she gained permission to walk at sunset. At first the rapidity with which she moved along was almost free from thought. It was recovered liberty; and to gaze upon the heavens, the waters, and the woods, to feel that she could leap from rock to rock, could sing her favorite songs, and disturb no one, was rapture.

As she was returning home, a neat little edifice, which was built for a place of public worship, arrested her eye. With slow steps she wound her way through the burying-ground, and entered the door of the house. It was perfectly plain, and had none of the picturesque decorations of a Roman Catholic chapel. Ellen was educated in the Reformed religion, and the place was sacred to her. She knelt down and thanked the Supreme Being for her recovered liberty. 'My aunt is a good, pious woman,' thought she, as she returned home, 'and will not object to my coming here to say my prayers every night.' When she made the proposal, however, the invalid objected.



‘If you were a Roman Catholic,’ said she, ‘there would be some sense in walking a mile to say your prayers.’

‘But if I can pray better there than anywhere else, where is the harm?’ said Ellen.

At length the aunt consented, and it was the only relaxation from constant attendance that she possessed. Soon, however, Ellen found it expedient to repair to the chapel to say her morning prayers, and she arose an hour or two earlier, that she might be back in time to take her station in the dark and confined chamber of her aunt when she awoke.

Slight as was the circumstance, it associated her mind with all that was sublime and beautiful in devotion. When the glorious sun arose, it was, to her, like the Creator lifting the curtain of the night and coming forth from the darkness of his pavilion. As she gazed on the valley and cottages, and listened to the notes of the shepherd’s pipe, to the tinkling bells of the herds of cattle, and heard their deep, sonorous voices, she broke forth in the spirit of Milton ;—

‘Parent of Good! these are thy works.’

Nor were her associations less delightful at the hour of evening. It was to gaze upon the groups of healthy, happy children who ran to meet their parents returning from a day of labor—to see the affectionate wife preparing her little repast before the door, and all breathing the language of domestic affection.

She had gazed late on this scene one evening, and turned slowly away to pursue her path homewards. As she proceeded, she perceived she should be obliged to pass a herd of cattle which had no herdsman. Her habits were fearless, and she did not hesitate. Suddenly one of the animals sprung furiously from the rest, and

rushed towards her. She looked around, a frightful death seemed inevitable. To escape by flight was impossible. At that moment the report of a gun struck her ear, the animal staggered, groaned, and fell dead at her feet. A sickness came over her, and she knew nothing till she found herself supported by a young man dressed in a military uniform.

‘You have saved my life,’ she exclaimed.

‘It was a fortunate shot,’ said he, smiling. ‘I do n’t often make as good a one, for I have been out all day and have not brought down any game. My uncle’s house is not very far distant ; may I conduct you to it ?’

‘I must go to my aunt’s,’ said Ellen, ‘but I shall need your assistance to get there.’

He raised her up and gave her his arm, and they stood a minute to gaze on the powerful animal that lay stretched before them. The ball had entered his heart. Not a drop of blood was visible.

‘This will make a feast in the valley,’ said the youth ; ‘I will give a *fête* in honor of your safety ; will you not witness it ?’

Ellen sighed to think how impossible it would be to gain her aunt’s consent. At the door the stranger bowed and left her.

The impression upon the young girl’s mind was deep and lasting. That night her aunt’s illness greatly increased. A despatch was sent for her father, but, before his arrival, his sister had breathed her last. She went no more to the chapel, but returned to Soleure with her father.

Two years passed away, and Ellen’s recollections of the stranger were yet fresh in her mind. ‘He saved my life,’ said she ; ‘I hope I shall see him again.’ But new scenes were fast crowding upon her, and left no room for the wanderings of imagination. Leopold,

Duke of Austria, was approaching Soleure with the avowed resolution of besieging its walls. An inordinate thirst for victory had taken possession of his mind. He believed it glory to conquer even the innocent and free, and he swore to his brother, the emperor, to plant the Austrian standard on the towers of Soleure.

The attack had commenced, and Ellen stood gazing on the scene. She neither wept nor spoke, but was motionless as a marble statue. Her father cast one glance on her, and hastened where his duty called. The wailings of women and children for their husbands and fathers, from whom they were for the first time separated, the thunder of the cannon which made even the earth tremble, the cries of exultation and despair, mingled with the groans of the wounded, all struck upon the ear of Ellen. She flew from street to street, forgetful of her own safety, at one moment in search of her father, and, the next, administering comfort to those as wretched as herself.

At length the tumult ceased. The thunder of the cannon was heard no longer, and the glad tidings were communicated from mouth to mouth that the enemy were repulsed and had retreated to their encampment. Scarce had Ellen rejoiced in this intelligence, when she beheld her father approaching, supported by his friends. 'Merciful Heaven!' she exclaimed, 'you are wounded.'

'Come with me, my child,' said he, 'and thank the Supreme Being for this respite from our calamities. My wound is nothing, but you will bind it up.'

With the tenderest care she applied the emollients necessary, then, kneeling at his feet, bathed his hand with her tears. At length her father requested her to be calm and listen to him.

‘We have,’ said he, ‘this time, defended the walls of Soleure and repulsed the enemy; but they will return to the attack with new vigor. Our resources are exhausted, our last ammunition expended, and the banner of Austria will soon wave over the ruins of this devoted place; but I have still my duty to perform, and to this there is but one obstacle. I know what fate awaits you from a rude and victorious soldiery in the heat of conquest. There is but one resource—you must repair to Leopold. He is brave and generous. You will be safe from insult, and I, free to do my duty as a soldier. Away! it is my command. Answer me not! Give this letter to the duke. God bless thee, my dear, my only treasure!’

Ellen sunk upon her knees and pressed her father’s hand to her lips; but he rushed from her into his room, and his sobs were audible.

When he came out he gazed upon the bridge over which Ellen was to pass. Her slight figure was faintly visible, preceded by a flag of truce, and at length faded away.

‘Now I am childless,’ said he; ‘I have only to die for my country.’

Surrounded by the chiefs and nobles of his army, sat Duke Leopold, upon a seat adorned with gold and purple, which served him for a throne, deliberating with them upon the most effectual means of attacking Soleure. The curtain of the pavilion was raised, and an officer entered and informed him, that a young woman, the daughter of Bucheg, requested admission.

Leopold looked exultingly upon his nobles. ‘Has he sent his daughter to melt our purposes?’ said he; ‘does he think that youth and beauty can beguile our resolution? Let her enter, and we will show her that our blood is warmed only by glory.’

Again the curtain was raised, and Ellen, dressed in the plainest manner, entered. She approached the duke and bent one knee to the ground. 'Noble prince,' said she, 'I come to you as a petitioner to claim your protection;' and she placed her father's letter in his hand.

The duke looked earnestly at her, as did also his nobles with still greater curiosity. The effort of courage was over. Her eyes were cast down, and her whole frame trembled with emotion.

'My lord!' said the duke, addressing an old man who stood near, 'support this young woman to a seat.' He then unfolded the letter, and read;—

'MY NOBLE PRINCE—

'She who brings you this letter is my only child—all the treasure I possess in this world. Therefore, I trust her to you, relying on your honor. If the walls of Soleure fall, I shall be buried under their ruins; but if you grant your protection to my daughter, I shall have no more anxiety for her. Give me some token that you grant my petition, and you will receive your reward from that Being who watches over the innocent, and who knows our hearts.

'*BUCHEG, Magistrate of Soleure.*'

A deep silence prevailed. At length the duke said, 'Upon the line of our encampment let the banner of the Austrian army be planted, crowned with a green garland. By this token the magistrate will know that he has not mistaken Leopold. Count, to you I confide this young maiden; I know your integrity; your gray hairs, bleached in the service of your country, are a pledge of security. Yet one more I desire—it is your son. I take him for a hostage. You know that I love him

as if he were my own. Therefore, by the value of this pledge, he will know how highly I estimate my protection, given to the daughter of Bucheg. But where is the young count?' continued the duke; 'I miss him unwillingly from among my friends.'

'He is at his post,' answered the father; 'I expect him every moment. In the mean time suffer me to express my thanks for the confidence you place in me, as well as for your kindness to my son.'

The old count now took the hand of Ellen, and said, 'You have heard, my dear child, the command of the duke. I hope you will trust yourself to me.'

As he spoke, his son entered the pavilion. He gazed at the scene before him in speechless astonishment. Ellen, too, seemed overcome by her situation. The deepest blushes suffused her face and neck, while her eyes were cast down and her heart beat with violence.

'You wonder, my young friend,' said the duke, 'how this fair creature came among us rough warriors; but you will be still more astonished when you learn that you must welcome her as your sister. She is the only daughter of the magistrate of Soleure. Her father has confided her to me, and I give her in trust to yours, and thus is the mystery explained. But I am convinced the young lady must need rest and refreshment. Therefore I request you to see that she is properly lodged and guarded.'

With what delight did the young count receive this command! A tent was immediately devoted to the *protégé* of the duke, and Ellen, once more alone, exclaimed, 'I have found him at length—the preserver of my life! whose image for three years has filled my waking and sleeping hours! Alas! how have I found him? in arms against my country, against my father and my fellow citizens! Already his name has inspired me with terror,

for he has been first in the attack. What is my worthless life in comparison with the liberty and safety of my country? Oh! how have I wasted years in the expectation of meeting its preserver, and now I find him my bitterest foe.'

Her tears fell in torrents. There is no calamity so hard to bear as that which overthrows years of self-delusion. Ellen had lost no actual good; but the castle she had erected was now laid prostrate, and she stood, desolate, amongst its ruins.

The darkness of night came on. The rain had descended for several days and it now fell in torrents. Yet still the young count walked as centinel around the tent which contained his father's charge. He had recognised in her the beautiful girl that he had so fortunately befriended in the valley of Lauterbrunn, and though, since that event, he had often thought of her, his was an active and busy life, and he had not, like Ellen, wasted days and years in castle building. Man yields to present emotion, but woman can live on ideal happiness. He fully believed that he should see her no more, and had ceased to think of her; whereas she had considered her destiny as united to his, and looked forward with confidence to the moment they should meet. It was not with indifference that the young man now beheld her. A tide of passion rushed over his soul. Perhaps he read his influence in the depth of her emotion. He gazed upon the tent she occupied, and wished it were his duty to share it with her. 'But this can never be,' thought he. 'To-morrow, soon as the morning dawns, I must be first to prostrate the walls of her native place, and perhaps I am doomed to destroy her father. Would that I had never seen her, and then I should have gone cheerfully to the battle!' A new idea struck him. Perhaps Ellen might have influence

enough to persuade her father to surrender, without risking fruitless opposition ; at least he would make the attempt. With cautious steps he approached the curtain, and spoke in a low voice.

‘Who calls?’ said Ellen.

‘It is your guard, Count Papenheim,’ said he. ‘May I ask a conference with you? I have business to communicate respecting your father.’

Ellen made no reply, and, raising the curtain, he entered. The traces of tears were still on her face.

‘I come,’ said he, ‘to inform you, that early to-morrow morning we attack the walls of Soleure. They must fall, all opposition will be useless. The lives that are dear to you may be sacrificed in their defence, and the blood of your citizens deluge the streets; but it is all in vain. I come, then, to beg you to use your influence with your father to spare this useless conflict. Write, and I will see that he has the letter before morning. Tell him that we know the state of the town; that it is without ammunition, and that the walls are tottering. By resisting, ruin is inevitable, by capitulating, he may obtain honorable terms.’

When the young man entered Ellen had flung herself on a seat, pale, trembling, and shrinking from his view; but, as he proceeded, the color mantled in her cheeks, and when he had ended, she stood erect. ‘Rely not too much on the weakness of our resources,’ said she; ‘it is for freedom we are contending, and every man feels that he is a host. Do you think that if my father would listen to terms, he would have sent me, his only child, among his enemies for protection? No! he will shed the last drop of his blood for his country, and were I to propose capitulation, he would spurn my letter. You must do your duty; but remember that it is against the innocent you war, and make not the life you once pre-

served,' continued she, bursting into tears, 'valueless, by taking that of my father.'

It is said there is wonderful power in woman's tears, and so it would seem, for the young man appeared for a moment to forget his errand. At length he said, 'I give you my solemn word that your father's life, as far as it is consistent with my duty, shall be guarded with my own.'

'You will know him,' said she, 'by his white hair, by his firm, yet mild demeanour, by his resolution to die rather than yield. But,' added she, with dignity, 'every citizen resembles him in this determination; all are my fathers or brothers.'

A loud noise was heard at a distance. The soldier rushed from the tent. A fearful strife had begun, of a nature which baffled the might of man.

It is well known with what overwhelming fury the Aar sometimes rushes along, destroying and laying waste the country through which it passes. Six days of incessant rain had increased its waters to an alarming height, and besides deluging the country around, its waves rose alarmingly high, and spurned all restraint. The greatest consternation prevailed throughout the army. All were in motion. The only hope that remained was from the bridge that bound both shores. It was built of stone, and they hoped it might resist the force of the waters, and, to secure this object, was their immediate aim. It was necessary to load it with immense weight, and Leopold ordered men and horses to this post. 'It is our only chance,' said he; 'if the bridge gives way we are lost.'

The danger every moment increased. Nothing could exceed the horror of the scene. The darkness of the night making more terrible the groans and cries of those who waited on the shore the frightful death that was

approaching. The Austrians, who had so lately threatened immediate destruction to the devoted town of Soleure, stood with their conquering banners in their hands. What mighty arm could now help them in their need! There was but one, and that seemed already raised for their destruction.

It was now that the danger reached its crisis. The bridge tottered to its base, yet it still stood, when, as if to mock their fruitless efforts, the wind suddenly arose, the few remaining soldiers rushed on it, and, amid the howling of the storm and the cries and exclamations of the army, the bridge suddenly gave way, and the waters rushed over them!

Now were the gates of Soleure thrown open and the inhabitants issued forth with desperate resolution. In a moment the wild and tempestuous Aar was covered with rafts and boats. Fearless of the death that threatened, they pursued their object, and, by their flaming torches, discovered the victims who were sinking. Every measure was used, and the greater part saved, conveyed to the town, and the gates immediately closed.

By the light of the torches, Leopold beheld what was going forward. He saw his army in the hands of the enemy and not a possibility of preventing it. 'Shame! shame!' he cried, 'unheard of cruelty, to sieze such a dreadful moment of public calamity to satisfy their murderous thirst for human life, to condemn their fellow-beings to a second death! My brave soldiers and companions! would that you had sunk beneath the wave! It is frightful! it deserves revenge and shall have it—bloody revenge. The walls of Soleure shall be laid prostrate, and every citizen pay with his life this horrible outrage; and as for Bucheg—ha! well thought-of,' cried he, starting up, 'have I not the weapon in my hand that will pierce his heart? The ungrateful wretch!

Did I not receive his daughter with the tenderness of a parent ? did I not give my word to protect her ? His baseness exceeds human comprehension. Go,' he exclaimed to one of his attendants, 'bring the girl here. Her father shall bitterly repent of his outrage.'

'My noble lord, and prince,' said the young Count Papenheim, his eyes sparkling with fire, and his cheeks glowing with emotion, 'I am the youngest of your guards ; but if none else will speak, I will beseech you, for the sake of your plighted word, not to withdraw your protection. You are just and good ; do not in a moment of anger commit a deed that you will forever repent.' At this moment Ellen appeared. She was pale, and evidently suspected some new calamity awaited her. The father of the young count gazed sternly upon him. 'What means this unwonted excitement?' said he. 'Is it for mercy only you plead? I marked your confusion the first time you saw this young woman in the pavilion of the duke ; what am I to believe ?'

'My dearest father,' said the count, seizing his hand, 'it was not the first time that I had seen her. It was on a visit to my uncle in the valley of Lauterbrunn that I met her. I knew not her name, and though I have often thought of her, had given up all expectation of seeing her again. I see, my prince,' continued he, raising his eyes to the duke, 'that you hear my acknowledgment with scorn and suspicion. It is now too late for concealment. I love her, and, kneeling, implore your mercy for her.'

The duke looked angry and perturbed, and cast gloomy and threatening glances around him. His nobles spoke not a word. All was still ; even the storm was hushed, and the roaring of winds and waters had ceased. Ellen had supported herself to the utmost, but, overcome by terror and emotion, was sinking to the ground, when the young count rushed forward to support her.

‘Away!’ exclaimed the duke, ‘they shall both be put under guard.’

At that moment a page entered and informed the duke that his army were returning with the magistrate at their head.

‘Oh! my father!’ exclaimed Ellen, springing forward.

The duke and his nobles gazed upon each other with astonishment. ‘Let him enter,’ exclaimed the duke, sternly.

In a moment the venerable Bucheg appeared before him. ‘My lord,’ said he, ‘I deliver to you the men whose lives we saved. All that their forlorn situation required we have administered. I come in the name of my fellow citizens to restore them to you as fellow men. To-morrow it will be our hard lot to fight them as foes. But I have one condition to make. Twelve of our citizens have lost their lives in saving your army. Their families are left destitute. Should you enter our town as a conqueror, protect the widows, orphans, and aged parents of these victims to humanity. When Soleure is no longer free I shall be no more; but I die willingly for my country, confiding in the protection you have promised to my daughter.’

Overcome by the magnanimity of Bucheg, the duke sprung from his seat, and threw his arms around him. ‘My heart will cease to beat,’ said he, ‘and the blood to flow in my veins, when I enter Soleure as a conqueror. Witness, thou, its venerable magistrate! and you, ye nobles! hear me, when I declare to you, what I will repeat in the face of the world. In the name of the emperor Frederick, I declare Soleure a free and independent state. To-morrow morning I will enter its walls, not as a conqueror, but as a guest, and, with your permission, plant upon its walls my banner, that it may remain as a token of my friendship and gratitude to fu-

ture generations, and towards the noble magistrate, the father and protector of his country's freedom.

‘But I have another duty to perform. Count Papenheim ! my old and well tried friend ! will you grant a request from your prince ?’

A smile from the old man said more than words.

‘My new found friend !’ said he, addressing Bucheg, ‘will you take this young man, whom I love as a son, for your son-in-law ? If your daughter declines, I have nothing more to say.’ The look of joy, of tenderness, of blushing modesty, that she cast on the young count, as, with a soldier’s impetuosity, he threw his arms around her, spoke no aversion even to the unprepared father.

‘Take her, then,’ said he, ‘it is all mystery, but I trust in the goodness of that Being who has already changed our mourning to joy.’

From this time Soleure has been joined to the Helvetic League, and acknowledged as a free and independent state.

ROMANCE.

THE warrior knelt before the maid—

A blush came o’er her cheek ;
Telling, as o’er her brow it played,
What not her tongue would speak.

‘Ah ! yes,’ he softly said, ‘thou ’lt be
My own, my lily bride ;’
And still, in maiden purity,
That maiden blush replied.

Life, love, and hope were in their spring,
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
The wild bird spread its silken wing,
But breathed less melody ;

Young nectar from the myrtle bower
The honey-bee might sip ;
The warrior found a sweeter flower
In the dew of the maiden's lip.

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey-bee is glad ;
Why dim with tears that maiden's eye,
And why that warrior sad ?

' Maiden ! dost fear to meet the storm
That shades a soldier's way ?
The gems that deck a lordling's form—
Dost sigh for such as they ?

' I woo thee not with glittering braid
And jewels for thy hair—
The golden gift that wins the maid
An idle vow may bear.'

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey-bee is glad,
Why dim with tears that maiden eye,
And why that warrior sad ?

' To horse ! to horse ! my melody
Shall be the battle cry,
And the war trump of victory
As sweet as woman's sigh !

‘ For fettered birds go free again,
And love can dream of scorn ;
When woman idly weaves the chain,
As idly be it worn.’

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey-bee is gay,
But tears bedimmed that maiden’s eye
As the warrior passed away.

‘ They say there ’s bliss in the princely train,
And in a robe of pride ;
Then wake for me the bridal strain—’
The maiden said and sighed.

Loud laughter fills the banquet hall,
There ’s music in the grove,
And steps as light as music’s fall
To catch the voice of love.

She led the dance in merry glee,
Her song was on the wind,
And the red rose lay gracefully
Within her hair reclined.

But hark ! the harpers minstrelsy—
Of other days a part !
She glanced upon the myrtle tree
And icy felt her heart ;

And a shade was on the festal hour,
The jewel lights grew dim ;
She only saw that myrtle bower,
She only thought of him.

‘ Oh ! take me where the breezes swell,
Far from the haunts of pride,
For they say there’s joy where wild flowers dwell—’
The maiden said and sighed.

The forest blossoms bound her brow,
But the heart was cold below ;
And if she wakes the harp-strings now,
What can they breathe but woe ?

‘ That dream—that dream—it comes again,
Linked with its broken vow ;
As beautiful, as frail, as then,
They stand before me now !

‘ Gather the young, the fair, the free,
Where a thousand torches glare,
With lyre and wreath and revelry—
Still is that vision there !

‘ It comes when summer skies are bright,
On the laugh of the morning breeze—
It comes when evening’s misty light
Has swept the sleeping seas—’

An early rest in the sullen pall,
One dream with the death pang wove—
Oh ! never of gems or of festal hall—
But that first young dream of love !

NORNA.

UNWRITTEN PHILOSOPHY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Nature there
 Was with thee; she who loved us both, she still
 Was with thee; and even so didst thou become
 A silent poet; from the solitude
 Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart
 Still couchant, an inevitable ear,
 And an eye practised like a blind man's touch.

WORDSWORTH.

A SUMMER or two since, I was wasting a college vacation among the beautiful creeks and falls in the neighbourhood of New York. In the course of my wanderings, up stream and down stream, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and never without a book for an excuse to loiter on the moss banks and beside the edges of running water, I met frequently a young man of a peculiarly still and collected eye, and a forehead more like a broad slab of marble than a human brow. His mouth was small and thinly cut, his chin had no superfluous flesh upon it, and his whole appearance was that of a man whose intellectual nature prevailed over the animal. He was evidently a scholar. We had met so frequently at last, that, on passing each other one delicious morning, we bowed and smiled simultaneously, and, without further introduction, entered into conversation.

It was a temperate day in August, with a clear but not oppressive sun, and we wandered down a long creek together, mineralizing here, botanizing there, and

examining the strata of the ravines with that sort of instinctive certainty of each other's attainments which scholars always feel, and thrusting in many a little way-side parenthesis, explanatory of each other's history and circumstances. I found that he was one of those pure and unambitious men, who, by close application and moderate living while in college, become in love with their books; and, caring little for anything more than the subsistence, which philosophy tells them is enough to have of this world, settle down for life into a wicker bottomed chair, more contentedly than if it were the cushion of a throne.

We were together three or four days, and when I left him, he gave me his direction and promised to write to me. I shall give below an extract from one of his letters. I had asked him for a history of his daily habits, and any incidents which he might choose to throw in—hinting to him that I was the editor of a periodical, and would be obliged to him if he would do it minutely, and in a form of which I might avail myself in the way of my profession.

After some particulars unimportant to the reader, he proceeds ;—

‘I keep a room at a country tavern. It is a quiet, out of the way place, with a whole generation of elms about it, and the greenest grass up to the very door, and the pleasantest view in the whole country round from my chamber window. Though it is a public house, and the word “HOTEL” swings in golden capitals under a landscape of two hills and a river, painted for a sign by some wandering Tinto, it is so orderly a town that not a lounge is ever seen about the door, and the noisiest traveller is changed to a quiet man, as it were by the very hush of the atmosphere.

‘ Here, in my pleasant room, upon the second floor, with my round table covered with choice books, my shutters closed just so much as to admit light enough for a painter, and my walls hung with the pictures which adorned my college chambers, and are therefore linked with a thousand delightful associations, I can study my twelve hours a day, in a state of mind beautifully even and philosophical. I do not want for excitement. The animal spirits, thanks to the Creator, are sufficient at all times, with employment and temperate living, to raise us above the common shadows of life ; and after a day of studious confinement, when my mind is unbound and I go out and give it up to reckless association, and lay myself open unreservedly to the influences of nature—at such a time, there comes mysteriously upon me a degree of pure joy, unmingled and unaccountable, which is worth years of artificial excitement. The common air seems to have grown rarer ; my step is strangely elastic ; the sense of motion full of unwonted dignity ; my thoughts elevated ; my perceptions of beauty acuter and more pleasurable, and my better nature predominant and sublime. There is nothing in the future which looks difficult, nothing in my ambition unattainable, nothing in the past which cannot be reconciled with good ; I am a purer and a better man ; and, though I am elevated in my own thoughts, it will not lead to vanity, for my ideas of God and of my fellow men have been enlarged also. This excitement ceases soon ; but it ceases like the bubbling of a fountain which leaves the waters purer for the influence which has passed through them—not like the mirth of the world, which ebbs like an unnatural tide and leaves loathsomeness and disgust.

‘ Let no one say that such a mode of life is adapted to peculiar constitutions, and can be relished by these only

Give me the veriest worldling—the most devoted and the happiest of fashionable ephemera, and if he has material for a thought, and can take pride in the improvement of his nature, I will so order his daily round, that, with temperance and exercise, he shall be happier in one hour spent within himself, than in ten wasted on folly.

‘Few know the treasures in their own bosoms—very few the elasticity and capacity of a well regulated mind for enjoyment. The whole world of philosophers, and historians, and poets, seem, to the secluded student, to have labored but for his pleasure, and as he comes to one new truth and beautiful thought after another, there answers a chord of joy, richer than music, in his heart, which spoils him for the coarser pleasures of the world. I have seen my college chum—a man, who, from a life of mingled business and pleasure, became suddenly a student—lean back in his chair at the triumph of an argument or the discovery of a philosophical truth, and give himself up for a few moments to the enjoyment of sensations, which, he assured me, surpassed exceedingly the most vivid pleasures of his life. The mind is like the appetite; when healthy and well toned, receiving pleasure from the commonest food, but becoming a disease when pampered and neglected. Give it time to turn in upon itself, satisfy its restless thirst for knowledge, and it will give motion to health, animal spirits, everything which invigorates the body, while it is advancing, by every step, the capacities of the soul. Oh! if the runners after pleasure would stoop down by the wayside, they might drink waters, better even than those which they see only in their dreams. They will not be told that they have in their possession the golden key which they covet; they will not know that the music they look to enchant them is sleeping in their own untouched instruments; that the lamp which they

vainly ask from the enchanter is burning in their own bosoms !

‘When I first came here, my host’s eldest daughter was about twelve years of age. She was, without being beautiful, an engaging child, rather disposed to be contemplative, and, like all children at that age, very inquisitive and curious. She was shy at first, but soon became acquainted with me, and would come into my room in her idle hours, and look at my pictures and read. She never disturbed me, because her natural politeness forbade it, and I pursued my thoughts or my studies just as if she was not there, till, by and by, I grew fond of her quiet company, and was happier when she was moving stealthily around, and looking here and there into a book in her quiet way.

‘She had been my companion thus for some time, when it occurred to me that I might be of use to her in leading her to cultivate a love for study. I seized the idea enthusiastically. Now, thought I, I will see the process of a human mind. I have studied its philosophy from books, and now I will take a single original, and compare them, step by step. I have seen the bud, and the flower full blown, and I am told that the change was gradual, and effected thus—leaf after leaf. Now I will watch the expansion, and while I water it and let in the sunshine to its bosom, detect the secret springs which move to such beautiful results. The idea delighted me.

‘I was aware that there was great drudgery in the first steps, and I determined to avoid it, and connect the idea of my own instruction with all that was interesting and beautiful in her mind. For this purpose I persuaded her father to send her to a better school than she had been accustomed to attend, and, by a little conversation, stimulated her to enter upon her studies with alacrity.

‘She was now grown to a girl, and had begun to assume the *naive*, womanly airs which girls do at her age. Her figure had rounded into a flowing symmetry, and her face, whether from associating principally with an older person, or for what other reason I know not, had assumed a thoughtful cast, and she was really a girl of most interesting and striking personal appearance.

‘I did not expect much from the first year of my experiment. I calculated justly on its being irksome and commonplace. Still, I was amused and interested. I could hear her light step on the stair, always at the same early hour of the evening, and it was a pleasure to me to say, ‘Come in,’ to her timid rap, and set her a chair by my own, that I might look over her book, or talk in a low tone to her. I then asked her about her lessons, and found out what had most attracted her notice, and I could always find some interesting fact connected with it, or strike off into some pleasant association, till she acquired a habit of selection in her reading, and looked at me earnestly to know what I would say upon it. You would have smiled to see her leaning forward, with her soft blue eye fixed on me, and her lips half parted with attention, waiting for my ideas upon some bare fact in geography or history; and it would have convinced you that the natural, unstimulated mind takes pleasure in the simplest addition to its knowledge.

‘All this time I kept out of her way everything that would have a tendency to destroy a taste for mere knowledge, and had the pleasure to see that she passed with a keen relish from her text books to my observations, which were as dry as they, though recommended by kindness of tone and an interested manner. She acquired gradually, by this process, a habit of reasoning upon everything which admitted it, which was, after-

wards, of great use in fixing and retaining the leading features of her attainments.

‘I proceeded in this way till she was fifteen. Her mind had now become one of regular habits of thought, and she began to ask difficult questions and wonder at common things. Her thoughts assumed a graver complexion, and she asked for books upon subjects of which she felt the want of information. She was ready to receive and appreciate fine truth and beautiful instruction, and here was to begin my pleasure.

‘She came up, one evening, with an air of embarrassment approaching to distress. She took her usual seat, and told me she had been thinking all day that it was useless to study any more. There were so many mysterious things—so much, even that she could see, which she could not account for, and, with all her efforts, she progressed so slowly, that she was discouraged. It was better, she said, to be happy in ignorance, than to be constantly tormented with the sight of knowledge to which she could not attain, and which she only knew enough to value. Poor child! she did not know that she was making the same complaint with Newton and Locke, and Bacon, and that the wisest of men were only “gatherers of pebbles on the shore of an illimitable sea!” I began to talk to her of the mind. I spoke of its grandeur, and its capacities, and its destiny. I told her instances of high attainment and wonderful discovery—sketched the sublime philosophies of the soul—the possibility that this life was but a link in a chain of existences, and the glorious power, if it were true, of entering upon another world, with a loftier capacity than your fellow beings for the comprehension of its mysteries. I then touched upon the duty of self-cultivation—the pride of a high consciousness of improved time, and the delicious feelings of self-respect and true appreciation.

‘She listened to me in silence and wept. It was one of those periods, which occur to all delicate minds, of distrust and fear ; and when it passed by, and her ambition stirred again, she gave vent to her feelings with a woman’s beautiful privilege. I had no more trouble to urge her on. She began the next day with the philosophy of the mind, and I was never happier than while following her from step to step in this delightful study.

‘I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name—a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by and by, you came to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face in a tumultuous consciousness—you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features—and you know, now, that it was jealousy, or ambition, or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject, of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion for your very partialities, or a strange warming in your heart toward people or pursuits that you had disliked ; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you

have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart and a wish that you might die.

‘These are mysteries which are not all soluble, even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies, and like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player.

‘I remembered my school-day feelings, and lived them over again with my beautiful pupil. I entered with as much enthusiasm as she, into the strength and sublimity which I had wondered at before ; and I believe, that, even as she sat reading by herself, my blood thrilled, and my pulses quickened as vividly as her own, when I saw, by the deepening color of her cheek, or the marked passages of my book, that she had found a noble thought or a daring hypothesis.

‘She proceeded with her course of philosophy, rapidly and eagerly. Her mind was well prepared for its relish. She said she felt as if a new sense had been given her—an inner eye which she could turn in upon herself, and by which she could, as it were, stand aside while the process of her thought went on. She began to respect and rely upon her own mind, and the elevation of countenance and manner, which so certainly and so beautifully accompanies inward refinement, stole over her daily. I began to feel respectful in her presence, and when, with the peculiar elegance of a woman’s mind, she discovered a delicate shade of meaning which I had not seen, or traced an association which could spring only from an unsullied heart, I experienced a sensation like the consciousness of an unseen presence—elevating without accusing me.

‘It was probably well, that, with all this change in her mind and manner, her person still retained its child-

ish grace and flexibility. She had not grown tall, and she wore her hair yet as she used to do—falling with a luxuriant fulness upon her shoulders. Hence, she was still a child when, had she been taller or more womanly, the demands upon her attention, and the attractiveness of mature society might have divided that engrossing interest which is necessary to successful study.

‘I have often wished I was a painter; but never so much as when looking on this beautiful being as she sat absorbed in her studies, or turned to gaze up a moment to my face, with that delicious expression of inquiry and affection. Every one knows the elevation given to the countenance of a man by contemplative habits. Perhaps the natural delicacy of feminine features has combined with its rarity, to make this expression less observable in woman; but, to one familiar with the study of the human face, there is, in the look of a truly intellectual woman, a keen subtlety of refinement, a separation from everything gross and material, which comes up to our highest dream of the angelic. For myself, I care not to analyze it. I leave it to philosophy to find out its secret. It is enough for me that I can see it and feel it in every pulse of my being. It is not a peculiar susceptibility. Every man who approaches such a woman feels it. He may not define it; he may be totally unconscious what it is that awes him; but he feels as if a mysterious and invisible veil were about her, and every dark thought is quenched suddenly in his heart, as if he had come into the atmosphere of a spirit. I would have every woman know this. I would tell every mother who prays nightly for the peculiar watchfulness of good spirits over the purity of her child, that she may weave round her a defence stronger than steel—that she may place in her heart a living amulet whose virtue is like a circle of fire to pollution.

I am not "stringing pearls." I have seen, and I know, that an empty mind is not a strong citadel; and in the melancholy chronicle of female ruin the instances are rare of victims distinguished for mental cultivation. I would my pen were the "point of a diamond," and I were writing on living hearts! for when I think how the daughters of a house are its grace and honor—and when I think how the father and mother that loved her, and the brother that made her his pride, and the sister in whose bosom she slept, are all crushed, utterly, by a daughter's degradation, I feel that if every word were a burning coal, my language could not be extravagant!

'My pupil had, as yet, read no poetry. I was uncertain how to enter upon it. Her taste for the beautiful in prose had become so decided, that I feared for the first impression of my poetical world. I wished it to burst upon her brilliantly—like the entrance to an inner and more magnificent temple of knowledge. I hoped to dazzle her with a high and unimagined beauty, which should exceed far the massive but plain splendors of philosophy. We had often conversed on the probability of a previous existence, and, one evening, I opened Wordsworth, and read his sublime "Ode upon Intimations of Immortality." She did not interrupt me, but I looked up at the conclusion and she was in tears. I made no remark, but took Byron, and read some of the finest passages in *Childe Harold*, and *Manfred*, and *Cain*—and, from that time, poetry has been her world!


'It would not have been so earlier. It needs the simple and strong nutriment of truth to fit us to relish and feel poetry. The mind must have strength and cultivated taste, and then it is like a language from Heaven. We are astonished at its power and magnificence. We have been familiar with knowledge as with a person of a plain garment and a homely presence—

and he comes to us in poetry, with the state of a king, glorious in purple and gold. We have known him as an unassuming friend who has talked with us by the wayside, and kept us company on our familiar paths—and we see him coming with a stately step, and a glittering diadem on his brow ; and we wonder that we did not see that his plain garment honored him not, and his bearing were fitter for a king !

‘Poetry entered to the very soul of Caroline Grey. It was touching an unreachd string, and she felt as if the whole compass of her heart were given out. I used to read to her for hours, and it was beautiful to see her eye kindle, and her cheek burn with excitement. The sublimed mysticism and spirituality of Wordsworth were her delight, and she feasted upon the deep philosophy and half hidden tenderness of Coleridge.

‘I had observed, with some satisfaction, that, in the rapid developement of her mental powers, she had not found time to study nature. She knew little of the character of the material creation, and I now commenced walking constantly abroad with her at sunset, and at all the delicious seasons of moonlight and starlight and dawn. It came in well with her poetry. I cannot describe the effect. She became, like all who are, for the first time, made sensible of the glories around them, a worshipper of the external world.

‘There is a time when nature first loses its familiarity and seems suddenly to have become beautiful. This is true, even of those who have been taught early habits of observation. The mind of a child is too feeble to comprehend, and does not soon learn, the scale of sublimity and beauty. He would not be surprised if the sun were brighter, or if the stars were sown thicker in the sky. He sees that the flower is beautiful, and he feels admiration at the rainbow ; but he would not won-



der if the dyes of the flower were deeper, or if the sky were laced to the four corners with the colors of a prism. He grows up with these splendid phenomena at work about him, till they have become common, and, in their most wonderful forms, cease to attract his attention. Then his senses are, suddenly, as by an invisible influence, unsealed, and, like the proselyte of the Egyptian pyramids, he finds himself in a magnificent temple, and hears exquisite music, and is dazzled by surpassing glory. He never recovers his indifference. The perpetual changes of nature keep alive his enthusiasm, and if his taste is not dulled by subsequent debasement, the pleasure he receives from it flows on like a stream—wearing deeper and calmer.

‘Caroline became now my constant companion. The changes of the natural world have always been my chief source of happiness, and I was curious to know whether my different sensations under different circumstances were peculiar to myself. I left her, therefore, to lead the conversation, without any expression of my feelings, and, to my surprise and delight, she invariably struck their tone, and pursued the same vein of reflection. It convinced me of what I had long thought might be true—that there was, in the varieties of natural beauty, a hidden meaning, and a delightful purpose of good; and, if I am not deceived, it is a new and beautiful evidence of the proportion and extent of God’s benevolent wisdom. Thus, you may remember the peculiar effect of the early dawn—the deep, unruffled serenity, and the perfect collectedness of your senses. You may remember the remarkable purity that pervades the stealing in of color, and the vanishing of the cold shadows of gray—the heavenly quiet that seems infused, like a visible spirit, into the pearly depths of the East, as the light violet tints become deeper in the upper sky, and

the morning mist rises up like a veil of silvery film, and softens away its intensity ; and then you will remember how the very beatings of your heart grew quiet, and you felt an irresistible impulse to pray ! There was no irregular delight, no indefinite sensation, no ecstasy. It was deep, unbroken repose, and your pulses were free from the fever of life, and your reason was lying awake in its chamber.

‘There is a hush also at noon ; but it is not like the morning. You have been mingling in the business of the world, and you turn aside, weary and distracted, for rest. There is a far depth in the intense blue of the sky which takes in the spirit, and you are content to lie down and sleep in the cool shadow, and forget even your existence. How different from the cool wakefulness of the morning, and yet how fitted for the necessity of the hour !

‘The day wears on and comes to the sunseting. The strong light passes off from the hills, and the leaves are mingled in golden masses, and the tips of the long grass, and the blades of maize, and the luxuriant grain, are all sleeping in a rich glow, as if the daylight had melted into gold and descended upon every living thing like dew. The sun goes down and there is a tissue of indescribable glory floating upon the clouds, and the almost imperceptible blending of the sunset color with the blue sky, is far up towards the zenith. Presently the pomp of the early sunset passes away, and the clouds are all clad in purple with edges of metallic lustre, and very far in the West, as if they were sailing away into another world, are seen spots of intense brightness, and the tall trees on the hilly edge of the horizon seem piercing the sky, on fire with its consuming heat. There is a tumultuous joy in the contemplation of this hour which is peculiar to itself. You feel

as if you should have had wings ; for there is a strange stirring in your heart to follow on—and your imagination bursts away into that beautiful world, and revels among the unsubstantial clouds till they become cold. It is a triumphant and extravagant hour. Its joyousness is an intoxication, and its pleasure dies with the day.

‘The night, starry and beautiful, comes on. The sky has a blue, intense almost to blackness, and the stars are set in it like gems. They are of different glory, and there are some that burn, and some that have a twinkling lustre, and some are just visible and faint. You know their nature, and their motion ; and there is something awful in so many worlds moving on through the firmament so silently and in order. You feel an indescribable awe stealing upon you, and your imagination trembles as it goes up among them. You gaze on, and on, and the superstitions of olden time, and the wild visions of astrology steal over your memory, till, by and by, you hear the music which they “give out as they go,” and drink in the mysteries of their hidden meaning, and believe that your destiny is woven by their burning spheres. There comes on you a delirious joy, and a kind of terrible fellowship with their sublime nature, and you feel as if you could go up to a starry place and course the heavens in company. There is a spirituality in this hour, a separation from material things, which is of a fine order of happiness. The purity of the morning, and the noontide quietness, and the rapture of the glorious sunset are all human and comprehensible feelings ; but this has the mystery and the lofty energy of a higher world, and you return to your human nature with a refreshed spirit and an elevated purpose.—See now the wisdom of God!—the collected intellect for the morning prayer and our daily duty—the delicious repose for our noontide weariness, and the rapt fervor to purify us by

night from our worldliness, and keep wakeful the eye of immortality ! They are all suited to our need ; and it is pleasant to think, when we go out at this or that season, that its peculiar beauty is fitted to our peculiar wants, and that it is not a chance harmony of our hearts with nature.

‘ The world had become to Caroline a new place. No change in the season was indifferent to her—nothing was common or familiar. She found beauty in things you would pass by, and a lesson for her mind or her heart in the minutest workmanship of nature. Her character assumed a cheerful dignity, and an elevation above ordinary amusements or annoyances. She was equal and calm, because her feelings were never reached by ordinary irritations, and, if there were no other benefit in cultivation, this were almost argument enough to induce it.

‘ It is now five years since I commenced my tutorship. I have given you the history of two of them. In the remaining three there has been much that has interested my mind—probably little that would interest yours. We have read together, and, as far as possible, studied together. She has walked with me, and shared all my leisure and known every thought. She is now a woman of eighteen. Her childish graces are matured, and her blue eye would send a thrill through you. You might object to her want of fashionable *tournure*, and find fault with her unfashionable impulses. I do not. She is a highminded, noble, impassioned being—with an enthusiasm that is not without reason, and a common sense that is not a regard to self-interest. Her motion was not learnt at schools, but it is unembarrassed and free, and her tone has not been educated to a refined whisper, but it expresses the meaning of her heart as if its very pulse had become articulate. The many might not admire her—I know she would be idolized by the few.

‘Our intercourse is as intimate still ; and it could not change without being less so—for we are constantly together. There is—to be sure—lately—a slight degree of embarrassment—and—somehow—we read more poetry than we used to do—but it is nothing at all—nothing.’

My friend was married to his pupil a few months after writing the foregoing. He has written to me since, and I will show you the letter if you will call, any time. It will not do to print it, because there are some domestic details not proper for the general eye ; but, to me, who am a bachelor, bent upon matrimony, it is interesting to the last degree. He lives the same quiet, retired life, that he did before he was married. His room is arranged with the same taste, and with reference to the same habits as before. The light comes in as timidly through the half closed window, and his pictures look as shadowy and dim, and the rustle of the turned leaf adds as mysteriously to the silence. He is the fondest of husbands, but his affection does not encroach on the habits of his mind. Now and then he looks up from his book, and, resting his head upon his hand, lets his eye wander over the pale cheek and drooping lid of the beautiful being who sits reading beside him ; but he soon returns to his half forgotten page, and the smile of affection which had stolen over his features fades gradually away into the habitual soberness of thought. There sits his wife, hour after hour, in the same chair which she occupied when she first came, a curious loiterer to his room ; and though she does not study so much, because other cares have a claim upon her now, she still keeps pace with him in the pleasanter branches of knowledge, and they talk as often and as earnestly as before on the thousand topics of a scholar’s contem-

plation. Her cares may and will multiply ; but she understands the economy of time, and I have no doubt that, with every attention to her daily duties, she will find ample time for her mind, and be always as well fitted as now for the companionship of an intellectual being.

I have, like all bachelors, speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of gay circles, married—as the world said—well ! Some have moved into costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and their splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully, and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for the young, and at such times I am carried away by similar feelings. I love to get unobserved into a corner, and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and her soft eyes moving before me in their pride of life, weave a waking dream of her future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon that luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the now unforbidden tenderness, and how thrillingly the allowed kiss and the beautiful endearments of wedded life, will make even their parting joyous, and how gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay, to each other's quiet company. I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now, at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come ; and when he enters at last, and, with an affection as undying as his pulse, folds her to his bosom, I can feel the very tide that goes flowing through his heart, and gaze with him on her graceful form as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet

cares, and making him forget even himself, in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces ripened into dignity, and her bright loveliness chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and shows her the same fervent love and the delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feelings touched by loveliness that fears nothing for itself, and, if I ever yield to darker feelings, it is because the light of the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling on such changes, and I will not, minutely, now. I allude to it only because I trust that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who move daily across my path, and I would whisper to them, as they glide by, joyously and confidingly, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the fancies of the bride; and many—oh! many an hour will she sit, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. She believes them, too—and she goes on, for a while, undecieved. The evening is not too long while they talk of their plans for happiness, and the quiet meal is still pleasant with the delightful novelty of mutual reliance and attention. There comes soon, however, a time when personal topics become bare and wearisome, and slight attentions will not alone keep up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and detected symptoms of weariness, and the

husband, first, in his impatient manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. There come long hours of unhappy listlessness, and terrible misgivings of each other's worth and affection, till, by and by, they can conceal their uneasiness no longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and lean upon a hollow world for the support which one who was their 'lover and friend' could not give them!

Heed this, ye woh are winning by your innocent beauty, the affections of highminded and thinking beings! Remember that he will give up the brother of his heart with whom he has had, ever, a fellowship of mind—the society of his cotemporary runners in the race of fame, who have held with him a stern companionship—and frequently, in his passionate love, he will break away from the arena of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the 'voice of the charmer.' It will bewilder him at first, but it will not long; and then, think you that an idle blandishment will chain the mind that has been used, for years, to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the animating themes of men, and the search into the fine mysteries of knowledge!—Oh! no, lady!—believe me—no! Trust not your influence to such light fetters! Credit not the oldfashioned absurdity that woman's is a secondary lot—ministering to the necessities of her lord and master! It is a higher destiny I would award you. If your immortality is as complete, and your gift of mind as capable as ours of increase and elevation, I would put no wisdom of mine against God's evident allotment. I would charge you to water the undying bud, and give it healthy culture, and open its beauty to the sun—and then you may hope, that when your life is bound up with another, you will go on equally, and in a fellowship that shall pervade every earthly interest!

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

It is hard that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while in the hands of woman, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. The spirit of

- enterprise that characterizes the present age, gives to man 'ample room and verge enough' to pursue any plan that genius may suggest. The world is all before him. From pole to pole he may choose whether to add to the history of his species by voyages and discoveries, or, by speculations at home, direct the movements of argosies. In literature he has only to give to the world the treasures of his mind, the musings of his solitude, or the recollections of his youth, and let it but bear the stamp of genius it will meet with an 'All hail !' But it is not so with woman. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence. Natural timidity, a retired education, the fear of encountering the prejudice that has so long condemned her to a subordinate rank of intellect, and which, by a strange perverseness, finds a charm in the helplessness of those beings from whom at times are demanded self-denial and exertion, all cast a spell round her, which is seldom broken by her single efforts. There are not more mute, inglorious Miltons in a country churchyard than among the number of women doomed

to the exercise of some spirit breaking, monotonous craft in order to procure means for the support of existence.

The daughter of Neckar might find in the brilliant circles of Paris a field for the display of her lofty powers. Miss Edgeworth, Miss Baillie, and some few others have been led by judicious and encouraging friends, to break through the obstacles which society opposes to the acquisition of female literary excellence, and to give occasion for doubts on the question whether there be, as the uncourteous physiologist Lawrence asserts, a sex to the mind. Many, unwilling to yield to the public the charms of a mind cultivated in retirement, form the delight of a domestic circle, and impart their accomplishments to their sons or daughters, but there are many, a great many, who have neither father, friend, nor brother of sufficient importance to force them, with gentle violence before the world ; who have, alas ! no domestic circle, no sons or daughters, and who, from a reverse of fortune, feel their highest aspirations, their brightest dreams of fancy, chilled and dispelled by anxiety about 'to-morrow's fare.'

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twentyfour, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest developement ; and this, with a graceful person and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of this city,* draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he

* Boston.

very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect. With this view he engaged a gentleman who had been a classmate of his, and who had devoted himself to literature, to take up his abode with him and assist him in cultivating his daughter's mind.

‘You will easily understand,’ he wrote to Mr Elliot, ‘with what different eyes I look upon this subject from those with which I regarded it twenty years ago. To have mind enough to love and obey me, and, withal, think me supremely wise, was quite mind enough in a wife, but I am willing to pay it greater respect since I find it in my darling Elizabeth.

‘As I am as anxious about her moral as her intellectual education, I dread, lest, being an only child, and surrounded by all that will tend to her gratification, she may form habits of selfishness, against which no warnings, no precepts will avail. A companion of her own age would secure her from this risk, and I can think of no one so well suited, on all accounts, to be brought up with my little girl as your own Marianne. I need not assure you how entirely like my own daughter she shall be considered.’

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire anything like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a stepmother, jealous of her, of her gentle friend Marianne, of Mr Elliot, of everything that her husband loved. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son, and expired, leaving all the family with just such sensations as one feels on awaking from an uncomfortable dream, and Elizabeth and her father heaved a sigh of relief as they inwardly responded 'Amen !' to the clergyman of the village who came to pay them a visit of consolation.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. 'Why,' thought she, 'should miss C— be permitted, nay, solicited, to display her playing and singing, both excellent enough to excite envy, while all the powers that I possess must be so sedulously concealed ? However, as there is no reasoning to any purpose on this apparent inconsistency, I will try to resemble the greater part of the world I am going to mingle with ;' and in imagination she behaved with perfect discretion, occupied only in veiling the mistakes of the ignorant, in drawing out the talents of the timid, nicely discriminating when and with whom to talk seriously or lightly, and gliding through society with all the tact which only a knowledge of the world, gained by

one's own experience and much practice in that world, can give. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt, and as the silence of persons who are known, or supposed to be able, to talk well, is looked upon with an invidious eye, she felt a degree of restraint, whether she spoke or not, which prevented her ever taking much pleasure in the amusements of the world. But there were some whom she did please, and that in no moderate degree. The cultivated and intelligent found a charm in her manner that they recollected with pleasure long after she had retired from society. She had a happy facility of passing from subject to subject by an easy gradation, so as never to fatigue by dwelling too long on one topic, nor to startle by an abrupt and violent digression; an art which is seldom well understood. We are too apt to suppose that the same associations exist in our companion's mind as in our own, and suddenly transport him from sea to sky and back again, with a suddenness that makes our conversation appear little better than cold disjointed chat.

'That is a very charming woman,' said Mr Leslie to his neighbour, as Elizabeth withdrew with the ladies from a large dull dinner party; 'I have not met any one so *piquante* and original for a long while.'

'Who? Miss Latimer? oh, true! but I suspect she has sharpened her wits by an acquaintance with Horace.'

'How!' rejoined Leslie; 'you do not mean to say that that pretty girl quotes Horace?'

'No; I never heard her quote at all; I must do her that justice; but she seems to have had her eyes opened to the follies of mankind.'

'Well, but the English satirists may have done her that service, though I cannot recollect hearing her say anything that touched upon her neighbour's follies.'

'Wait a little; you will every now and then hear something that shows more reading than you at first suspect her of. Besides, she always fatigues me by her allusions. I do not find a half hour's chat with her any relaxation.'

'Now I, on the contrary,' said Leslie, 'have been delighted with what you complain of. There is something, too, very novel and attractive in her manner. There is no effort. She gives herself up to the animation of the moment with an absence of art or affectation that is quite enchanting.'

'Upon my word you seem quite *épris*. I will tell Mrs Leslie of you.'

'I shall tell her myself. She will be equally pleased with her, for Mrs Leslie is as great a worshipper of talent as I am, whether it be found in man or woman.'

Unfortunately for Elizabeth, both Mr and Mrs Leslie were called suddenly from Boston by the death of a relative, and the impression made on the mind of the former was dissipated by business and a variety of scenes. About this time Elizabeth lost her friend Marianne, who married an English gentleman and accompanied him to England. Mr Elliot was persuaded to join them, and Mr Latimer found his household reduced to a small number. But his mind seemed too much occupied to miss

his companions, and, to Elizabeth's grief, she discovered that her father was bent upon making a fortune for his son Louis. In vain she urged that Louis would never want, and the possession of wealth might only check exertion by depriving him of a stimulus to industry. She represented to him the risk he ran by engaging so deeply in speculations, none of which had hitherto been successful; but Mr Latimer had the gambling fit so strong upon him, that he looked forward to seeing his ships riding the ocean laden with the treasures of the Asiatic islands, and realizing the wildest dreams of his avarice. Elizabeth deplored this for his own and for Louis's sake. She saw how the fluctuations of hope and despair, the pangs of suspense and repeated disappointments, preyed upon her father's health and spirits, and she anticipated for Louis and herself the loss of all they had considered their own.

But these fears were transient. We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. She retired from the world and devoted herself to her father, and to the education of Louis, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr Latimer had ventured the remains of his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity forever.

After many months' suspense the news reached Mr Leslie that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless

and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, griping fingers on us ; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself, did not appear as difficult as she afterwards proved it. Her idea of submission to the will of Heaven was not confined to subduing a murmur, when death has removed, by a stroke, the desire of our eyes. She had been accustomed to exercise it in all the disappointments and sorrows of her life ; for who, at twentyfour, has not tasted of the bitterness of the waters of life ? A few passages of her letter to Marianne will show how schooled her mind had been, by being early taught of Heaven.

‘ You know, dearest Marianne, your excellent father often cautioned us against trusting to our perceptions of Heaven’s justice. With him we were accustomed to trace, in the records of history, the hand of Infinite Wisdom guiding all things onward to some great end, that should vindicate his ways to future ages. Ah ! how easy it is for the thoughtful mind to pursue this truth through events that have passed away ! how much easier than to acknowledge it when our idols have been overthrown ! We are personal only in those things which can do us no good. Let me now lay those lessons to heart, and follow the obvious track which Providence has marked out for me. It seems very plain—I must support myself and the darling object of my lost parent’s love. The manner of doing this is very embarrassing. My mind is full of energy, but where to bestow it, costs me days and nights of anxious thought.’

Mr Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility everything she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in —— Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of everything. The window of the little sittingroom was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labor to cheer the prospect. ‘A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene,’ thought Elizabeth, ‘but I hope I shall not stay here long.’ Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs Graham’s assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs Graham’s letter.

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Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau idéal* of a governess, is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate. Mrs S—— gave her a week's suspense, then found her way into Elizabeth's parlour one morning, with a 'How d' ye do, Miss Latimer—for I suppose that's you. I believe I've made you wait for an answer, but I've been so beset. People are so anxious to get to me, as if I could take a hundred. But, before we go any further, we must settle one thing—you're a musician of course?'

The color that had been deepening on Elizabeth's cheeks, became crimson as she faintly answered, 'No, Madam.'

'No! Gracious goodness! what could you be thinking of when you offered yourself as governess? Such a salary as I give, and pay a music master besides!'

'Then reduce the salary,' Elizabeth began, but Mrs S—— stopped her—

'What! and get a master for the girls! What's that to the purpose. You ought to be able to superintend their practising. Well, that sets the matter at rest. Good morning, Ma'm,' and Mrs S—— made her exit as abruptly as her entrance, leaving Elizabeth a foretaste of what she afterwards suffered from other applications and other disappointments.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. 'That might do for artists,' said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her

to teach embroidery and shoemaking to six daughters ; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well ; for he had been a frequent visiter at Mr Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dulness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocket-books and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He was usually wont to speak with a deliberateness that fell upon the ear like the strokes of a hammer, but now he spoke with a rapidity that made him quite unintelligible. With an uneasy looking about as if he dreaded being overheard, at last he abruptly asked her if money had been her object in wishing to procure a situation as governess.

'Certainly,' said Elizabeth ; ' what else could induce me to undertake such an office ? '

He muttered something about his sorrow at her wanting it and his wish to serve her, then opened his business, prefaced, however, by desiring a promise of secrecy. Elizabeth, inwardly provoked at his solemn foppery, promised all he required, and he then informed his impatient auditress, that several of his literary friends were about to establish a critical journal, in which all

the best talents of the city were to be displayed—‘and you will not be surprised,’ said he, ‘to hear, that much is expected from me, particularly in the department of the belles lettres. I hope you are not surprised,’ he continued, as he saw the astonishment painted on Elizabeth’s countenance.

‘No, I am never surprised at people’s expectations, and I am sure Mr Warren will not disappoint those formed by his well judging friends; but pray proceed.’

‘Every body says to me, “Warren! now is your time. This is the opportunity for you to show your critical acumen. Seize the moment, Warren! and give us something that will be read a hundred years hence.” I am pressed on all sides, and I begin to feel that I really ought, in justice to myself, to do something to keep up the credit of this journal.’

‘He is mad,’ thought Elizabeth, ‘or has been in the hands of some dexterous quizzer;’ and she sighed as she thought that he could have nothing to say that could interest her, for she had at first hoped that he might bring her occupation. However, Warren went on;—

‘My health, you know, is delicate, and my avocations very numerous; and from various causes I am afraid I shall not be able to write until the spring; but, in the mean time, my dear Miss Latimer, I will make use of your pen. Our minds—I say it without flattery, believe me—our minds are somewhat of the same order, allowing for the difference of sex and education. Now, all I ask of you is this; just give me, from time to time, a critique upon some modern writer, and now and then we will review an old one. I leave the choice of subjects to you; of course you will have the advantage of my additions and corrections. Well, what say you? Does the scheme appear feasible? However, I see you are taken by surprise. An hour’s reflection will be

necessary. Good morning. This evening you shall see me again.'

'He has made me laugh, at least,' said Elizabeth, after an impatient 'pshaw!' 'I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man.'

Elizabeth did not, at first, give his plan a second thought. The idea of being joined with Warren in a work which she knew would be conducted by men of learning and science, was absurd in the last degree, and she began her letter to the publisher, but her reluctance to undertake this laborious kind of occupation increased every moment. She threw down her pen and abandoned herself to despondency. Then, in spite of herself, Warren's plan recurred to her. It was not as ridiculous as she had thought. There had been, she recollected, instances of starving authors in a garret, while the indolent or empty were building up a reputation upon their labors. Besides, Warren would not be the first fool who had thrust himself into the place of wiser men. They are to be found everywhere—in the halls of legislators, in the cabinet of ministers. They have had their followers and their eulogists, and we have only to look behind the scenes to exclaim with Oxtenstiern, '*Quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus!*' At all events it would not be Warren, but herself, who would write, and though she doubted her own capacity for the task, still she wished to try. It offered a means of accomplishing her grand object, keeping Louis at school, and it had the charm of privacy; for, since her unsuccessful attempts to escape from her gloomy closets, she had shrunk into them with a feeling more allied to love than to distaste.

By the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its ob-

jections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dulness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named the probable sum.

‘You rate intellectual labor very low,’ said she, ‘but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate.’

He professed himself willing to be guided by her in everything, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Elizabeth began her task with great animation, but she soon found it more difficult than she had anticipated. Her mind was full, yet she was puzzled and distressed. She wanted the habit of writing, which, alone, according to Lord Bacon, insures correctness. She found great difficulty in arranging and condensing her ideas, and preserving a degree of order, without which, even the writings of the learned and brilliant, appear a chaotic mass. She had to weigh well all she said, lest she should be guilty of error or presumption. Her subject was a comparison between the writers of the reign of Anne and the present day. It was not without some timidity that she expressed opinions opposed to the pre-

vailing cant which raves about the march of mind. Physical science is in its glory, and philosophy has made such magnificent presents to the arts, that knowledge is carried with winged speed from the college to the cottage ; but mind, alas ! must have its limits, must obey the law which says, ' So far shalt thou come and no farther.'

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundances, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject ; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonym with dulness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, ' Mr Warren ! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr Warren, is this yours ?'

The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr Leslie hastened to apologize. ' Leave it with me for an hour or two,' said he, ' and you shall hear from me to-morrow.'

Elizabeth had, once before, charmed Mr Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation and the occasional accuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining, at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight which he felt in the same degree with Harpagon—that

of 'touching something,' he hastened in a transport of generosity to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

Dr B——'s seminary was a mile out of town, and the fresh air of the country, the song of the birds, the very sight of the sky, made her heart glow again with hope and peace. She had something to look forward to. Louis would, one day, reward her toils. She should one day recount to him how, for his sake, she had conquered the indolence and love of leisure which she foresaw would be a stumblingblock in his way. To see Louis kindling at the tale of her difficulties and promising to repay them all, to hear him spoken of with distinction, and to witness his happiness and success in life, now formed her daily reveries. Her pen often fell from her hand while indulging in these dreams. Dreams they were indeed.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the same he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the mean time, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share

to ~~the~~ ^{the} first, and then a fourth of the whole. 'She cannot want much,' he argued with his conscience, 'living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage.'

People who are extravagant on themselves, are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. 'I have overrated my own productions,' said she, 'and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them.'

Among the many causes she was attributing her diminished resources to, the true one never occurred to her. She knew, of course, from Warren's imposing on Mr. Leslie and the public, that he was not a man of much principle. Indeed, a fool cannot have strict principles. He cannot distinguish sufficiently between right and wrong; but, in the broad path of honesty, she thought he might find his way.

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. Sweet is the sleep of the laboring man; but it must be that labor which feels the breath of heaven fan the brow—alternate motion and rest. But when, after a whole day has been passed in mental exercise, the

fevered head is laid upon its pillow and the stretched and burning eyelids refuse to close, when the glare of white paper, or interminable rows of letters dance before the throbbing eyeballs, and one idea haunts the brain till its repetition becomes maddening—these, these are the pains and penalties of mind that make us wish to have been born among those whose hands alone are employed to procure their daily bread.

Elizabeth had been accustomed to study and reflection, but there is something very different between study in a large and airy chamber where light and shade are pleasantly blended, when the first sensations of fatigue may be dissipated by exercise or conversation, and leaning incessantly over a flat, low table, by the side of a little window where light is struggling with darkness. She felt her health languish, her head ached incessantly, but still she went on for several months, indulging herself now and then with a walk to Dr B——'s, and an evening spent at Mrs Graham's. This lady had often a little circle of friends around her, whose society would have been of service to Elizabeth's spirits, but she shrunk from company, and, with an irritability peculiar to the unfortunate, who feel lonely, neglected, and unappreciated, often repulsed those who wished to be kind to her.

'My temper is growing savage,' said she, one evening, while she was putting on her hat to go to her friend's; 'I believe I answered that kind and lovely looking woman who spoke so sweetly to me the last time I was at Mrs Graham's, with a canine growl. But alas! I felt a horrid kind of envy at seeing a creature so happy and apparently so beloved by every one present. Her happiness did not seem to be put on for the occasion, but the abiding expression of her face, and while I was contrasting her situation with mine, to hear her speak

to me with that easy, confiding tone of voice, that came from a heart at ease—oh! she would have forgiven me if she had seen the wretchedness of mine!’ and Elizabeth sat down and wept in penitence at having given way to such feelings.

She hoped to meet Mrs Leslie again, and was disappointed to find Mrs Graham alone. She dared not speak of Mrs Leslie, for she felt her voice falter as she thought of her. Yet she tried to induce Mrs Graham to begin the subject. But as she was drawing a portrait of gentleness and beauty which made her friend exclaim, ‘Why one would think you were acquainted with Mrs Leslie,’ Mr Graham came in, and, after expressing his pleasure at seeing Elizabeth, whose absence from his little parties had pained him, he turned to Mrs Graham and asked her if she had any idea to whom she was indebted for the pleasure of her morning’s reading.

‘No,’ said she; ‘I am glad you remind me of it, for I thought of Elizabeth while I was reading. It is,’ she continued, turning to her friend, ‘a very well written essay upon simplicity, real and affected; and contrasts the strong, manly simplicity of Crabbe with the childish, unmeaning prattle of Wordsworth, in almost the same words which I have heard you make use of in arguing with Marianne.’

Elizabeth trembled. She suspected Mr Graham alluded to her, but he went on; ‘I would ask you to guess the author, but I should be weary of seeing you puzzled. Know, then, that Warren—Philip Augustus Warren—is the principal contributor to Mr Leslie’s journal.’

‘Now, I am not surprised,’ said his wife, ‘for it is impossible to make me believe such a tale. You forget we both know Warren, and know that he is ignorant as

well as dull. I question much if he knows what poetry is, unless he attaches some idea of rhyme to it.'

'I thought so myself, but listen. This morning I was talking with Mr Leslie, who was in his library, where, to my surprise, I found Warren taking down books and turning over leaves with quite the air of an author. Something was said about the miseries of authors;—"They are no longer pecuniary miseries," said Leslie. "The times are changed since Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas apiece." Here Warren turned briskly round, exclaiming, "Two guineas! bless me! times *are* changed. Why, Mr Leslie, I receive more than triple that sum for some of my humble contributions to your journal." I looked at Leslie with as much amazement as if I had heard him proclaim himself the emperor of China; but Leslie did not look surprised, he only said, "Very true." I waited a long time for Warren to go away, that I might understand this mystery, and at length I learned that he regularly carries Mr Leslie every month a paper for his magazine. He pointed them out to me in some of the numbers, and I assure you they were the same I have frequently heard you admire.'

'Even now,' said Mrs Graham, 'I do not believe it. He is vain as well as foolish, and he has either stolen those pieces, or hired some one to write them.'

'That is what I hinted to Leslie; but he told me that he had once offended Warren by expressing his own doubts on the subject, and that his assurances of their being his were so positive that he felt he had no right to accuse him of falsehood till he had proved it. One thing that disgusted me in Warren was his counting up the money he had received, and muttering every now and then, "Dryden wrote prologues for two guineas! Why, I have made two hundred dollars in the last six

months." That entirely convinced me that he is speculating in the talents of some one he keeps concealed.'

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer 'lend him my pen.'

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr Leslie's library. 'Now, Mr Warren, after this, it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labor; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expence. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you.'

It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting of making more by his pen than Dryden by his prologues.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised

him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. 'He has behaved ill to me, certainly,' said she, 'but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress, but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator.'

The courtesousness of her reception encouraged her, but he looked dubious as to the success of her plan. 'Translations did not take,' he said; 'at present—almost every body read French, and the best novels were already translated.'

'But,' said Elizabeth, hurriedly, 'I do not confine myself to French or to novels. I know several languages and have the habit of writing. Let me undertake any work that you will risk the publication of; and if you are not satisfied I will give it up.'

For several minutes she waited in suspense while he knit his brows, tapped upon the table, and gave evident signs of hesitation. At length, he said, 'Well, Madam, there is a work of Herder's that you may try.'

'May try!' Elizabeth rose, then sat down again. At last, summoning all her fortitude, she said, 'My object is neither amusement nor reputation, Sir. I simply write for my support, and came to know if you would give me occupation, with a moderate compensation.'

Mr C—— was touched by the look of pain and weariness on her countenance, and agreed immediately to give her a hundred dollars for an elegant translation. The sum sounded magnificent, and she retraced her steps with a lightened heart.

But her task proved tedious and difficult. The extreme attention it required fatigued her mind. There were subjects for verbal criticism that required a great deal of thought, and, in the present state of her health, thought and study completely overpowered her. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigor of her mind and injured a frame that had never been robust. There were times when she felt such a dying away of her mental powers that she feared her faculties were leaving her. She sought to revive her sinking spirits by going oftener to Mrs Graham's, and by frequent walks to Dr B——'s, but the exertion now became a toil, and panting for breath she would sit on a bank at some distance from the school, hoping that chance or sport might lead her darling in that direction. One evening he did discover her, and rushing into her arms reproached her for her long absence.

'You must ask leave to come and see me, Louis. This walk is not a short one, you know, and I am apt to be tired.'

Louis looked at her and attempted to speak, but turned his head away and burst into tears. Elizabeth soothingly inquired into his distress, and found that he wished to be taken from school.

'Oh! do not deny me, dearest Elizabeth. It is for me you look so thin and pale. Instead of living in comfort, you are spending all you have upon me. Now take me from school and bind me to some trade. Don't look so shocked! I have been reading the Life of Franklin, and if he, from being an apprentice to a printer, rose to be such a great man, why should I despair? Do, dear sister, bind me to a printer. It is the best trade—at least, the most agreeable trade I can think of, and some years hence I may repay all your goodness.'

‘Louis—Louis—dear, generous boy ! do not pain me by such language. You can requite me better by applying to your studies, than by tryng the uncertainty of rising from obscurity into eminence. You forget Dr Franklin had a wonderful mind, and lived in times to draw forth powerful energies. The probability is, dear Louis, that, if you are a printer at fifteen, you will still be a printer at thirty ; but another time we will speak of this. The sun is setting and I have far to walk.’

It was with feeble steps she regained her dwelling, and, with a reluctant pen, resumed her task, which became daily more difficult. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr C—— she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation.

She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where.

And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts till Mr C—— came in.

‘Ah ! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last.’

Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears.

‘Nay, do not suppose,’ said Mr C——, distressed at his own abruptness, ‘that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labors.’

He unlocked a desk and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, ‘I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press.’

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr C——, saying, in a voice of hopelessness, ‘Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting’——she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers and she hurried away.

Mr Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth’s distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table.

‘A singular young person, that,’ said the bookseller; ‘I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?’ for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognised that of Warren’s manuscripts. Everything was the same—the folding of the paper, the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover.

‘Latimer!’ he exclaimed; ‘surely, this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B—— and T——.’

Upon making inquiries, Mr Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect, had once been among the favorites of fortune. He describ-

ed to his wife the scene in Mr C—'s parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth.

But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and throwing herself upon her bed gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more. Oh! that sinking of the heart, when, after struggling with ill fortune, we find ourselves at the very spot from which we set out, like the shipwrecked wretch, who, after buffeting the waves through a long night of darkness, sees himself at morning in the midst of a shoreless ocean, with hope and strength exhausted.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down.

Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and everything he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honors and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr Leslie. 'Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing

the first wish of my heart, will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune, but I have a brother dependant upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances.'

'This indeed,' thought Leslie, 'is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood, a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters.'

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of reaction came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes, and on the morrow, when Mrs Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long, gloomy hours in —— Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn—a season she had always loved, better even than

———'the music and the bloom

And all the mighty ravishment of spring.'

But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December.

Elizabeth felt that her race was run ; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love.

Mrs Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affection as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure. One felt in her presence that something good was near, yet there was no parade of goodness about Mrs Leslie—not obvious, not obtrusive, and only seen

———‘in all those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions.’

‘Look, dear Elizabeth,’ said she to her languid, pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut ; ‘Look ! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together.’

Elizabeth shook her head. ‘Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be in the presence of God. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited, subsides, and, perhaps, before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis ! if I could have lived a few years longer—but God’s will be done.’

Mrs Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep and press their hands. 'My generous friends! may his future life thank you! may he rise up with your own and call you blessed!'

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawingroom earlier than usual. Mrs Leslie saw, with alarm, the extreme paleness of her countenance, and, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side; her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward—but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle forever.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

Olli dura quies oculos, et ferreus urguet
Somnus ; in æternam clauduntur lumina noctem.

Virg. Æneid. Lib. X.

PEACE to the slumberer !—On his wasting breast,
The dull, cold earth in mournful stillness lies ;—
Gathered in dust, to take his last, deep rest,
With dreamless silence on his shadowed eyes !
Lost, as a song, in spring's rejoicing hour,
Whose cadence sweetens the blue atmosphere ;—
Bud of a heavenly tree—immortal flower
Won from Life's desert ;—why should it be here ?

His thoughts were holy ; and like founts that bring
Music and freshness in their quiet strain—
Thus his rapt Fancy plumed her radiant wing,
And gathered bliss from Nature's wide domain !
Then flowed his numbers—as the pure buds shed
Delicious odor through the summer glen.
Calm was their influence—in bright pictures spread,
Cheering the heart, and winning praise of men.

Peace to the sleeper !—o'er his silent lyre
The autumnal gale at evening-tide goes by ;—
Where rests the hand that swept its strings of fire,
And with its murmurs roused the smile or sigh ?
Ask of the fresh earth on his gloomy pall,
Where are the raptures of his bosom now ?
What reck the leaves of honor's coronal ?
Ask the wind's requiem in the cypress bough !

Let the sad mourner, as his glance is cast
In sorrow's mute, imploring gaze, to Heaven,
Weep not, that Genius to a rest hath passed—
That to the weary, a repose is given !
Why should the fount pour out its richness here,
In the dim vista of this vale of tears ;
Or grief look back upon joy's brief career,
Through the chill labyrinth of life's faded years ?

The spring hath found him in its morning hour,
Musing in rapture by the upland side ;
Gleaning sweet feelings from the early flower,
Or drinking pleasure by the blue stream's tide ;—
Young leaves, the gladness of the sapphire sky,
Where the pure clouds unfold the quiet wing—
How woke they in his soul calm poetry,
Enthusiast thought, and rich imagining !

Summer, the tempter !—oft her scenes have won
His willing footstep from the hearth away,
To mark the splendors of her golden sun,
To list the wild-bird's halcyon roundelay !
And when sad autumn tinged the hill and vale,
And dark clouds pallid the melancholy west,
What pensive pictures lingered in his tale
Of the dead season, as it sunk to rest ?

Dust hath caressed him !—and his languid eye
Is folded deeply in the voiceless tomb ;
What though blithe tones may fill the azure sky,
And garnished Nature laugh in early bloom ?
The stream will murmur by its flowery shore,
From the blue mountain Spring's sweet voice will come—
Wake they the slumberer, whose dream is o'er—
The wearied pilgrim, who hath found his home ?

Summer, with songs, will come ; the breezy hill
To the gay carol of her birds will ring ;
There will be sunlight poured on fount and rill,
And countless blossoms from the dust will spring ;
The lake's clear wave will glance, the gale will sweep
Æolian murmurs in its wandering free ;
A glow of joy will bathe the land—the deep—
But to the poet, what will these things be ?

His dream hath vanished ;—in life's changeful hour
His lyre was breathing as he passed along,
To Love, to Nature, with her hallowed power
And faded leaves, earth's solitudes among !
Will Love's tone rouse him to renew his lay ;
Or summer cloud, or blue depth of the sky ?
Will Nature's voice dissolve the spell away,
Or kindle fire within that deep sealed eye ?

Look o'er the desolate earth !—the plaintive gale
Hurls the red leaf upon the fountain's breast ;—
Tones from the forest tell of roses pale—
Of yellow buds, returning unto rest !
Yet will the flowers again arise from dust,
And brightening skies o'er the green earth be given ;—
Then let the soul resign, with humble trust,
The Friend, the Bard, in hope, to God and Heaven !

THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

‘I CANNOT paint it!’ exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter’s face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you would have given to Itys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moonbeam. She was a brunette—her hair of a glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip like color in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes were all perfect ; but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it, till, at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter’s feelings. There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why—think of it a moment ! To sit for hours gazing into the eyes you dream of ! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip

and the glory of the brow you worship ! To have beauty come and sit down before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it ! To call up, like a rash enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium !—Make me a painter, Pythagoras !

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognised. He would make little of features and complexion. No—no—he has not been an idolater for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart, too—its gentleness, its fervor ; and when she comes up in his imagination it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and developement. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing color of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it—and his eye was good for nothing. No—it is no matter what she may be to others—she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St Cecilia with a wart as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvass after canvass till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still, the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with

which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was, as yet, baffled, and it was at the close of the third day of unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

* * * * *

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favorite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied, now and then, by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung 'The Mute Reply, by *Duncan Weir*.' A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and, as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look at his own picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was indeed beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features. The figure and air had a peculiar grace, and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large, lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked at Helen. Her eyes met his with the same—the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from

the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan burst into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel!

* * * * *

‘Do you believe in dreams, Helen?’ said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

END OF VOL. II.







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